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Everybody's

FRANK QUINN
EDITOR

CONTENTS

Happy Birthday. *A short story* — Karl W. Detzer — 9
Illustrated by Stuart Hay
I Knew John D. When—— — Fred C. Kelly — 16
He Trades in Circuses — Earl Chapin May — 19
Playing with Ginger. *A short story* — Walter DeLeon — 24
Illustrated by R. Pallen Coleman
New Lives for Old — Harriet Works Corley — 34
The Lure of the Five-and-Ten — Peter F. O'Shea — 37
Picaroon. *A short story* — F. W. Bronson — 42
Illustrated by C. G. Gaul
Sandy Burr. *A Novel* — Samuel Merwin — 50
Illustrated by Harry Fisk
Card Sharps on the High Seas — William Moffat — 68
A Veteran Fighter of Forest Fires — Arthur Hawthorne Carhart — 71
Battle Royal. *A short story* — Guy Fletcher — 76
Illustrated by Stockton Mulford
Hollywood Has a House Mother — Helen Louise Walker — 86
When Mr. and Mrs. Bury the Hatchet — Mary Stewart Cutting, Jr. — 89
Harvey Garrard's Crime. *A novel* — E. Phillips Oppenheim — 94
Illustrated by R. J. Cavaliere
Would You Marry on Nothing a Year? Winning Prize-Contest Letters — 114
The Old or the New — 116
    In the Library — W. W. Jacobs — 118
    Illustrated by Joseph Maturo
    The Cigaret — Ben Ames Williams — 124
    Illustrated by W. B. King
America's Youngest Mayor — Charles M. Sheridan — 131
A Deaf Mute Dancing Marvel — Humphrey Giaculli — 132
The Terror of Arizona's Cougars — W. Peter Schramm — 133
The Only Woman Dude Wrangler — J. LeRoy Miller — 134
Everybody's Chestnut Tree — 135

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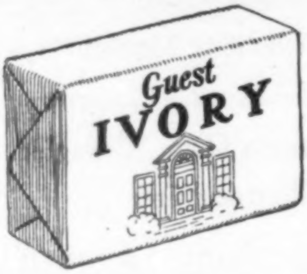

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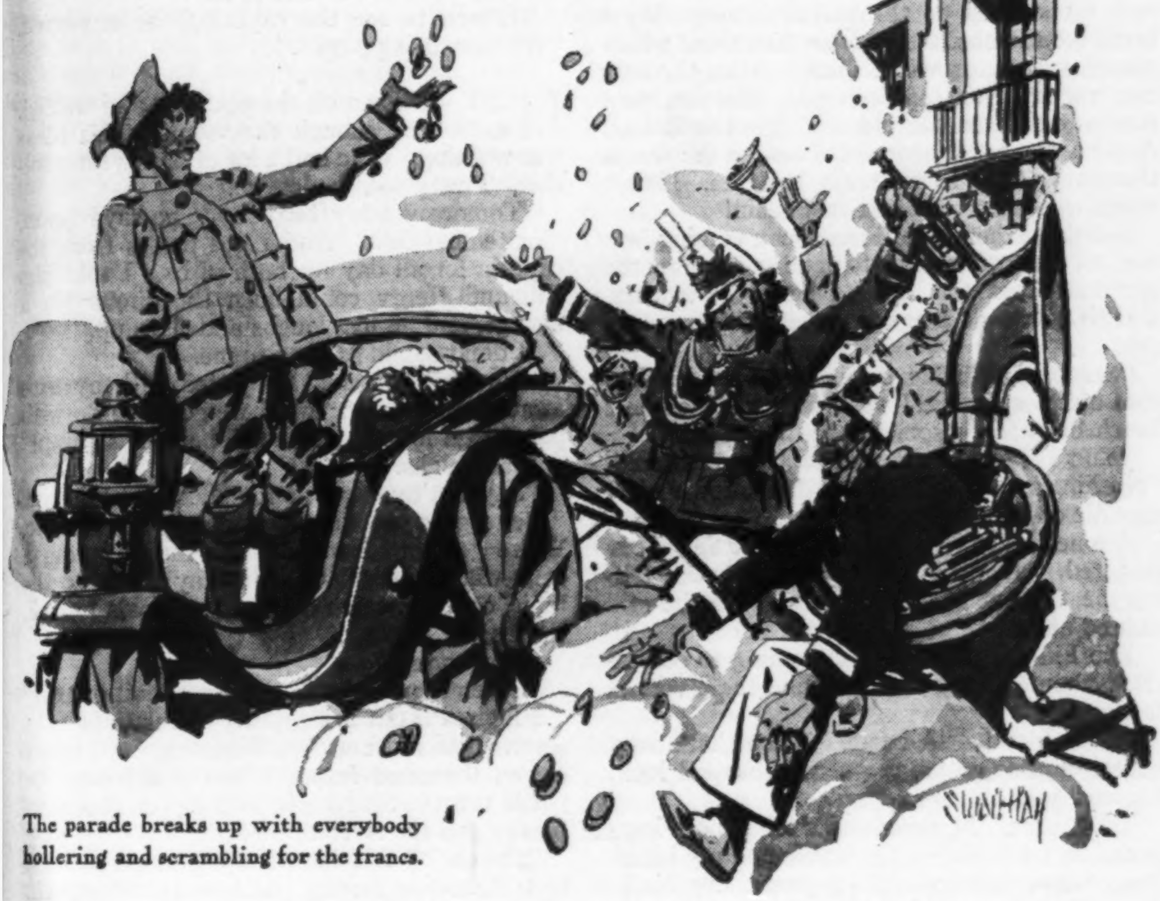


The parade breaks up with everybody hollering and scrambling for the francs.

Happy Birthday

by Karl Detzer

IT WAS the same week that the story got around our labor battalion that the colonel had died of writer's cramp. Which wasn't true. No such luck! And of course I was the most disappointed mess sergeant in the A. E. F. Don't know what I'd done if it wasn't for Mac. He was our senior cook besides being a philosopher.

"Maybe he ain't died of writer's cramp," Mac condoled, "but that won't keep you from going blind. Which would help."

You see, the colonel was a maniac for writing out his ideas, and all us mess sergeants had to read them, not to mention the orders that Major Small tacked on them when they passed through his office. Bright officers, both of them, and earnest.

Their speciality was dish-water. Every time twenty men did their mess-kits in the dish-pan, their orders was, throw out the water and get some fresh. That shows how much you can expect of colonels and majors and things out of the regular army that was commanding a company of seven privates and a corporal at Fort Snelling before the so-called guerre. We had a thousand men in our labor battalion, and one dish-pan, and the town pump at St. Neuvic half a mile away.

So we just did our best, which was to dump the dish-water on the ground every time we saw the colonel or the major coming. We'd been five months in that labor battalion, which wasn't so long as you'd think. After the first two weeks we was unconscious. You see, we'd started out to be warriors . . . get the Kaiser. And no sooner than we get to where the war is than they put us to unloading box cars. If that wasn't the army over and over again!

Now and then some Frenchman coming joyous out of a café would stop and tell us how the glorious Frogs was driving back the Boches, and that's as close to being heroes as we ever got.

"Sarge," said Mac, coming into the kitchen that afternoon while I was nailing up the latest batch of orders, "something's happened!"

"You'd best go lay down," I answered. "Nothing's happened here. This town ain't capable of it!"

"Honest!" Mac went on. "A battle! Four hundred years ago. One of the Fifis was telling me, the one in the first café. They're still excited about it."

The Fifis always found something to get excited about. They was just like the Yvonnes in that.

"Oh!" I said. "A battle. Then that's why all the houses got such a second-handed look. Canned goldfish for supper."

"But listen!" he raved on. "They both happened the same day. The battle and my birthday. September first. Every year on my birthday the mayor of this burg makes a speech about how brave St. Neuvic is."

"St. Neuvic *was*," I corrected him, remembering the Frogs that had showed poor judgment to Mac and me once or twice.

Well, I forgot all about the battle, like you do, for the day before the first of September was our first pay-day in three months. Not that they give us too much. A dollar a day is all right for a dough-boy, all he's got to do is fight, and he's a hero besides. But for us fellows in the labor battalion that had to work, well, it was kind of a come-down after my job in the freight house back home. Even a dollar a day for three months make bo-koo francs if you figure it up careful on a pair of self-starting ivory adding-machines. So the night of the last of August I salutes the payroll and uses good judgment with the ivories.

Did you ever see five thousand francs in one pile, most of them in one-franc pieces? Well, I looked like the treasury surplus that all of us compensation boys was so surprised to hear about. When along about nine o'clock in stumbles Mac with so much money he was making a noise like the chain gang.

"Sarge," he reminds me, "tomorrow's my birthday. I'll be twenty-four years old, even if I don't look it."

"You look a hundred and twenty-four," I corrects him, "and what of it?"

"I been to see the captain," he answered. "Without being paged."

I JUST set down on the potatoes and waited. I knew well enough that some of his ideas was working. Mac had a lot of brains for a soldier. Pretty soon he lets go.

"Tomorrow's my birthday," he says again, "September first. And I got passes from the captain for all day for both of us. I told him Bill and Henry could burn the dinner for a change, and he just laughs and signs up."

It don't sound so good to me.

"Now you got 'em," I objected, with my arms around my money, "what we going to do with passes? A lot of good they'll be in this dump!"

Mac laughs.

"Say, ain't you got no romance?" he asks me. "We're going to do the sights of St. Neuvic. We're going to have a party, me and you, a genu-wine old-fashioned birthday party, to the limit, catch as catch can, and no holds barred. I got some francs."

"How many?"

"Seven thousand when the boys quit on me."

I figured it out in lightning calculations . . . seven thousand and five thousand . . . that's eleven thousand francs! You could buy the whole town of St. Neuvic with eleven thousand francs, and the river throwed in.

"I'm on," I told him, and explained how I'd been financing among the boys a bit myself. "But we can't spend all that in *one* day!"

"We gotta begin tonight," answers Mac.

So along about six-thirty, after the supper work is done, we starts out, with a couple hundred of the boys trailing us that had seen our rolls. We went first to the café where flies and soldiers always held their reunions, and Mac stands the gang, including Fifi and Yvonne and a couple of dozen Frogs that happened to be loafing around looking thirsty and pleasant for a change.

We couldn't all get in the café, even through the windows, and the old Frog lady that run the joint near had fits.

"Feenish!" she kept hollering, pouring out all kinds of vin, that's French for ice-water.

Sergeant Jones—he was our provost sergeant —run in to stop the riot when the crowd kept getting bigger and funnier. But he's not so good at stopping riots. About an hour later I had a couple of the boys hand him down from the top of the hat-rack where he was impersonating a lobster, and made them promise they'd be gentle putting him to bed.

At last Mac and me figures that we'd spent enough for the evening, his birthday having not actually begun yet, and there being three other cafés left for morning. So when the rest was herded out the café and the old Frog lady begun to count her francs and the casualties to windows and table legs and vin glasses, Mac is so overcome with joy that he wants me to tell everybody that it was his birthday tomorrow. He can't speak much French himself, Mac can't, his shoulders being kind of stiff.

"Tell these Ostermoor mattresses," he says to me, pointing at the Frogs who hadn't took time to wipe the overflow from their chins, "that tomorrow's my birthday and there's going to be bo-koo excitement in this town."

So I stands on the step and translates.

"Demaw," I began (that means tomorrow). Then I points at Mac, and makes a drinking gesture with my mouth and hands, then points at the Frogs and hollers "voo!" which means "you." "Birth-joor," I explains, pointing once more to Mac. Then I showed them our roll.

Well, when they see that they seem to compray all right, and they can't control themselves another minute.

"Demaw!" one of them howled and they all busts out cheering and waving their hats.

"You got a wonderful gift for languages," Mac says, a little jealous.

"It come easy to me," I answered. "Let's go to bed."

It wasn't hardly raining at all in the morning, and we got up early, Mac and me. The other poor boobs in the labor battalion had a train of condiment cans to unload down at the railhead platform. But Mac and me dressed careful, rolling our puttees wrong way round to show we're on pass.

I'd plumb and completely forgot that St. Neuvic happened to have a battle to celebrate on Mac's birthday. But how could you expect a mess sergeant to remember anything else with all them orders from the major and the colonel to keep in mind? When we walks up the street we see at once there's a lot of excitement. We stopped in the first café, Mac and me, for a couple of private drinks. The Fifi that passes them out was a very affectionate Fifi and intelligent, except in arithmetic, which you could see every time she tried to make change.

"And yes!" she says, very excited, "What a splendid day for the celebrate."

Mac sort of stuck out his chest at that.

"The most best glory day of all years," Fifi goes on. "You must see it when the parade start."

"Parade?" cries Mac.

"As sure as hell," Fifi answers very serious. "The big parade to celebrate the glory. The mayor and monsoor le coorie and all the town. It is the splendid day!"

"Encore," Mac says, handing back his glass and almost busting, he was so proud. "Three or four encores."

WELL, we got out in the street after a while and sure enough, there was flags and Frogs running and kids excited and the town crier whaling his drum and hollering, and the gendarmes out with their shoes shined for a change and everybody headed for the public square. Mac and me joined them. We pulled up at last in front of the Hotel de Ville, which isn't a hotel at all, but a kind of town hall with bankruptcy notices all over its front.

"The French are a friendly race," Mac says to me. "You can't say they ain't appreciative. Only think of all this excitement just over my birthday."

"Listen!" I interrupted.

Now a labor battalion never has a band, that I know of, which is all right with me. It's bad enough to have to work all day and all night without needing to listen to the second trombone practicing "Baby's Prayer at Twilight" when you want to sleep. I don't set myself up as a judge, but I've seen a good many Uncle Tom shows and thought I'd heard the worst band in the world. But I hadn't till that day. The best thing about this one was its size. There was only six of them, counting the drum-major as one, but he run around hollering so fast he'd of made an elegant top sergeant.

Well, this band played, such as it was, and out trots the mayor from the Hotel de Ville. He was all dressed up like the admiral in a comic picture, with a funny paper hat and more medals than a colonel in the S.O.S. And at the same time arrives the carriage.

It was a relic, that carriage. Must have belonged to a duke or something back in the good old days. The mayor gets in it and sinks back where the cushions should of been, and the gendarmes drop in line behind and the priest leads a regiment of school children in white dresses and after them all the rest of the town.

Mac was so overcome with the thought that this was all for him that he let out a cheer. It was a pretty good cheer, even for Mac. It made the band stop playing.

Mac was in wonderful spirits. First thing I know he takes a handful of francs out his pocket and begins to throw them at the band. Of course the parade breaks up, with everybody hollering and scrambling for the francs, and the mayor with them, having left his comical hat in the carriage. The horses were the only things in that parade that wasn't down on their knees fighting for Mac's money.

"Birthday present!" Mac screamed.

Just then the Fifi from the café runs up and lays her head against Mac's shoulder. So he gives her a five-franc note for a souvenir to remember him by, like he wasn't going to do enough before the day was over that they never could forget him. Fifi sticks anyway, like they do.

The mayor makes a long speech after he's through picking up money, bowing every minute and waving his hands. Fifi listened and Mac listened and I listened, and so did everybody else. When he gets through Mac asks Fifi what his honor said.

"He says, 'Thanks,'" she answered.

French is a funny language.

"Tell him I'm ready to start," says Mac, and throws away another batch of money.

You'd of thought we was my friends Morgan and Ford both, the way that mayor acted. Polite? Say, you ought to of seen us. Mac and the mayor sat with their faces to the front in that open carriage, and me to the back, and every time the band began to play Mac let out one of his joy whoops that started the horses to running away and stopped the music. Of course there wasn't much sense in the parade. We just went round and round the town and back again. Kind of boring it got after the first couple hours. I forgot to say Fifi didn't come along with us. She would of, but the gendarmes wouldn't let her.

Now Mac and me wouldn't of made such fools of ourselves if we'd understood what it was all about. But how could you expect us to know that all this fuss was over a battle four hundred years old, when here was Mac's birthday happening right today?

"Sarge," he said to me, "I ain't never going to kick another Frog! Was there ever such loving hearts?"

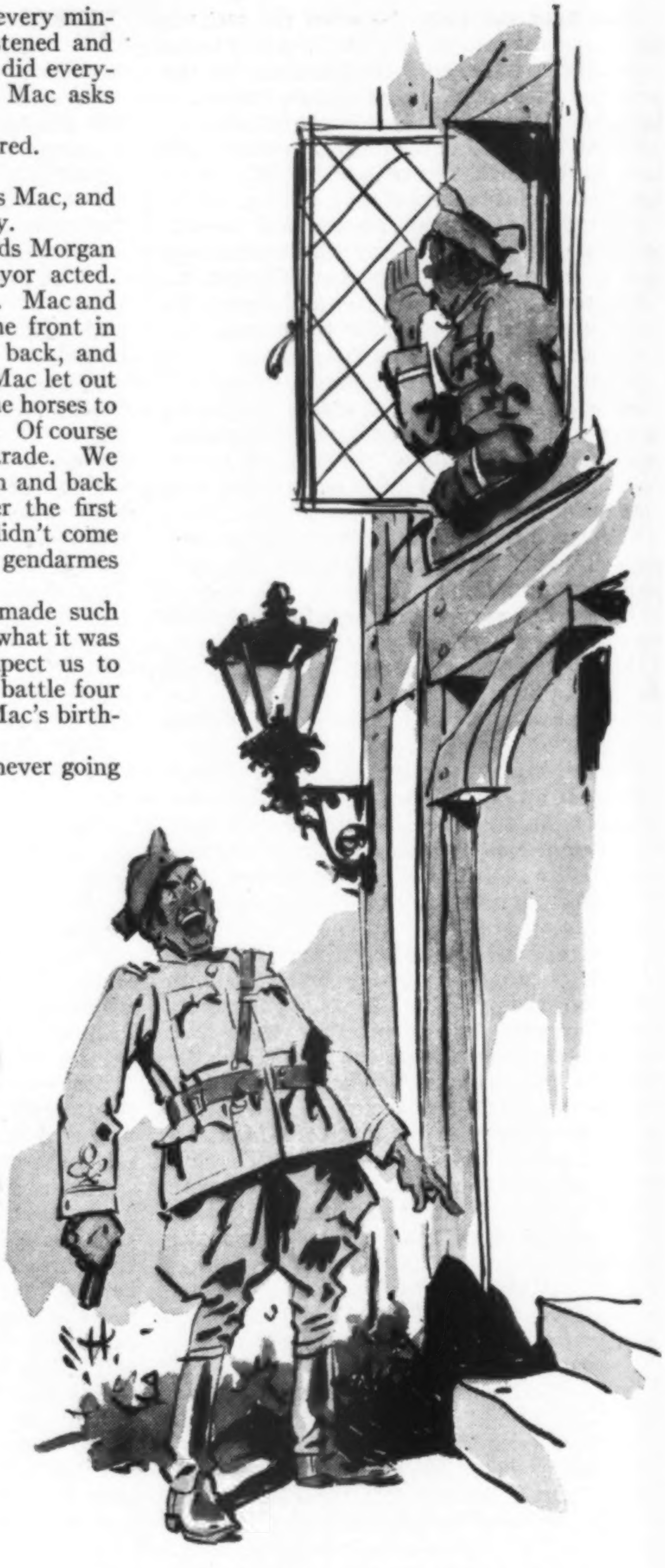
"His hand is kind of close to your pocket," I answered, speaking of the mayor.

Sure enough, soon as we got back to the Hotel de Ville, the crowd stands around waiting for Mac to throw away some more money. But Mac decides he's give enough to charity for one birthday. Of course they lose us Americans after that and first thing we know that mayor of St. Neuvic has given us the slip and is standing on a little iron platform from a second-story window. The town crier beats his drum a good swat or two and commences to shout. I see Mac sneaking for the front door.

"Where you going?" I asked.

"Up there," he tells me, pointing. "I'm going to make a speech."

"You don't want to make a speech," I protests quick. "Listen, Mac, they've done enough for you already without your making them listen. They've given you a ride. Besides, they can't understand English."



"Sergeant Burns!" the lieutenant hollered down at the foot of the stairs. "Come down here at once!"

"That ain't my fault," he answered, nasty like.

"But the mayor's going to speak," I tried to tell him. "He'll talk enough for sixty plain Yanks."

"Whose birthday is this?" Mac wanted to know. "Who started all this? I got some rights!"

That was just like Mac. Good fellow and all that, but particular of his rights. Well, I got to thinking it over and doped it out that he *was* right, perhaps, so I said so.

"'Course I am. If you help me speak I'll leave you speak."

Just then that Fifi come a-running again.

"But why you speak?" she asked. "Isn't it the great honor enough to of rode beside the mayor in the grand procession without you must speak?"

"Enough?" Mac hollered.

The mayor was just starting his talk that minute and he looked down at me and Mac sort of annoyed. You couldn't blame him much, either, when you thought of that Frog's squeaky little voice and the fire-alarm signal Mac used for talk. Mac would of been a great lawyer with that voice, if he hadn't decided to go into the window-washing business after the war.

"Honor enough!" he screamed at that Fifi. The gendarmes began to back off. "Say, who's having a birthday, me or that clown up there? Who was it give them all a birthday present? Who was it had to sit next his honor all through that parade just after garlic for breakfast?"

THE mayor has just got to going good again, but it wasn't no use. By that time Mac was in the Hotel de Ville and climbing up the stair with me and Fifi pulling back on the tail of his blouse. Strong minded, Mac was. He dragged us both out through the window.

It was an unexpected surprise to his honor. Mac was hollering in English and the mayor was hollering in French and Fifi and me in that language between the two that was so popular in cafés and fights.

I had to take time out just then to get their swords away from a brace of gendarmes before they started bayonet practice. They weren't the youngest gendarmes in France, or the thinnest either, so it wasn't very long till they were calm but panting in a corner. That was the first time Mac and me appeared in public in gendarme caps.

"He grant permission for you to make that speech," Fifi says finally to Mac. She's been chinning with the mayor, who was sweating in a corner of that little iron balcony. "For ten minute. I have it thorough explained."

"Ten minutes!" Mac snorted. He couldn't say good morning in ten minutes!

"While you speak I translates it in French," Fifi goes on, as if Mac had said nothing. She ought to of been a judge, that girl. "Speak it slow."

Well, Mac started slow. But every time he stopped for breath Fifi put out a lot of talk, and whenever they heard what she was saying the people in the square let go a cheer. It was a good speech, even for Mac.

"Ladies and gents and gendarmes," he began, "it's too bad that I had to poke his nibs in the slats before he would give you a chanct to hear what I got to say."

Right there Fifi chimes in, and rattles something at the people in the street. The crowd give a faint little cheer. They didn't care much for speeches, instead of screaming, I could see that. The average Frog likes nothing better than a fight—between a couple of other people.

"Now you know how a healthy American can celebrate his birthday," Mac says when he gets a chance, "even in a dump like St. Neuvic. I am twenty-four years old today even if I don't look it. My home town is Oskaloosa, Iowa, which is the State where the corn grows so tall that if you ever saw it you'd fall over dead with excitement."

The crowd gives a little stronger cheer that time when Fifi translates. At least we thought she translated. It happened that she wasn't. All the time Mac was talking about himself and me and tall corn and what a dump St. Neuvic was after his home town and other truths, Fifi told them people that he was saying as how brave all Frenchmen were and what a lovely view they had in St. Neuvic and a lot more pleasant lies.

Even the mayor forgot to be mad. We'd of been all right and everybody happy if I just then didn't happen to see the worst sight in the world.

Lieutenant Rogers.

There he was at the back of the crowd sticking up his snooping nose and jamming his pencil into that black note-book of his. I like to fell off the balcony when I thought what it meant. That lieutenant was mean enough to everybody to bait a steel trap! And Mac and me wasn't his favorites!

"Mac!" I says, grabbing at his blouse and pleading. "Listen, Mac! There's that old porcupine and his note-book writing down ninety days!"

But Mac is like most orators. Once he gets to making a speech he quits thinking and just blabbers on.

"We've done nothing," he was bragging. "Me and the sergeant could have licked all the gendarmes in France and a dozen mayors. What's a gendarme to be sore about? That's how we're built. Out in the broad open spaces where men is men. . . ."

Well, trouble began. Before Fifi had a chance to think up anything to translate, some strange animal in a silk hat that had just come tagging up to the crowd began to squeal. The mob turned and looked at him. Then they looked at Mac and me. So did Fifi.

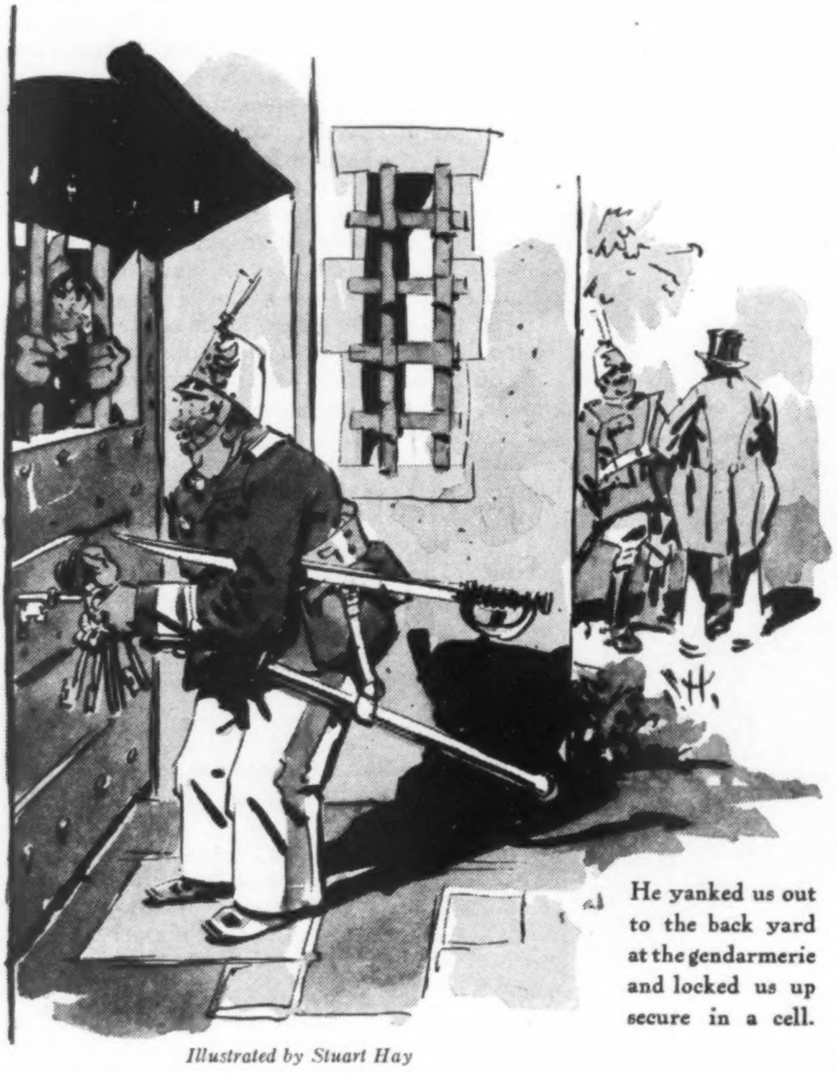
"You had best beat it," she said, all in a hurry. "That man understands it, your terrible American language. He has told them what you say . . . zut—make for to run!"

Those gendarmes come to life toot sweet, as the bandmen say. The crowd began to hunger for blood, you could see it. We made the stairway all right, but there we met St. Neuvic coming up. First of all the gendarmes that hadn't had their caps or fighting equipment removed, then a lot of assorted citizens, and then their wives which was much worse, and then Lieutenant Rogers.

It was good it was narrow, that stairway, and most of the St. Neuvic people fat. And it was lucky I'd kept the gendarmes' swords. There was a door at the top of the stair and we slammed that after us. The mayor opened it . . . once. I didn't mean to jab him so hard, just wanted to warn him. But he didn't open that door any more. Or the gendarmes either. They just scooted back to that iron porch and slid down the rain-spout.

Mac was letting out war-cries all the time that he learned from the Indians around Broadway and Forty-second street on New Year's Eve. And the way that Fifi was screaming right behind us! If Mac's town of Oskaloosa ever needs a new fire alarm I know where it can get one cheap. I'm not saying that the upkeep wouldn't be high, but so would the tone. First the gendarmes came running up the stair, waving their swords, and Mac just gave one gentle kick and they all went down-stairs again. Not running. Lengthwise. And then old Leval, the banker, who didn't have much use for Mac or me or anybody in our outfit, he tried it with about six Frogs. They wasn't brave but once, either.

THE pleasantries had been going on about fifteen minutes when suddenly everybody down-stairs shut their mouths and got quiet. When a man that's been fighting does that you know something's going to happen. It ain't natural.



He yanked us out to the back yard at the gendarmerie and locked us up secure in a cell.

Illustrated by Stuart Hay

And sure enough. There sneaks in Lieutenant Rogers. He's got his .45 automatic on his hip and a mean look all over his face. There's Sergeant Jones and about a hundred of the other boys following, with rifles and side arms. They don't seem to be enjoying their job.

"Sergeant Burns!" the lieutenant hollered down at the foot of the stairs. "Come down here at once!"

"Yes, sir," I promised.

We didn't break a leg or anything hurrying to fall in his loving arms, just climbed down slow and dignified. Fifi was crying now, if you could call all that fuss by one word. Out in the street Jones and his gang surrounded us and overpowered the Frogs that wanted a chance to eat us up.

"I'll file charges in the morning," Lieutenant Rogers said, very proper. It's always in the morning, so's you get the privilege of an extry night in the coop. "Take them to the gendarmerie, Jones," he goes on. "Have them locked up."

That wasn't so bad. After all, we'd had Mac's birthday party. But just then I saw something else that made my heart stop. That girl Fifi had slipped over beside the lieutenant and was holding on his arm and talking pleasant. Just like a woman, I thought. No gratefulness at all. Off they walked, her still petting his arm like it was my own. After that I didn't care what happened.

"What's the charge?" I asked Sergeant Jones when I had the heart.

"Impersonating a gendarme," he answered. "That's one of them."

"Any one with such bad taste as to impersonate one of them fat gendarmes ought to get locked up for life," I said.

Jones didn't treat us very bad. Not after I reminded him how he had to be dragged down off the hat-rack the night before. He just yanked us out to the back yard at the gendarmerie and locked us up secure in the cell. I didn't care. I was thinking of Fifi and that stuck-up Rogers.

Mac hadn't anything to say either, having spoiled his voice in the open air. So there we sat.

"Lots of good passes do us now," I said, very bitter, when it came five o'clock.

Mac wouldn't answer. But pretty soon he growled, and when I turned around to see what he was doing, there looking through the bars at us was Fifi, her face very sad when she got through laughing.

"How many francs you have left?" she asked.

"Want to make change maybe?" Mac says, nasty.

"I come to help you out."

"Oh!" said Mac, as if he was understanding something I didn't.

"But it will take lots of the money," Fifi said.

"We didn't get in here free," Mac says back, thinking of the good francs he'd spilled on the parade. Fifi pays no attention.

"The palsy is the very sad sickness," she explains, mysterious. When you have the palsy you shake—so—and drop money on the floor. And can't pick it up."

It was my turn to say, "Oh!"

"And somebody, a gendarme maybe, has got to open the gate to help you," she went on, innocent like. "It is the sad sickness."

Well, Mac and I got terrible sick. We shook so hard that perfectly good sober money kept dropping out of our fingers and when we tried to pick it up, it's no use. The gendarme got very excited.

"He wants to know is it great pain?" Fifi translated.

"I die in an hour," Mac says.

Fifi translated again. The French are a very trusting race. They opened the gate finally, and half St. Neuvic tried to do us the kindness of picking up our money. We let 'em in.

It was about ten miles to Fifi's café the way we went, and after about six miles the Frogs stopped chasing. So we sat down in some woods and counted up our money and found we had four thousand francs left between us, after all Mac's birthday shower and everything.

It was dark when we got to the café. Fifi took us in the back room.

"It is the very sad sight," she said.

And there in a corner, sleeping with his mouth open, which is conduct unbecoming even a labor battalion officer, lay that sneaking Rogers.

Well, to say that Mac and me laughed isn't saying the half.

"It was very much too bad," Fifi explained. "He come along and ask me for a drink of ice water. I fix it for him—just one small drink of ice water. . . ."

We forgot where that lieutenant's billet was, so we just took him out to the barracks and dumped him down among his comrades, the boys. They was all greatly broke up over him, of course, and about a hundred and fifty took turns throwing water on his head, some of which got in his shoes, trying to wake him up. Our boys always was sympathetic.

When he did wake up we wasn't there, Mac and me. We was trying to spend four thousand francs in Fifi's mother's café before taps. But plenty of the boys *was* there. Sergeant Jones among 'em.

"I been afraid I'd have to call the medico, Lieutenant," Jones told him, so sympathetic. "But I decided you'd rather not—considering."

"Considering what?" the lieutenant asked.

"Oh, nothing," said Sergeant Jones.

Rogers tries to think it out. He can't quite make it, Jones tells me. But after a while he asked a question.

"Did I arrest Sergeant Burns and a cook today?"

"Yes, sir."

"What for?"

"You said they were drunk."

The lieutenant gave a little groan.

"But the mayor was just handing them the key to the city," Jones lies on. "It wasn't *them* that was drunk. It was them brought you home."

The big stiff give another groan at that and asked where we were.

"Down-town," said Jones.

"Listen, Sergeant," Rogers said, pathetic. "Has the captain seen me?"

"Not yet," answered Jones, very military.

"I don't want him to, Sergeant. Help me to bed . . . and Sergeant! Extend those fellows' passes till midnight!"

It was a very fine birthday party. A pleasant time was enjoyed by all. Fifi didn't make no mistakes in giving back our change that night. There wasn't no change.

“I Knew John D. When—”

Years ago a young Cleveland journalist made a hobby of collecting stories from John D. Rockefeller’s neighbors, friends and business associates. These anecdotes shed new light on a multimillionaire’s ideal of happiness

by Fred C. Kelly

IT APPEARS from this collection of stories about the elder Rockefeller that as a youth and a young man he knew pretty definitely what he wanted in life and has since obtained most, if not all, of his objectives. Looking back at eighty-seven, he has at least one enviable satisfaction. He has realized the ambitions and expectations that spurred him on when he lived in a Cleveland boarding-house and was assigned a separate table because he tracked in mucky oil on his boots.

EVERY once in a while somebody raises the question as to whether or not John D. Rockefeller, now getting along toward ninety, has had a successful life. Admittedly, he has grown rich, but has he found happiness? My own impression, based on acquaintance among Rockefeller’s early associates, is that he has been both successful and happy. It may not have been the same brand of success that you or I would have picked. He has sought happiness according to his own lights. But evidently it has suited him. And he seems to have thrived on it.

About a score of years ago, when I was employed as a reporter on a Cleveland newspaper, I came in contact with many of Rockefeller’s early associates, most of them well along in years and now nearly all dead. From these I learned many unpublished tales of Rockefeller “On the Way Up.” Looking back now over what they told me, it seems certain that if Rockefeller has not found happiness as well as mere business success, it has been his own fault, for never did a man more painstakingly follow the path he had charted.

So far as happiness is concerned he is probably as happy as any one, taking into consideration the extreme scarcity of absolute happiness in this world. He has grown wealthy, reasonably wise, and if not healthy, at least his reported indigestion of many years ago was not severe enough to cut him down before he had his chance in the world. And nobody nearly ninety, who recently did nine holes of golf in forty-four, can have had hopelessly poor health. As a matter of fact his health of recent years appears to have been splendid.

Surely it is something to have a big ambition and make good on it. When scarcely more than a youth, Rockefeller declared to an officer of the old Ohio National Bank, in Cleveland, which had refused him a small loan:

“Some day I shall be the richest man in the world!” In other words, he knew exactly where he was headed. And he stuck to his route.

From the beginning he kept away from all forms of frivolity and spent practically nothing except the ten or fifteen cents each week he contributed at Sunday school. At the age of sixteen when he was about half way through his high-school course he went to work. For a time he was a shipping clerk at one of the Cleveland docks for forty or fifty dollars a month.

Only a few years later he was able to put up five thousand dollars as his share in the partnership of Clark, Gardner & Co. It seems obvious that he could not have saved all that from his meager wages. It is supposed that part of it was put up by his father, William A. Rockefeller, whom one of John D.’s partners designated “one of the most companionable and likable old men I ever knew.” Despite any help he may have received, however, the fact that John D. was able to get together that amount of capital so early in life is a most significant one.

The firm of Clark, Gardner & Co. bought and shipped grain in Cleveland. Rockefeller had charge of the clerical end of the business. He was the first man to reach his office in the morning and the last to leave at night. His sole hobby outside of business hours was Sunday school. Money meant much to him. This I learned from the late George W. Gardner, Rockefeller’s first business partner. Gardner, head of the firm, and at one time mayor of Cleveland, was a whole-souled, outdoor-loving

[*Continued on page 137*]

AT eighty-seven years of age, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., continues to play golf for health and diversion. In this characteristic pose he is bestowing a bright new dime on a young lady who has won his favor. The custom is generally supposed to have some significance that he has never revealed.

COLONEL BILLY HALL of Lancaster, Missouri, now sixty-two, has been a horse trader all his working life. A chance purchase of a second-hand circus led to his present world-wide trading in circus cars, wagons and wild animals. At times he has on hand a hundred circus cars and two thousand horses at his farm heaquarters.

He Trades in Circuses

In a little Missouri town of eight hundred population, Colonel Billy Hall has made a fortune in a unique business. His country town headquarters for horses, wild animals and tent show equipment is known to showmen on five continents

by Earl Chapin May

AN ORNATELY painted circus train, after rolling colorfully across the continent for many months, lay soberly on a side track, in a Gulf Coast Texas town. Dromedary Brothers' Stupendous Shows had ceased to thrill all ages of mankind. Bad business had broken the Dromedarys' financial backs. In short, Dromedary Brothers' circus was on the market for a buyer.

YOU might well wish you were a kid again if some kindly fate would make your home in Lancaster, Missouri. Free rides on elephants are in order most of the year, and any youngster in town can have one of Colonel Hall's Shetland ponies as long as he treats it right. Whole menageries of wild animals are housed in the barns on his own farm where tigers, camels, trained dogs, lions, sacred cows, huge elephants and performing bears are as commonplace a sight as horses and mules.

A robust, garishly attired man of forty-eight walked briskly beside the idle, laden circus train, casting keen eyes at the brothers' merchandise. No adjuster of a fire loss or appraiser of a general bankrupt stock required more acumen than this man. No lightning calculator had more mental speed. No expert mathematician was more skilled in tabulating exact values on the spot. The robust, garishly attired man was a professional circus buyer.

He had to know the worth of each once golden band wagon, of each tarnished cage, tableau, chariot and den—now shrouded in mud-stained tarpaulin. He had to sense the value of each bale of canvas, coil of rope, piece of spangled wardrobe, tangle of block and tackle, or length of blueseats, stringers, jacks, and toe-pins; each wagon-load of center, quarter, and side poles; each bundle of side-show banners, not to mention the carefully packed tons of tent stakes, sledges, ticket boxes and other miscellaneous paraphernalia, systematically massed on each long flat car. He had to set his price on each lion, tiger, leopard, bear, pacing restlessly in its barred den, and each camel, elephant, horse, and sacred cow, standing patiently in roofed and sided stock cars. He had to evaluate each Pullman car.

Anxiously the humped-up Dromedary Brothers trailed behind the briskly walking man as he, who had known the Stupendous Shows in their pristine glory, now checked off depreciation due to months of travel and weather's wear and tear. The man had cash. The broken brothers yearned for their dear Nebraska farm where corn grows high and good farmers can sleep at home each night of the year.

The keen-eyed purchaser of circuses tipped his silk hat farther back on his gray head. Once more his patent-leather shoes plowed through cinders beside the circus train from its abandoned, loudly lettered advertising car to the caboose at the other end. He paused. The four Dromedary Brothers awaited his fateful words.

"I'll pay $30,000 for the whole trick, on the rails," the keen-eyed circus bidder snapped. The sinking sun shed a parting glory on his red plush vest. Its last rays glistened on the broad silk lapels of his blue broadcloth coat and caromed dazzingly from five fat diamonds reposing in his green necktie.

"But, Colonel—" one of the dejected Dromedary Brothers protested.

"Take it or leave it," the bidder snapped. Diamonds sparkled from shirt cuffs and pudgy hands as he waved farewell and started to walk away.

"The show's all yours," the Dromedarys chorused avidly.

"All right. Give me a bill of sale. Here's your check," the snappy one replied. And Colonel Billy Hall of Lancaster, Mo., had purchased another circus, second-hand.

This little drama, staged fourteen or more years ago, is only one of many in which the picturesque colonel has played the leading rôle. In 1876 he walked penniless and barefoot from his old log cabin home into the Missouri village where he has since lived. Today, at sixty-two, he owns large blocks of land in different states, and his name is on the tongues of circus men from Cape Town to Calcutta. Horsemen from Berlin to Honolulu sing his praises without stint. Tradition encompasses him in all the countryside from Keokuk to Marysville and from Oskaloosa to Moberly. For Colonel Billy Hall has made, and kept, a quarter million dollars, by handling horses, and that most uncertain merchandise known to a trading world—circuses at second-hand. In all America there is no career to equal his, and Colonel Billy is still emphatically on the job.

Trading in circuses was to Colonel Billy a second thought. He started with horses. His "paw" and "maw" were of Kentucky stock, and they knew horses affectionately. Also his "paw" was one of northern Missouri's first farmer blacksmiths. And when, in Billy's thirteenth year, both "paw" and "maw" left him for another world, the barefoot boy who could not read or write, hoofed it into Lancaster and went to work at a dollar a month in Stretch Brothers' Livery Stable. In addition to working there he also slept there.

Young Billy kept that first dollar and others of its kind. Three years passed. Then a Philadelphia horse buyer, touring the farms around the budding county seat, was impressed with the boy's keen horse-sense. The young Missourian was taken east to be shown how the great world wagged. When Billy came back, adorned in new store clothes, he was official horse buyer for a Philadelphia firm. That turned young Billy's tide, but not his head. Soon afterward he went on his own. He took horses, purchased in northern Missouri and southern Iowa, to Hamburg, Germany. There, after making profitable sales, he became acquainted with the famous Hagenbecks, masters of the wild animal game. Billy was bitten by the circus bug. He's been a showman, mostly by brevet, since that day.

"Framing" a Ten-Car Show

GATHER with any of the circus clan on some cold winter day in the Claridge Hotel, New York, the Palmer House, Chicago, the Menger in San Antonio, or any other meeting place for troupers who are "wintering," and within the hour those followers of white tops and red wagons will start to "frame" a ten-car show. That is the great indoor sport of circusdom. With pencil and pad and many sage remarks, these showmen who talk nothing else but show, will plan a circus carried on ten long freight cars. Or they may soar to greater heights and "frame" a larger show to travel on fifteen cars or more, but invariably the talk will carry some remark like this:

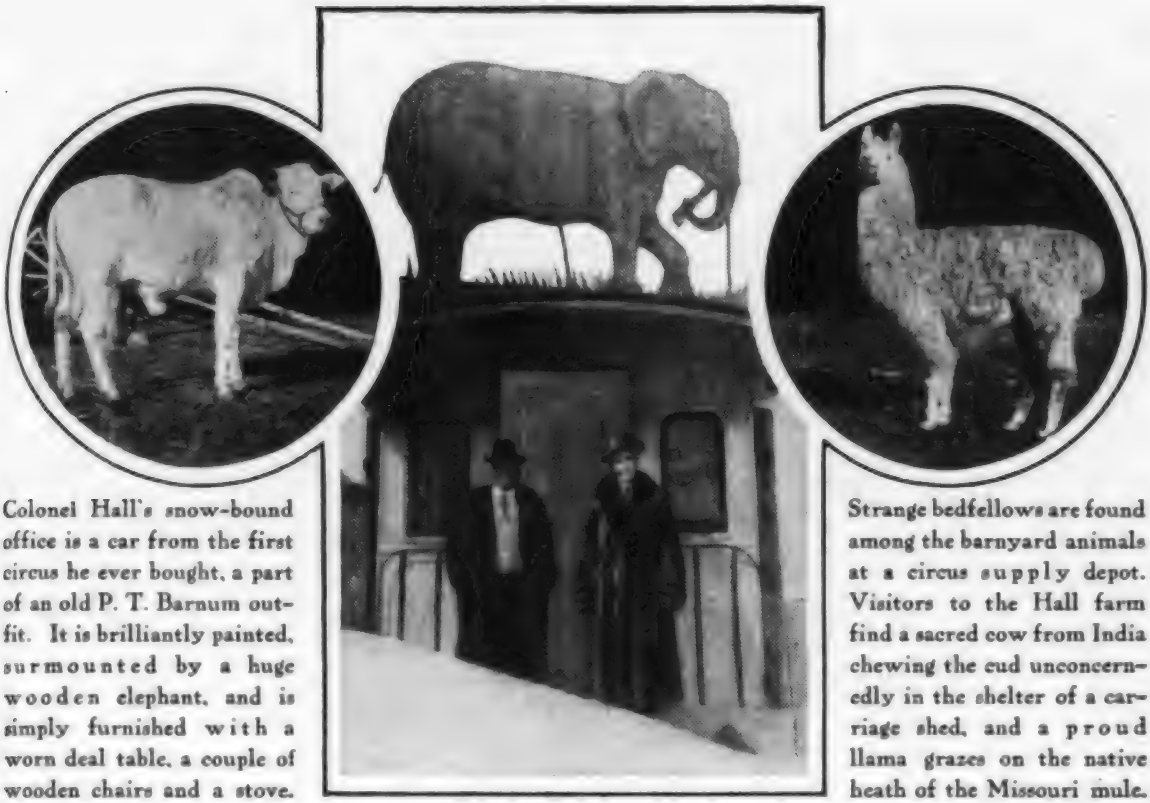
"Colonel Billy Hall has the stuff, in wagons, animals and circus tops." They know Colonel Hall. So do Missouri and Iowa folks.

Searching for this supply depot for circus men, I mentioned casually to a passenger on the train from Hannibal that I was bound for Lancaster, which has a population of 850, and has had it since 1845. "You're going to see Colonel Hall," the passenger promptly replied. In Keokuk, famous for its government dam across the Mississippi, I asked the hotel clerk the best method of reaching Lancaster. "You're going to see Colonel Hall," the clerk declared. "You take the insane special on the Burlington, leaving here at 7:10 P.M. It's due in Lancaster, sixty-five miles west of here, at 10:12. Mind you, I said, 'it's due'!" The clerk was circumspect. The train leaving Keokuk at 7:10 consisted of two coaches and three freight cars. The lone locomotive hauling that mixed train encountered a snow-drift ten miles or so along the route, bucked it a while, then side-tracked the freight cars and bowled merrily through the dark, reaching my particular destination only two hours late. Such is the remoteness of Lancaster.

But strangers are no treat in that neat village built around the court-house square. Purchasers of horses, elephants and other circus stock come from distant lands. They find the colonel at one of his many barns on the edge of Schuyler County's official seat, or in his office. That office is characteristic of the man. It was, tradition certifies, part of the old P. T. Barnum circus train. Colonel Billy purchased it as item eighty-two of the Harris Nickel Plate Show, sold to him at Evansville, Indiana, nearly twenty-five years ago.

The colonel, with all his shrewdness, is a sentimentalist. He placed this car, from the first circus he ever bought, in his front yard. He painted it brilliantly, poised an imitation elephant over its front door and got down to business. There the ruddy-faced circus trader sits for fifteen hours a day, beside a worn deal table behind an iron stove. One of two old wooden chairs is reserved for him. His guests may take their choice of the other chair or a wooden bench that stretches the length of the old car. Beneath this hacked old bench are bins at one time filled with gaudy circus bills, for the car was once an advertising car.

There are twenty windows on each side. Colonel Billy looks through all of them at once. Nothing misses his eagle eye. A horse and mule may pass the very barn in which he began his life's struggle—for Colonel Billy moved it from the court-house square to his circus outfitting grounds many years ago. In such a case he chops a choppy sentence in two, leaps to see why that horse and mule do pass and then continues his remarks. Or, maybe—while he is telling of his triumphs over two showmen who conspired to deprive him of his lawful property—a load of hay heaves into view, whereupon he dashes to his front door and shouts commands that may not be ignored.



Colonel Hall's snow-bound office is a car from the first circus he ever bought, a part of an old P. T. Barnum outfit. It is brilliantly painted, surmounted by a huge wooden elephant, and is simply furnished with a worn deal table, a couple of wooden chairs and a stove.

Strange bedfellows are found among the barnyard animals at a circus supply depot. Visitors to the Hall farm find a sacred cow from India chewing the cud unconcernedly in the shelter of a carriage shed, and a proud llama grazes on the native heath of the Missouri mule.

Colonel Billy is business all the time. His pockets are stuffed with papers of all kinds. While he was talking to me one day, he hauled out four checks totaling $3,750 for horses sold. The office floor is littered with ashes, coal, wood, corn cobs, and peanut shells, but there is no litter in the colonel's mind. It is as orderly as an index file. It has to be. He's carried his business in his head for fifty years.

"A good horse trader can trade in almost anything," the veteran confided to me with a warming twinkle in his eyes, as he stuffed a mass of correspondence back into a capacious pocket. "You see the horse business is different from almost any other kind. When you buy or sell hogs or cattle, for example, you're guided by the market price. You watch quotations. But you can't fix the value of a horse that way. It all depends on what the buyer thinks of that particular horse. I never try to force a horse sale. I show my goods. If one horse buyer doesn't like what I offer, the next horse buyer may. I've taken horses and mules to Europe and sold them at a profit, and I've done the same thing in Honolulu. One rule in horse trading is never to forget. That same rule applies to circuses. Another rule is never to let yourself be beaten.

"I JUST drifted into buying circuses and circus animals because I was a horseman from the beginning. Hagenbeck gave me the circus idea. Then lots of circus men used to come here to buy dapple grays and other circus stock. I got to visiting circuses to keep my eyes on the circus trade. I had several hundred acres in my Lancaster farm, a dozen or so barns, houses and hotels, and plenty of room to keep circus property and circus people. So when the Harris Nickel Plate Show, a ten-car trick, was offered for sale because Harris had died and the widow got tired of the business, I made a bid and got it for about $15,000. I've been buying up old circuses ever since.

"There's nothing more fascinating than the circus business. It's risky but, if you think quick, it's not so bad. I've bought, financed, wintered, or otherwise had a hand in fathering more than fifty circuses. While some have failed and I've had my troubles with two or three, most of them have won.

"I'd leased a lot of stuff to an Iowa friend of mine one year. He had hard luck. It was a wet season. He was playing farming territory. My friend pulled into Lancaster that fall and said, 'Billy, you take the show. I'm done.' He was head over heels in debt to me and to the show-printing houses. 'Buck,' I said to him, 'Don't lose your nerve. All you know is the circus business. You're a showman. You'll win out.' I staked him again when the next season opened. He hasn't had a losing season since that time. One season he made a quarter million. He's got one of the best twenty-car shows on the road today. He still buys horses and leases elephants from me.

"I get along with showmen just as I get along with horsemen. I always tell any one I'm doing business with, 'Don't you try to beat me and I'll give you a good deal.' I learned that principle in the horse business. Year after year I've bought and shipped out of this little town $20,000 worth of horses a month. My buyers go into the territory and pay out my money for horses. Nearly every horse breeder in this territory knows me and knows I'm square to those that are square with me."

Several years ago Colonel Billy bought 206 draft horses at Kirksville, twenty miles south of Lancaster. He counted them at the Lancaster loading shutes and found himself one horse short. "Walk them through the shutes in single file," he ordered.

He watched them as they filed past him. "The missing horse is a roan, fifteen hands high, bought from John Spivins, south of Kirksville, on the Millard road, for $135," he announced. "Go get that horse." The horse was gotten. "I checked John Spivins off my list" was all Colonel Hall said about the incident. Sometimes a breeder will try to sell him a horse he doesn't want. He never loses time in making up his mind. He rejected such a horse at Moulton, Iowa, in 1914. Two years later, at Lancaster, the same horse was offered him. "Take him away," ordered the colonel, "he's no better than he was two years ago." He buys circuses in much the same way. "Of course trading in circuses is a more complicated game," says he. "You have to know more about different kinds of goods.

"A circus may go out in the spring all dolled up and looking fine. Three months of travel and bad weather may make that show look like thirty cents. I've got to know whether the monkeys have bad lungs, or the lions and tigers can be cured of mange, whether the elephants are going 'must' or merely have a case of worms, and all that sort of thing. I've got to figure how much it will cost to repaint and polish up the parade wagons, whether the railroad equipment can pass inspection on the road, whether the big top is good for another season and how many stakes and seats I must replace before I can offer the old trick as new. And then there is what you might call the moral risk. That always enter into the trading game.

"I bought a circus on the side-tracks in an Ohio town one fall. The contract called for $10,000 down, and the balance of $40,000 in currency. I paid the $10,000 in cash when the deal was closed. But when I called to get the show the owner welched. I offered him a certified check. He said 'I want currency.' He was trying to play an old, old trading game. Thought he could do me out of my $10,000. He'd done others that way before. My attorney and I were on to him. The attorney went to Cleveland and came back with $30,000 in bills, in a bag. I dumped the money on the table in front of that smart showman. Some say a gun was pulled. Anyhow, I said, 'You open that switch and let that circus train roll out.' The train rolled, down to Lancaster. The show was mine. I made $70,000 running it myself the next year, although I let about a million kids go in the front door, free.

"That case is an exception to the rule. Most showmen are as honorable as other folks. I have a hundred thousand dollars' worth of show property trouping over the country every year, but that property is always leased."

COLONEL BILLY HALL has his own side-track at Lancaster. He keeps from ten to a hundred circus cars on hand. When I visited his unique plant he also had four hundred heavy draft horses, a yard full of Shetland ponies, a barn full of circus wagons of all kinds, a troupe of dogs and sacred cows, and twelve fancy performing elephants, besides great gobs of other circus stuff. Ordinarily, it takes about six months to get a show together. But if I were suddenly seized with the unquenchable desire to "take a circus out," and should wire the colonel that I desired to "open" with a fifteen-car show three weeks from now—and had, awaiting his command, $150,000 cash—the colonel would deliver that show in perfect working order in three weeks; or he might lease it to me at so much a week if he thought I was on the square and would make good. He's done it for others more than once. But next to horses he likes wild animals best of all circus features, and particularly he prefers hay burners to meat eaters.

"Cat animals—lions, tigers, and all that sort—eat their heads off," he complains. "I handle them, but elephants, camels, horses, and sacred cows are the best stuff to trade in. I can raise most of my feed for them, or buy it here in Lancaster. There haven't been any oats, or hay and mighty little corn shipped out of here for twenty years. It's all sold to me."

Twelve bulls (that is the circus name for any kind or gender of elephant) were wintering in Colonel Billy Hall's elephant barn when I visited him. Two of them were "Sydney" and "Wilma," named after the colonel's daughters. Each bull was trained to do its stuff, and was worth $4,000 on the "hoof." The colonel's herd was divided into four performing groups of three. The current rental rate for each performing group is $1,000 a week for vaudeville or winter circus engagements. The same rate applies to other outdoor summer shows, such as state fairs and fireworks displays. For long circus engagements running over twenty weeks, one of these groups can be leased for $250 per week, including the trainer's fees.

That long red barn is rich in elephant atmosphere and lore. "High Pockets" C. H. Baudendistel is boss of the Hall elephant herd. "High Pockets" is so known because he stands six-feet-two. He had an iron worker's card before he was twenty-one, but a circus wintered in

A performing group of three elephants like this one may be rented for vaudeville, circus or state fair engagements at $1,000 a week. Elephants are star boarders on the Hall farm because they are "hay burners," as distinguished from meat eaters, and can be fed on home-grown fodder. A "bull" who has been thoroughly trained to do his stuff is worth about $4,000 on the hoof.

Denver when he was living there. He saw and fell in love with the elephants "on" that show. He's been an elephant man since 1904. He weighs 210 pounds, but carries no excess flesh. He's hard as a rock, is "High Pockets."

"A BULL'S all right if you let it know you're boss," Colonel Hall's top sergeant of the bulls declares—and makes light of many injuries. The three pets which are his particular pride weigh 6,500 pounds apiece. One of them is always tractable. The other two are not so good. One of them, a lady otherwise, is apt to "sap a trainer with her trunk." This lady bull was taken from the swaying picket line one day to have her toes manicured by Al Langdon, a trainer who had "worked" this lady for ten long years. While Al was polishing the lady's second toe she "sapped' him with her trunk, threw him to the concrete floor and then slapped him against the ceiling. "High Pockets," rake in hand, rushed to the scene of battle from the other end of the picket line. He made the lady give up her prey, then rushed her back to punishment. The lady treasuring this episode, waited until "High Pockets" was between her and the barn's stone wall, then leaned hard on him. But when she reached for him with her trunk and thus released some of her weight, "High Pockets" slipped to freedom and his good bullhook. The lady bull has cause to remember what happened after that.

Colonel Billy Hall is venturesome or he wouldn't be a circus trader, but he hires others to train his elephants. He gave a private performance for me in his ring barn. We sat at a safe distance, on elephant tubs, while Al Langdon put three little bulls, weighing a mere long ton apiece, through their routine. Then "High Pockets" brought his three giants into view.

"High Pockets" sprung a surprise on the colonel and his guest. He had a new trick, recently tried out at the Minneapolis Shrine Circus. It went big with us. After the elephantine marches, waltzes, pyramids and flag wavings were over, "High Pockets" coaxed his biggest pet onto a tub, poked his head into the elephant's mouth and ordered "Up." The elephant, clamping down on "High Pocket's" devoted head, lifted the trainer clear from the ground. After this ordeal was over the husky "High Pockets," tenderly rubbing one cauliflower ear, bestowed upon me a souvenir, done in purple ink in his own hand. It reads:

"High Pockets" C. H. Baudendistel, Educator of Wm. F. Hall's Famous Elephants, "Ding, Bee and Tommy." The Hardest-Headed Man in All the World. The Only Man in All the World Who Allows an Elephant to Pick Him Up by the Mouth.

"He puts his head in the elephant's mouth,
And keeps it there awhile
And then he takes it out again
And greets you with a smile."

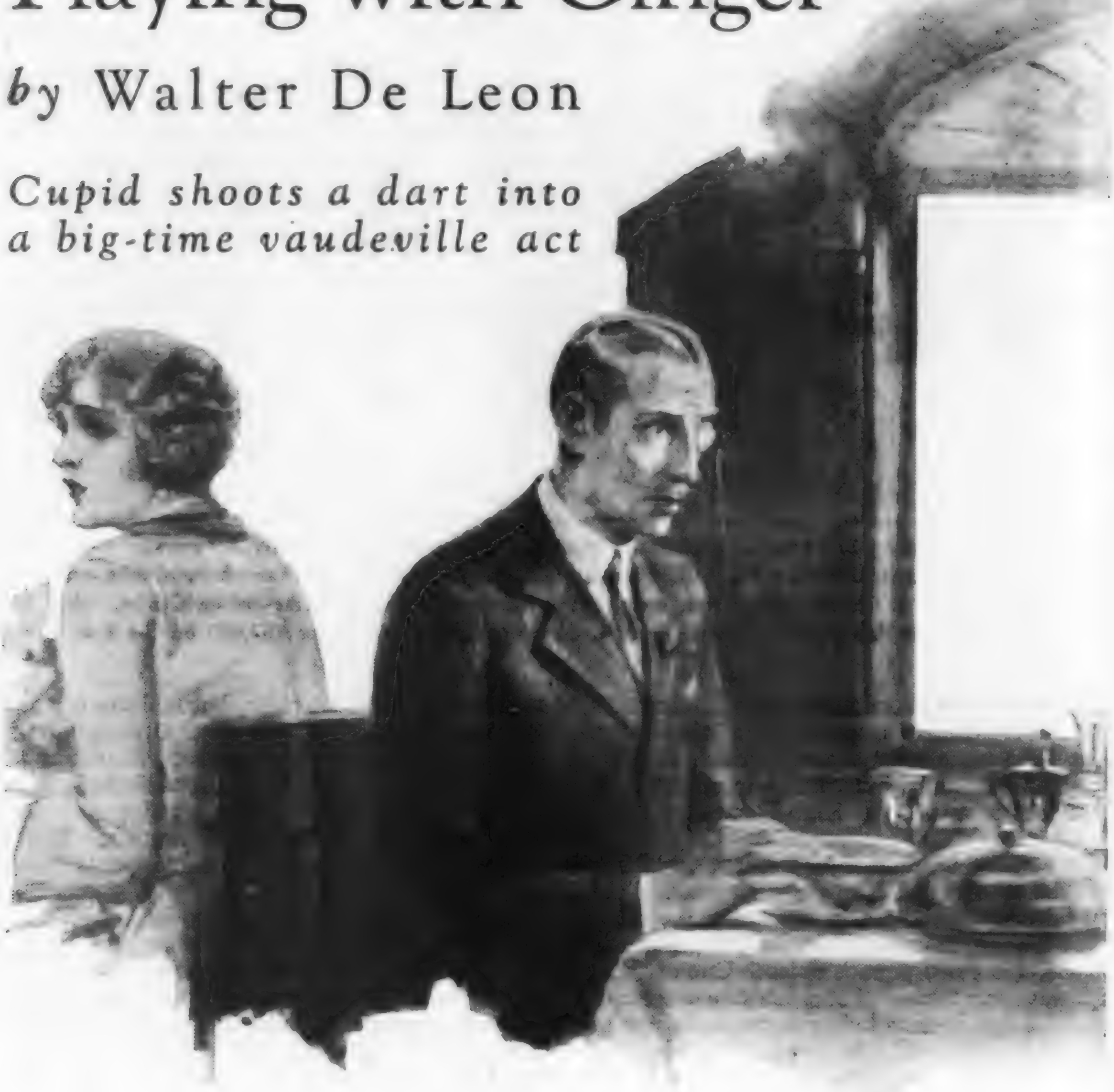
The poetry, like the performance, is "High

[*Continued on page 140*]

Playing with Ginger

by Walter De Leon

Cupid shoots a dart into a big-time vaudeville act



“LISTEN, Wally,” said Max Hardblatt, the vaudeville agent, “come over to Jersey City with me and take a look at this girl I been telling you about.”

“I wouldn’t go to Jersey City to look at the original Venus,” I told him. We were standing in front of the Friars’ Club about half-past seven of an early September evening. “You’ve picked out the last vaudeville partner for me you’re ever going to.”

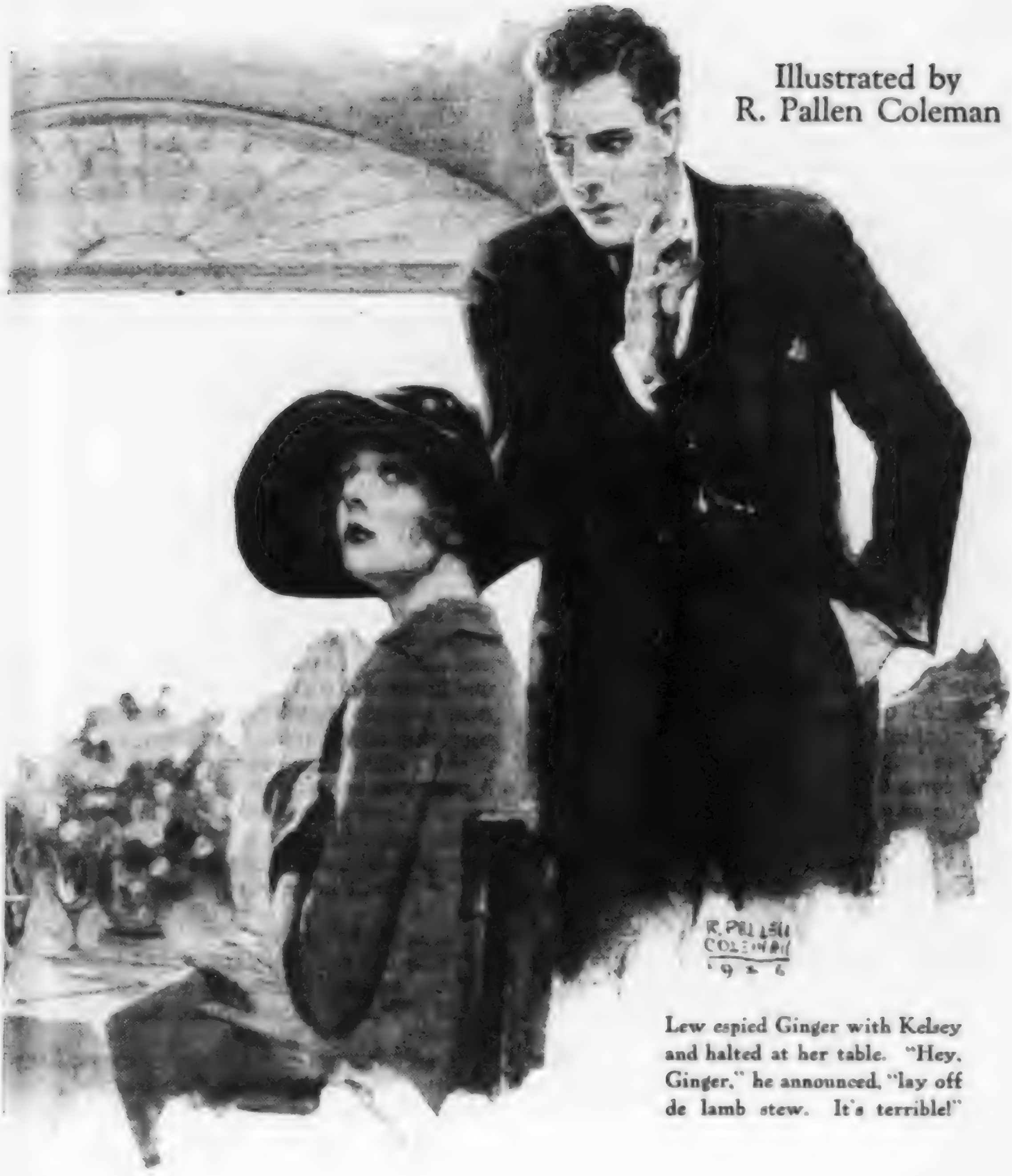
The fat under Max’s ears got pink. “Is it my fault Dolly Dernier left you and the show business flat to grab off that there Peruvian millionaire? And why blame a girl for buttering her bread? She was having hard work holding down a chorus job when you took her and taught her and—”

“And nursed her along for two years, making a feature act out of us,” I cut in. “But it wasn’t only Dolly. There was Papita before Dolly, and Grace Waxon before Papita. The same story with all of them. I work like a dog, making them look good and the act valuable, then just as the big money starts rolling my way they bow out with a heavy sugar daddy—or into a revue.”

“Papita gave you that beautiful diamond ring you’re wearing, didn’t she?” Max asked.

“And you simply have no idea how helpful

Illustrated by
R. Pallen Coleman



Lew espied Ginger with Kelsey and halted at her table. "Hey, Ginger," he announced, "lay off de lamb stew. It's terrible!"

it was to me in finding and breaking in a new partner," I answered.

"I admit," Max said, "that you've got reasons for saying that women and prussic acid are synonymous to you. But listen, Kid; you know I'm your friend, don't you?"

"One of the last ones left."

"That's a lot of banana-oil," Max contradicted. "You think so because—well, honest, Wally, even I don't know you lately, you're growing to be such a crab. And why? Twenty-seven, ain't you? Good looking, healthy—"

"Brown eyes and girlish laughter," I kidded.

"—A natural light comedian with a million dollar personality and a gift for putting across boy-and-girl acts. And look at you! Grouching around like—you couldn't be getting more pleasure out of life if you was dead and buried! Don't you think anybody else ever has any bad luck? Don't you think—"

While Max raved on I began watching the girl I'd noticed between us and the corner. There are always a lot of nutty things to be seen in the vicinity of Broadway, but it isn't often you lamp a pretty girl leaning against a restaurant window, looking in it while smiling and talking to herself. This girl was hardly more than a kid; nineteen, maybe. Her clothes looked more Cedar Rapids than Broadway, but the figure under them was a perfect little 1926 model, including a very cute pair of legs in light stockings.

Down the street toward her came a man, about forty, nicely ginned and jovial. The girl saw him, stopped talking to herself and straightened up. She was all set to speak to him, I figured, when he saw her. Putting on a pleasant smile he said something to her. Immediately she shrank against the window, turning her back to him. Shrugging his shoulders, the oiled gent continued on his dizzy way.

"Have you been listening to me?" Max's voice percolated into my consciousness.

"Sure," I said, hoping to choke off any encore on his part.

"Think it over, will you, Wally?"

"Sure."

When Max went into the Club I drifted up the street toward the corner. I was taking a long look at the girl in front of the restaurant as I passed when she turned, stared at me for a moment—and then smiled.

"Hello," she said, slipping her hand under my arm and falling into step beside me.

I NEEDED only one close-up of her to see she wasn't right. There was the darnedest expression in her eyes; gray eyes, the pupils contracted to pin-points. Her face was very pretty but unnaturally sharp—sort of pinched—and the bright red spots on her cheeks had never come out of any rouge box. If nothing else, the way she babbled conversation, for no reason at all switching from one thing to another and now and then giving a queer sort of chuckle, would have shown there was something wrong with her.

"You read a lot of stories," she was saying as I led her around the corner to lose her, "and you can't understand. But after you walk up and down Broadway for hours and days and weeks—do you know there's no such thing as a job in New York City? Nothing but beautiful stores, gorgeous limousines, and expensive women all dressed up—I'll tell you something funny. There was the card in the restaurant window, 'Girl Wanted.' I thought I'd better powder my nose before going in to ask for the job. Will you believe it—while I was standing out there dabbing on a little powder they took the card right out of the window. Now I ask you—"

"Listen," I cut in, "where do you live?"

"I don't live anywhere. I had a room—with one of those high gas-jets, the kind you have to stand on a chair to cook on—but the landlady said to me this morning, 'There's a matter of four weeks' rent. Of course, if you can pay it'—but of course I couldn't. I got tired of carrying my suit-case around and left it in a drug-store. But don't worry; I'll find some place to sleep tonight. There's always a way to—" She checked herself suddenly, looking at me and then all around her, a sharp wrinkle between her pin-pointed eyes. "Wh-where are we going?"

"We're taking a little walk down the street," I told her.

"Oh, yes," she mumbled, "walking down the street. Little Lyla—walking the streets. That's not very nice, is it? I mean for a girl that—" She stumbled and sank halfway to the sidewalk.

"Watch yourself," I said, raising her.

"Sorry," her voice broke and quavered like a child's, "but if you insist on walking me miles and miles before taking me to dinner, or wherever we're going—" She began crying weakly. "I wish we could have dinner—first."

"You can," I said, feeling like a dumb fish for not guessing that she was half delirious from slow starvation.

She proved I'd guessed right ten or fifteen minutes later. We were sitting at a table in the corner of an alcove in one of those little basement restaurants off Broadway. There hadn't been a word said while she wolfed the consommé, milk toast, and tea I ordered for her. Draining the last drop of tea, she leaned back in her chair, took off her hat with a little sigh, and smiled. I noticed that her eyes were normal again and that the drawn lines around her mouth were rapidly disappearing. I was squinting at her thick, wavy red hair—a wonderful Titian shade—trying to picture her with it parted on one side and rippling back from her creamy forehead, when I saw her smile fade. Sitting erect in her chair she stared at me as though she'd never seen me before.

"I—I don't know you," she said quietly but worried.

"That's all right, Lyla."

"How did you know my name?"

"You told me. Don't you remember?"

"N-no. I—" She brushed her hand across her eyes.

"Don't you remember stopping me on Forty-ninth street about twenty minutes ago, asking me to take you to dinner and—"

"I did that? What else did I tell you?"

"A lot of things. Now there's nothing to get excited about. Just sit back and take things easy while we have a little talk." I lit a cigaret. "I'm Wallace Nichols." That meant exactly nothing in her young life, I could see. "What sort of a job were you looking for that kept you walking up and down Broadway for hours and days and weeks?"

"I expected to go on the stage, at least in the chorus."

"What led you to expect that?"

"Well, the dancing-school I went to, the Burnyou School."

"Let me tell it for you," I cut in. "You saw one of their ads out in Iowa—"

"South Dakota."

"Not a big-time vaudeville theater in the entire state—anyway, you saw this advertisement all decorated up with photos of dancing stars. The Burnyou School of Dancing, New York City, a six months' course in modern stage hoofing, payable strictly and entirely in advance, its pupils graduating from the school right into a big Broadway theater—as ushers or check-room girls. Like hundreds of others who fall for those gyp advertisements—stop me if I'm wrong—you blithely leave the old home town tightly clutching the fat tuition fee and enough cash to pay living expenses for six months—in South Dakota. And then you hit Broadway—ah, dear old Broadway! Where a man is often king one night and a tramp for the next year. And where a pretty woman sometimes is a queen for a year simply by *becoming* a tramp one night."

From the way she looked at me I couldn't tell what little Red-top was thinking, except that my wise-cracking wasn't impressing her as very comic.

"Listen, Lyla, where are your folks all this time?"

"I haven't any. When I lost my dad—" She lowered her eyes to the table for a moment and then gave me an unobstructed view of their grayness, gleaming between her dark lashes. "I wish you could have known my dad. Everybody loved him. He used to call me Ginger, and we were always having jolly parties and good times and—" her manner changed unexpectedly—"and a lot that means to you, Mr. Wallace Nichols!"

I had to laugh at the quick transition and the dry comedy note that crackled in her voice. There was something in the way she'd thrust out her chin and tossed her head that reminded me of Dolly Dernier, my comedienne ex-partner. Ginger was better looking than Dolly, and she had a better figure. She was built more like Papita—the same cute legs and ankles. I wondered if she'd learned anything at all at Burnyou's.

"Listen, Ginger; by the way, you haven't told me your last name."

"Goode."

"Thanks. On our way here you said you'd left a suit-case at a drug-store. Where?" She told me. "Well, suppose we get it and then go down to my hotel."

GINGER reached for her hat without answering. In fact, we reached the hotel without her saying a word.

Leaving her in a chair in the lobby I went over to register her, telling Eddy, the night clerk, she was a professional friend of mine just in from the West. Returning to her with the room key, I found her staring through the glass doors, without seeing anything.

"Here's your key," I said. "If you get hungry again, 'phone down to the restaurant from your room for whatever you want." Ginger began staring at me queerly, wide-eyed. "You don't need any money; just sign the café check; that's all. You'd better have your breakfast sent up to your room, too. I'll call you tomorrow morning about ten o'clock, and—what's the matter now?"

Still staring at me, large tears had begun rolling out of her eyes and down her cheeks.

"N-nothing; n-nothing at all. I can't help it if—if I was never so b-blessed happy in my life, can I? After expecting— Oh, dear, oh, dear!" Dropping into a chair she buried her face and let loose the rest of her tears. It took me a moment to put the full meaning into the sentence she hadn't finished.

"Listen," I told her firmly, "I'm a crab—not a gorilla. By profession I'm a vaudeville actor, and the only thing I want from you is to hear your voice and see you dance. Tomorrow morning—"

"Tomorrow!" Ginger jumped to her feet. "Oh, please let me sing and dance for you tonight; now! I'll never feel more like it."

Five minutes later I was sitting at the piano in one of the private banquet rooms in the hotel asking Ginger what songs she knew. Twenty-five minutes later I'd told her good night and was heading toward the Friars to tell Max Hardblatt I'd found a new partner.

Ginger didn't know there was as much work in the world as I dragged her through during the next two weeks. But she thrived on it. At the end of the first week the hollows in her face and arms had filled out and she was bursting out of her skin with pep. Everything, including me, amused her. She could no more help kidding than breathing. She was a kitten and the world just a ball of yarn for her to play with. Striking that comic vein in her was like bringing in a gusher; it was very valuable, but needing control and direction.

Every song and dance artist allows his partner at least one explosion of temperament during the preparation of a new act. It's allowed because it's bound to bust out, anyway. Ginger didn't get really good and red-headed until the day after our first break-in performance out of town. After that Monday night show Max and some of his friends had ladled her out copious helpings of apple sauce—how wonderful she'd been, and was, and would be. Most of which had to be unsaid by me Tuesday morning at rehearsal before I could get her seriously interested in several weaknesses she'd exhibited.

"And another thing, my rambler rose. Disregarding all I've told you, last night, time after time, just as we approached the point of a gag you'd start roving around the stage—walking all over the laugh. What's your alibi for that?"

"Alibi!" Ginger suddenly boiled over. "When have I ever offered you an alibi? Tell me! Haven't I taken everything you've said without a word? When you decided that I had two left feet—both of them hard-shelled Baptists—didn't I agree with you? Didn't I take your word that I didn't know how to dress my own hair—and that my ideas about clothes must have been formed by attending a Portuguese fish-peddler's picnic? I'm full of wild untameable high notes when I sing and my speaking voice reminds you of the pitiful moans of an exausted mosquito. As an actress I rate a total disability and as a human being I'm one of Nature's dumbest mistakes. That's your opinion of me. But," she thrust out her chin and blinked back some mad tears, "mean and sarcastic and devastating as you've been—and why? when you could easily be such a prince—just the same down deep inside you you know that I'm learning as fast as I can; that I don't make mistakes on purpose, and when I am wrong I don't offer any excuses."

"All right," I grinned, glad that the long expected attack of rehearsal hysterics was out of her system. "Now as soon as you're ready, let's run through the act, endeavoring to remember changes and corrections."

Ginger looked at me blankly for a second, a funny dazed expression spreading over her face.

"Hard? Mister, you're hard enough to be your own tombstone!"

BEFORE I could think of an answer for that, Max Hardblatt came in with the draft of a team contract for Ginger and me to look over and agree on.

"I didn't know whether you intended to put Miss Goode on a straight salary or a partnership basis, Wally."

"Partnership, Max. We'll split the salary fifty-fifty after deducting the weekly expenses of the act. But why a formal contract?" I turned to Ginger. "You know, this isn't exactly a life job, like joining the Civil Service or marrying a Democrat. Judging from past performances, in about two years if all goes well, you'll be ready to flit out of vaudeville into a fat job elsewhere."

"That's a pretty thought," Ginger said, dribbling sarcasm. She faced Max. "Put this into the agreement; I agree to forfeit twenty-five hundred dollars as damages in case I accept another engagement or get married or otherwise leave the act without my partner's consent."

"No," I objected. "I don't want to mix up in your love affairs."

"I'm not asking you to," Ginger said sweetly, with one of those tight, prissy smiles. "I'm merely giving you an interest in them."

Not knowing which of two or three meanings contained in that remark she meant me to take, I let it ride. The forfeit clause went into the contract.

From then on, knowing what my partner thought of me personally, I didn't annoy her much outside of business. It's tough work, whipping an act into shape, playing three shows a day with rehearsals in between, and with so much depending on the result of our New York showing there wasn't much party spirit left in me at the end of each hectic day. Besides, Max was buzzing around Ginger pretty steadily, so I never thought of the forfeit clause nor Ginger's remark about giving me an interest in her Johns until one night in Minneapolis, six weeks later.

At the 81st Street Theater for our big town showing the Orpheum people saw us. Two days later we signed for the Orpheum tour, six profitable and improving months out West which would do Ginger and the act a world of good.

In Minneapolis on the bill with us that would travel intact as far as San Francisco was an agile acrobat, one of the Four Axtrells, by name Lew Brown. Lew was about twenty-three, nice looking with curly black hair, built like Apollo, always smiling, and very, very dressy. Outwardly he was young Cyril de Luxe himself, but when he opened his mouth to talk anything might come out except the sound of *th*.

"I caught youse two at de Eighty-foist Street on your showin'. Gees, wot a buncha bums youse made outa de rest of de bill you was wit'."

That's what he told Ginger and me Sunday morning at rehearsal. And he kept right on talking—to Ginger. Before the week was over he invited her to dinner after the matinée. I heard him, standing at her dressing-room door across the hall from me.

"Hey, listen, doll; wotaya say we put on de old feed-bag togedder after de mat; huh? Now I don't mean no Greek joint, see? De best hotel in town; dat's wot I t'ink of you. Are you on?"

I couldn't hear Ginger's reply.

"Your partner! Wot's Wally de Hermit gotta say about it? Say, don't worry—I'll talk to him meself; right now!"

And he did.

"Hey, Wally, is Ginger tryin' to slip me de old run-around or somet'ing?"

"Maybe you don't know when you're being kidded," I said, declining to get messed up in the affair.

Lew grinned sheepishly. "I t'ought it was kinda phoney. Gees, she's a wonder, ain't she? Not'ing but class and—you know wot I mean—all there!"

Waiting in the entrance to go on for our act that night I asked Ginger if she'd had a good dinner.

The corners of her mouth twitched. "I'll tell de woild I did," she imitated Lew perfectly. "'Wotaya say we t'row a juicy steak into us?' he asks me, loud, so everybody in de dining-room can hear. 'And listen, buddy,' he tells de waiter, 'heavy on de mashed patooties and gra-avy, see?' "

I had to laugh at the picture.

"Just the same, Wally, he's got a heart of gold. He's shrewd, too. He told me how much money he's saved, and all the things he's done to earn it. If some one—the right person—would take him in hand and teach him a few things—" Her voice dwindled away and a soft dreamy look appeared in her eyes.

"You're not getting really interested in that sword swallower?" I asked.

"He does not eat with his knife any longer," Ginger sweetly corrected me. "And I do think he's very interesting and jolly, though I hadn't expected to go to dinner with him until you practically forced me to."

I may have forced that first dinner on her, but not the ones that followed. With Lew and a young married couple on the bill Ginger made a quartet that found a lot of laughs for themselves during the next few weeks. Attracting, as she did, no more attention and comment than a hotel fire at night, Ginger was constantly offered many high, wide, and fancy parties by the local Romeos. But the first outsider to ease into the Ginger-Lew scenario, and gum the continuity, was Kelsey Oswald Breston-Young.

Kelsey Oswald was one of those languid sons of Great Britain who are kept traveling incessantly from one far-flung colony to another for their families' health. Looking at Breston-Young's insipid countenance, regarding his blonde hair and vacuous blue eyes, gazing at his lily hands, his sunken chest and the self-burning cigaret dangling between his loose lips, you remembered Wellington, Nelson, Kitchener, and Haig—and wondered how-come? Three long deep breaths, you felt, and Kelsey Oswald would fall swooning with dizziness.

Ginger met him at lunch time in the dining-car on the two-day trip from Calgary to Vancouver, B. C. Lew was seated at a forward table lunching with a trio he'd been juggling jack-pots out of all morning. I was seated at a table with three silent strangers when Ginger entered the car. The only unoccupied seat was at the table for two across the aisle from me where Kelsey Oswald was having a frightful time mixing a salad dressing that evidently required everything in the kitchen but the stove.

WHEN the steward seated Ginger, opposite him, Breston-Young favored her with a pallid, meaningless glance. Ginger tossed him a polite, impersonal smile and lowered her eyes to the menu card, erasing Kelsey Oswald out of the picture. But the remnant of William The Conqueror didn't know it. Gazing at the lovely phiz and fire-tipped tresses so near him, he seemed to feel a thrill of life along his keel.

Sending the waiter away with her order Ginger discovered the rapt gaze of the wandering vacancy from Breston-Young Manor, pensively paddling his salad dressing. She looked interestedly at the strange mess.

"Would you mind telling me what it is?" she inquired.

"Salad dressing; really; rather tasty. I say," pursued Kelsey Oswald, "I see I've far too much. Absolutely. May I take the liberty—I mean there is a liberty granted to persons in transit, so to speak, no?—I mean to say I wish you would accept some."

"Very kind of you," Ginger drawled, putting on a Newport smile and manner. For the next five minutes she Ritz'd it steadily, doing a great imitation of a bored society dame. Kelsey Oswald lapped it all up and begged for more.

"I take it that you too are going to winter in California?" she inquired, arching one eyebrow.

"I've never visited there. Is it—er—do you know?"

"Absolutely," Ginger replied. "I shouldn't think of wintering anywhere else—this winter."

"What does one do there?"

"One arises shortly before breakfast—"

"Oh, I say, you're joking."

"Absolutely, and there is golf, tennis, berry-picking in the woods—and the theater at night, if you care for that sort of thing."

"Rather."

"Vode-ville?" Ginger stifled a yawn prettily. Up at the end of the dining-car Lew Brown rose from his table and started down the aisle toward us on his way out.

"By the way," Kelsey Oswald volunteered, "some one told me there is a troupe of actors on the train. I hope we sha'n't be annoyed by them. Splendid folks—actors—but so often noisy and vulgar; what?"

At that precise moment, Lew espied Ginger and halted at her table.

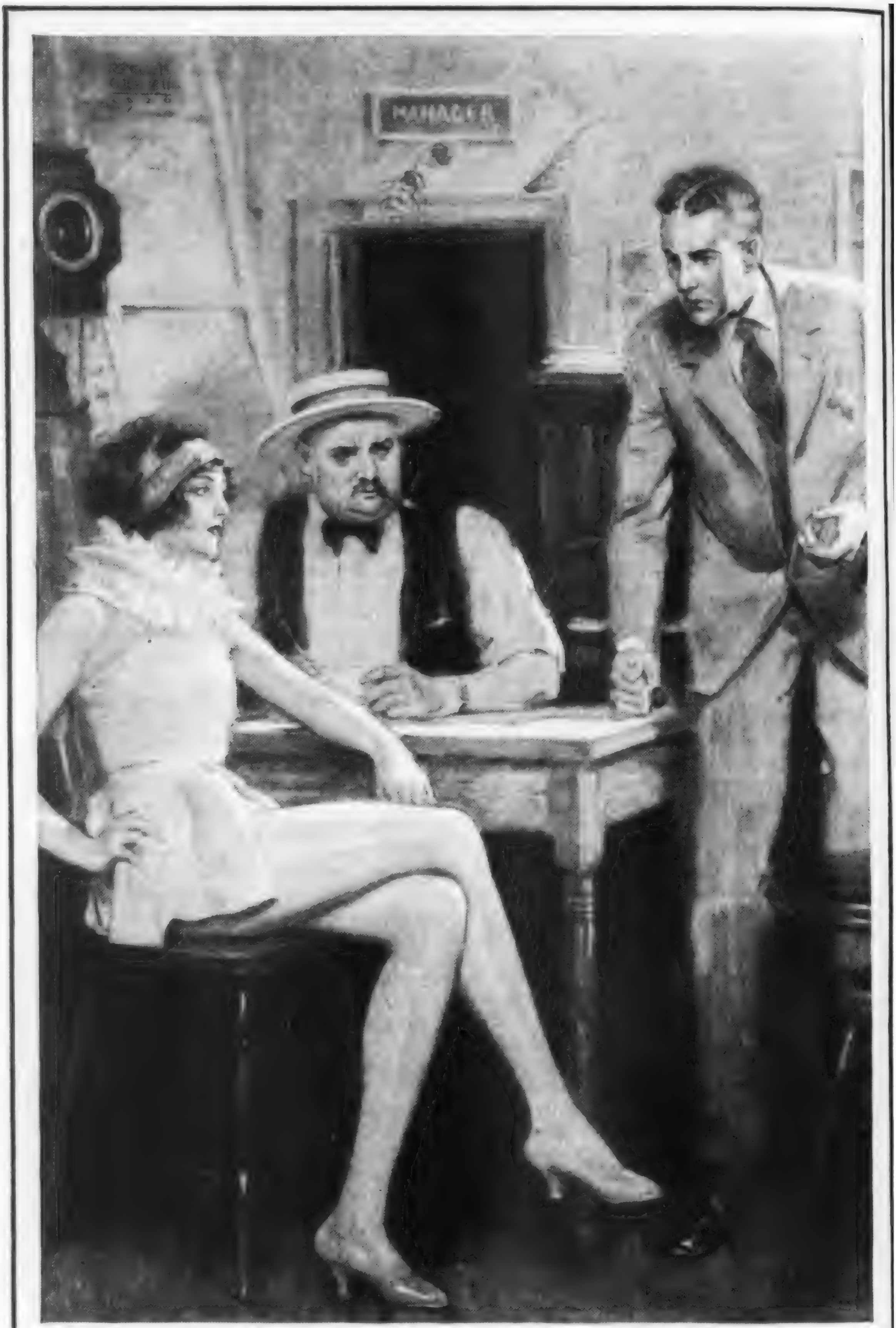
"Hey, Ginger," he announced, "lay off de lamb stew. It's terrible!" And then he continued his exit.

"My word!" gasped Breston-Young, leaving his mouth hanging open.

The smile never left Ginger's face; just sort of set and hardened. "One of the vaudeville troupe I'm traveling with," she said, beating Kelsey Oswald to the punch.

You'd have thought, after that, that Kelsey Oswald had had enough of Ginger's ground and lofty kidding. But when she got off the train for the week in Vancouver, Mr. Breston-Young was right behind her. When she went to the K—— Hotel, so did he. Walking to the theater for the opening matinée, Ginger's English bulldog trotted right along with her.

"I'm only waitin' for her to gimme de office, and den I'm gonna knock him for a loop," Lew promised me earnestly when he found the stricken scion of Mayfair languishing at the stage door after the matinée. But he didn't. And when the three of them walked away



Ginger told Max to stipulate in the contract that if she should ever leave the act without her partner's consent she would forfeit twenty-five hundred dollars. "No," I objected. "I don't want to mix up in your love affairs."

gether, with Ginger doing all the smiling and pplying all the words, I knew the race was rted; a nice new British-American war was on! Going into our second week in Frisco I uldn't decide which one of the contestants s going to offer me $2,500.00 for Ginger's lease. Lew had to win, if at all, before the ek was over because the bill would split en, his act being routed one way and ours other for the rest of the season.

I was getting ready to leave the theater turday night when Lew knocked on the dressg-room door. He seemed very low.

"Good-by, Wally, and good luck," he said in pressing tones. "I'll see you and Ginger in York next summer."

"Yes?"

"Yeh, she's got it fixed dat way."

"What do you mean—fixed?"

"Well," he hesitated, and then changed the ubject. "Listen, Wally, how is it you never ll for Ginger? Everybody else in de woild s."

"She doesn't like me; personally, you know. t doesn't show in our work, does it?"

"Hell, no. Youse two woik perfect togedder. ouse'll be toppin' bills in a coupla seasons. aybe—I wonder if dat's why—"

"Why what?"

"You know I'm nuts about Ginger, don't ou? But she won't never gimme a chance o ask her to marry me; see? Wotaya t'ink he told me last night? She told me I was a eat little fellow, but crude. Oh, she didn't me right out and peg me for a poor hick; ot'ing as raw as dat, but dat was the idea; e? She told me if I'd spend as much time adin' books as I spend readin' poker hands, 'd be surprised at meself at de end of de season. he told me it ain't necessary to refine meself own to de level of Kelsey Oswald—oh, gawd, otta wet smack he is!—but she said dere asn't hardly not'ing I couldn't do if I was quit guying educated, refined people and ltivate a taste for some of de same. Well," e heaved a suffering sigh, "if dat's what she ants, I'm gonna give it a rumble. It can't do e no harm, can it?"

"Not a bit," I told him. "Good luck, Lew."

T LOOKED very much as though Ginger had side-tracked Lew and he hadn't found t out yet. I was wondering what she could e in Kelsey Oswald when he came into my essing-room. Smiling, he was, but neverheless distraught, as they say in society ories.

"Cheerio, Wally, old bean. I'm leaving, know. Sha'n't see you again until summer ooms merrily in New York."

"Yes?"

"Ginger managed it. By George, there's girl! Fascinating, alluring, delicious—and so brutally candid—I say, you don't mind my sobbing my distress into your ear, do you? Standing as you do *in loco parentis* you doubtless know some of her peculiar preferences. Her ideal man, I gather from her, is one who possesses a marked degree of muscular prowess, and the aggressive traits which often accompany swollen biceps. She accused me—nicely, delicately, you understand; oh, very—but nonetheless in unmistakably sincere fashion she accused me of lacking—er—virility."

For the first time, I noticed that Kelsey's eyes were not baby blue, but verging more to steel gray.

"And so, Wally, I'm leaving you tonight, to travel with my athletic rival, Lew. Dear old Lew; the complete barbarian. We've reached rather a sporting arrangement. It appears I have something he needs; words, to be precise. Virility, he assures me, is merely a matter of properly directed physical activity. So I shall endeavor daily to develop in him a vocabulary of correct words and manners the while he applies his gifts in developing my dormant muscles and long neglected tendons. God alone may guess what the result will be. I can but hope it will be to the glory and gratification of Miss Goode; Heaven keep her! Cheerio, Wally."

Thinking it all over the next morning at breakfast, one or two things seemed very clear. There was nothing either Lew or Kelsey would not do to win Ginger, even to making themselves over. The arrangement whereby they were going to trade mental for physical culture couldn't hurt either one of them provided they stuck it out for the six months before they would see Ginger again. How far each one had progressed individually at the end of that period would be Ginger's tip as to which one loved her the most. And no matter which one it was, she was sure of getting a better and a more complete man.

Playing safe, Ginger was also playing fair, I had to admit; fair even to me. By postponing all decisions until the summer lay-off, after our season had closed, she was giving me plenty of time to find a new partner, besides twenty-five hundred dollars as balm and expenses for new team photographs and wardrobe.

Partly because of the definite knowledge that we'd continue to play out our season and partly because our act was a soul-satisfying riot at the matinée that afternoon in Oakland, I felt great—better than I had in months—as I finished dressing and started out of the theater. I found Ginger standing at the stage door, looking like a million in a new dress and hat I hadn't seen before.

"Weren't they wonderful for us this afternoon?" she smiled.

"Perfect." Without her two musketeers it occurred to me that she must be feeling pretty lonesome and abandoned. "The team of Nichols and Goode deserves a celebration party, I think. If you haven't any dinner engagement—"

"I haven't."

"You have." Taking her arm we started down the street. I swear everybody took at least two looks and a smile at Ginger.

Well, with a gorgeous dinner all comfortably laid away except for coffee, with a big orchestra dispensing soothing music from a balcony, with subdued lights gleaming on the silverware and flowers, the buzz of cheerful conversation humming all around us, sitting opposite the most attractive girl in the café, I found myself feeling very expansive and superior. We were idly chatting about show business, of course, when Ginger said something that roused my curiosity. It was:

"Not until I started applying one of my Dad's theories did I begin loving audiences the way you do."

"I?"

"I worked with you for weeks before I suspected your real, true disposition. Watching you on the stage showed me that if you weren't afraid to, you'd love everybody. Don't laugh; I know I'm right. The way you work on audiences, smiling at them, teasing them, shaking them up for their own benefit when they try to be lazy or chilly, slowing or speeding the tempo of the act, timing the laughs in order to give them the greatest pleasure you possibly can—you couldn't do that if you didn't love them."

"In a way," I smiled; she was so serious. "If we've something the audience wants, we're going to give it to them the best way we can. That's our job."

"Why isn't it our job off the stage?"

"I don't get you."

"YOU and I don't know exactly what it is that attracts people to us, on the stage or off. You call it personality. My Dad used to call it Good, with a capital G. His idea was that people come to us and like us because they feel we can give them some good. That's all any of us really want, isn't it—Good?"

"Yes."

"Well, Dad used to say that's all we should ever see in any one—just the Good. If that's all you can see, the rest doesn't really exist for you, does it? It's only when you begin worrying, or fearing, or feeling sorry for yourself that you can't see—" She broke off suddenly and colored. Maybe I was looking too intently at her. "I guess you think my Dad was loony—and that I'm one of those pests who try to reform every man they meet."

"Not at all. I'm interested. Tell me some more."

"Some other time," Ginger stalled. "I can't think with that jazz band crooning that heavenly fox trot."

Naturally I took the hint.

"Do me a favor?" I asked, returning with her to our table after the dance. "Tell any one who invites you that you have a date after the show tonight with your partner."

Ginger's expression no male human could read.

"We can come back here and dance, if you like," I added.

"I'd love it," she said, making it sound as though she meant it.

Well, as the weeks followed it happened that my partner and I had more dinners and after theater lunches together. Jimmying entertainment out of stage door Johns was no part of Ginger's ambition, and I was always a good excuse to turn down a date. Palling around with two or three others on the bill every week, we dug up many a harmless laugh.

Gradually I coaxed more of her Dad's cheerful theories from her because I found them very interesting. But I always had to broach the subject myself. Nor did I often talk of Lew and Kelsey—because Ginger didn't. San Francisco was five weeks behind us when she received a telegram from Lew saying he had quit vaudeville and was on his way East with Kelsey. Several days later Breston-Young wrote her that he and Lew were living at the Y—— Hotel. The letter contained no hint of their plans nor the motive back of Lew's exit from the show business. Ginger was the first to quit guessing what the two of them were doing in New York.

Finishing the Orpheum tour we started playing a lot of small-time houses in the Middle-West and South which Max booked for us. It was hard work three shows a day and two towns a week, but Ginger was improving so rapidly that the longer we stayed out of New York and the big Eastern houses the more money I knew we could get when they did see us.

Ginger and I were sitting on the second story veranda of a Southern hotel one night after the show, inhaling the scent of honeysuckles while waiting to get sleepy. We were talking over Max's telegram received that evening in answer to one from me saying Nichols and Goode were ready to show the world how good they were.

"Three weeks more," I told Ginger, "and you'll be walking onto the stage at the Riverside, with half the bookers and managers in New York out in front to watch us."

"Suppose," said Ginger, shivering a little, "suppose they don't like us?"

"That sounds funny, coming from you."

"I can't help it; I'm scared."

"Don't forget what your Dad used to tell you when he'd find you worrying and anxious," I kidded.

"What was that?"

"You know; when a person finds himself tenanted by a flock of malignant germs he rushes to the nearest doctor for some dispossess pills. And then he used to ask you—what's the difference between a germ that makes you sick, and a thought that makes you feverish and miserable? If a good germ or a good medicine can drive out an evil germ, why can't an injection of good pleasing thoughts destroy evil thoughts?"

"You remembered it!" Ginger exclaimed softly.

"I've been trying it out," I admitted. It was too dark on the veranda to see her face distinctly. "Not changing the subject at all, you'll be seeing Lew and Kelsey soon. Do they know about the twenty-five hundred dollar forfeit clause in our contract?"

"No."

"That's good, because I'm not going to hold you to it. From now on it's null and void; out."

"Why?"

I couldn't tell her that for weeks every time I'd thought of the forfeit, instead of being soothed by the knowledge that I would be remunerated for damages, it was the damage itself that always started a train of worried thoughts rumbling through my head; how it would be my usual tough luck for Ginger to quit the act; and how sore and discouraged I'd be. In the first place, telling her that would sound as though I was begging and crying for her to stay with me. And in the second place, if Ginger decided that life with Lew or Kelsey was more desirable than chasing all over the country in vaudeville with me, what success could I expect from hanging on to her, souring her wonderful disposition?

I'D BEEN doing a lot of so-called thinking lately and maybe the old bean was weakening under the strain. But the last thing I wanted to see was Ginger leaving me. Yet that forfeit clause kept constantly picturing for me that very thing.

"It's wrong," I finally answered her question. "It never was right. It went in one day when you had your mad up and I was fit to be tied from nervousness. So let's forget it."

Ginger quietly rose from her chair and walked to the door behind me.

"You remember, Wally, that same day, I said you could easily be such a prince?"

"Yes."

"Well—you are."

When I turned she was gone. I wondered what made her think there was anything easy about it all.

The blow-off came three weeks later, on the Saturday before we were supposed to open at the Riverside. Arriving in town about noon Ginger and I went to the same old hotel where I'd taken her that first night, ten months previously. The clerk gave us some letters which had been sent to Max's office and relayed that morning by his office-boy.

Opening one of my letters I found a surprise. The envelope contained nothing but two ringside seats for the Berlenbach-Stribling boxing match at the Polo Grounds that evening. Nothing else. No note, no card, not even a message penciled on the tickets. There was no return address on the envelope.

I got Max on the 'phone. He didn't know anything—except that he'd be charmed to accompany me and occupy the seats. So, knowing Ginger wouldn't need any of my assistance in getting in touch with Lew and Kelsey, Max and I went out to the Polo Grounds.

Waiting for the third match of the program, I was telling him what a tricky little comedienne Ginger had grown to be. I wasn't paying much attention to the ring or the preparations for the next bout when the announcer began introducing the two contestants.

"Ladies and gentlemen, in this corner—Sammy Shone, the pride of the East Side. In the other corner, that sensational young lightweight who has won his last five contests by the well-known knock-out route—K. O. Young!"

I looked at K. O. Young—and wouldn't believe my eyes; refused to believe what I saw until, picking me out of the crowd, he waved a gloved fist at me. Kelsey Oswald Breston-Young himself! A new self, lean, lithe, cleareyed, trained to the pink, the muscles rippling under the skin of his shoulders as he stretched, tugged and pulled at the top ring rope, and chatted to his manager—Lew Brown, of course.

Watching Kelsey Oswald throwing gloves from all directions into his opponent's anatomy, I got so excited I didn't see the knockout when he put it over. Forgetting the rest of the fights carded, I hurried to Kelsey's dressing-room. You'd have thought I was Santa Claus the way he and Lew welcomed me.

"Ginger wasn't out there, was she, to see me knock that bozo for a loop?" Kelsey Oswald asked modestly, allowing Lew to tape a cut over one eye.

"No. She didn't know—say, how does all this happen, anyway?"

"It came about rather naturally," Lew said, "beginning one afternoon in the gymnasium when Kels knocked me kicking during the course of a boxing lesson I was attempting to give him."

I gasped; Lew—using *g*'s and *th*'s, faintly flavored with Mayfair!

"Discovering he had a wicked punch concealed about his person we began developing it. But, listen, Wally, we must have a talk with you, Kels and I. We're in somewhat of a

[*Continued on page 142*]

New Lives for Old

Ten thousand despairing men and women bent on self-destruction have been given renewed courage by Dr. Harry Marsh Warren and the Save-A-Life League. He finds that most suicides are traceable to a few fundamental causes

by Harriet Works Corley

IT IS not so often the human derelict who calls on Doctor Warren for help, but the well-bred, apparently prosperous and often perfectly composed people to whom the allotted burdens of life seem too great. The League's version of the old adage is "while there is hope there is life," a slogan that underlies its conspicuous success in mending heartbreaks and averting tragedies.

A TASTEFULLY gowned, comparatively composed young woman in smart brown furs, looking for all the world like a member of the Junior League off for a day's shopping on the Avenue, dropped into a certain office one morning, and seating herself in the chair indicated beside a certain man's desk, said coolly:

"I'm thinking of committing suicide, but I thought I'd come first and talk the matter over with you."

The man across the polished mahogany received this news as unemotionally as if he had been an interior decorator and his visitor had asked for advice as to a change of color scheme for her morning-room.

"Perhaps you had better tell me all about it," he said.

Now this attitude on his part was not feigned in order to gain time with which to deal with his eccentric visitor; indeed she had not surprised him in the least—he had guessed her errand before she had declared it.

For it was an errand upon which ten thousand persons within the last few years had come—ten thousand persons bent on self-destruction, seeking in the last ditch of their despair the succor offered by Dr. Harry Marsh Warren and the Save-A-Life League.

Dr. Warren is the president and founder of this unique organization with perhaps the most unique mission in the world, that of dissuading would-be suicides from that drastic solution of their problems.

Founded in 1906 it was organized some ten years later on the assumption that every contemplated suicide has behind it a condition which, if not removable, is at least alleviable. It began its work, not by words, but by practical deeds.

The ten thousand who have called upon the League for help include but one person who carried through his resolution to die. The number is not made up of derelicts to whom life would justly seem to hold no lure, but of your neighbor and mine, the man alongside you in the smoker, the girl in the maroon car ahead of you in the traffic—well-garbed, well-bred, apparently prosperous, often perfectly composed people to whom the allotted burdens of life have seemed too great.

"It has been said that the person really wishing to die would do so without talking about it. In some cases this may be true, of course," explains Dr. Warren, "but usually a man commits suicide because he has no one to confide in, no one to talk things over with, no one to let in on his great store of worry the sane light of day. For a person contemplating self-destruction will grasp at the slightest suggestion away from that thought and is only too glad to find the way out if such there be."

As a rule it is the person facing poverty, rather than the one immersed in it who seeks death. It is a fact that poverty and struggle are in anticipation far worse than in experience, when they bring the philosophy and courage, oftentimes, that they require.

The story of the young woman who faced Dr. Warren on this particular morning, is a usual one. Gently, even luxuriously reared, she had found at the death of her father that her resources were very inadequate. She had been obliged, moreover, to make her home with relatives, who not only made her feel unwelcome, but plainly declared that when her small amount of money was gone, they could offer her no further shelter.

Once penniless—and her money was nearly gone—she must work or die. And to die seemed easiest to this girl of no training and

[*Continued on page 167*]

THE unique organization of which Dr. Harry Marsh Warren is founder and president is devoted to preventing would-be suicides from carrying out their plans. Physicians, lawyers, clergymen and organizations send despondent men and women to the Save-A-Life League for help, and much of its most effective work has been among disabled veterans of the world war. Most of the serious cases in the hands of the League require time, money and skill to set straight, but sometimes the love of life is restored by an extremely small thing. "I have seen five dollars save a life," says Dr. Warren. "I have seen a half hour's talk do it. I have seen a headache powder put a very different face on a desperate situation and help the sufferer to successful victory over what was a great problem."

HUBERT T. PARSON was a twenty-year old youth when Frank Woolworth took him away from their native town and made him an accountant in his chain store system. Mr. Parson has been closely associated with a remarkable business growth since signalized by the erection of the Woolworth Building and by the familiar red front five-and-ten's invasion of Fifth Avenue's exclusive shopping district.

The Lure *of the* Five-and-Ten

Hubert T. Parson heads a chain of sixteen hundred stores in which nothing sells for more than ten cents. He tells how merchandise is bought and displayed so as to be quickly exchanged for your nickels and dimes

by Peter F. O'Shea

SELLING five-and-ten-cent merchandise has become almost a science since Frank Woolworth, back in the '70s, put a handful of miscellaneous items on a sewing table in a general store and marked them at five cents. In the modern store display counters are cleverly arranged according to the relative demand for their contents and their distance from the street entrance. The little girl who buys toy dishes for her doll today will subsequently move on to other counters as she grows older and her needs begin rapidly to expand.

FIVE hundred miles from the Woolworth building, a factory president turned his swivel chair to his window sill where stood a tiny flowerpot with a miniature plant in eternal bloom. "For two years I've had that little puzzle beside me," the manufacturer said, "figuring what it would cost to make. Some day in a stroke of genius I shall find a way to make it for six and a quarter cents. Then I can do a nice business selling it to ten-cent stores.

"Six cents means we must make this geranium in four minutes. Our girls' wages average forty cents an hour, or two-thirds of a cent a minute. Material, wire, cloth, paper, celluloid, and foremen's salaries, office clerk, electric lights, machines, make the total cost about a cent and a half a minute. Perhaps you can tell me—eh?—how to make a real-looking flower in four minutes, complete with stem, twelve leaves, flowerpot and artificial loam?"

Now I keep close watch on ten-cent counters for the blooming of this mechanical Burbank's new creation.

Meanwhile, price cards have acquired a new trick of changing before my eyes from "Anything on this counter, ten cents" to "everything here made in four minutes." I see a girl's flying fingers, a truck moving down the aisle, a shipping clerk with his hammer and stencil, a railroad crew handling a train, a central receiving clerk reshipping one box to my town or yours, then other railroad men and truck drivers and store managers serving the girl clerk who wraps up our package and rings up our nickel. Another sign "12 for 5c" means that human beings produce an article from start to finish under ten seconds—about the world's record for a hundred yard dash. Speed records of modern commerce leave our athletes far behind.

That men are able to gather articles from hundreds of sources all over the world, and hand them to you for a nickel, is certainly a modern commercial miracle.

The local five-and-ten-cent store is a test of civilization. Vast equipment running like clockwork is necessary to bring forth a real nickel's worth on a counter. Your local ten-cent emporium could not exist under the Bolsheviks. Ancient Arabs with their humpy caravans of camels could not possibly have gathered the varied contents of even one such store. Pharaoh who built pyramids could not have erected the Woolworth building out of nickels.

Who presides over this modern merchandising mechanism, no less an invention than a high-powered rifle or a subway?

Nearly half-way up the Woolworth building on the 24th floor, Hubert T. Parson sits at what was formerly Frank Woolworth's big desk. Visible in the adjoining room is the directors' great table of mahogany with carved legs. A luxurious office, built on nickels. Parson was a twenty-year-old youth in Woolworth's native town who came away with him as an accountant and stayed with him to succeed to the presidency.

President Parson told me about the origin of five-and-ten cent stores.

One day a clerk in Moore & Smith's general store in Watertown, New York, said to his employers, "I have thought of a way to sell our odds and ends that haven't been moving very fast." On a small sewing table placed near the front of the store he arranged a miscellany with a placard, "Your choice, 5c." At the end of the day the table was nearly bare.

That clerk's name was Frank Woolworth. His sewing table has grown into 1600 stores in the United States, Canada, and England.

The clerk started a five-cent store in Utica, in 1879, borrowing from one of his bosses $300, enough to buy eight thousand articles to retail at five cents. Sales were only $2.50 a day, so that store was discontinued abruptly. Two months later Woolworth tried again with another store at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where nearly a third of the stock was sold on the opening day. This is the world's oldest existing five-and-ten-cent store.

As Frank Woolworth began to need managers and partners in charge of his new stores, he started to interest his fellow clerks, relatives, and neighbors. "Why don't you get in on this?" said Woolworth to everybody who came near him, C. S. Woolworth, his brother, S. H. Knox, his cousin, F. M. Kirby, a fellow clerk, C. C. Peck, a competitor's clerk. Even Earl P. Charlton, a traveling salesman from New England who came to sell goods to the five-and-ten stores, went away to establish chains of such stores in New England, Canada, and the Pacific coast. Finally, Woolworth's old employers gave up their dry goods business to establish five-and-ten stores, one in the West, and one of them in the same room where his former clerk had laid out the first 5c counter. The little tail had become the dog.

Three Billion Sales a Year

EACH of these men later branched out for himself and started a chain of stores of his own. Each took a new, undeveloped territory, so they were not competitors except in buying. Then, having separated to develop sales, they came together again for better buying in 1912 as a nation-wide corporation. Woolworth contributed 318 stores, Knox 108, Kirby 96, Charlton 53, and so on to a total of 596 stores doing over a million dollars' worth of business a week. Now the same group contains over sixteen hundred stores which will have increased even before this article can be printed, at the rate of a hundred new stores a year. There are no accounts receivable, no outstanding bills. Everything is cash.

Thus a nickel and dime business owns more stores than any other single organization in the world. It owns the highest building in the world. It has the world's record number of customers and it makes about three billion separate sales a year.

Inhabitants of the United States who have never bought in a five-and-ten store belong with those rare hermits who have never seen a railroad train nor ridden in an automobile. Not everybody has the price of a flivver, but everybody has a nickel.

During a great anthracite coal strike, like the recent one, all the stores in Wilkes-Barre, except the five-and-ten cent store, suffered severely. It was such a Godsend to the people this year that it had a bigger business than ever.

A five-and-ten cent store was the first retail business of any kind to reopen after the San Francisco fire in 1906.

During the influenza epidemic ten-cent stores sold over fifty million handkerchiefs.

"What are you willing to sell?" I asked Mr. Parson.

"Anything that the public wants."

In that statement I saw again a Christmas crowd of my neighbors purchasing in one local ten-cent store.

A girl is carrying away copies of half a dozen songs to try on her piano; her chum has a couple of flat black disks, reincarnating the voice of a soloist who has been dead a year—not Caruso to be sure, but a good singer, the cost of whose record to the girl is probably less than the royalty which Caruso's estate receives from each of his records sold.

Two husky Polish women are buying stockings. In this store they do not need interpreters.

A window dresser from a neighboring drygoods store has come in hurriedly to the hardware counter. He pokes among the screws and hooks, lays down a coin and departs with what he needs to finish his work.

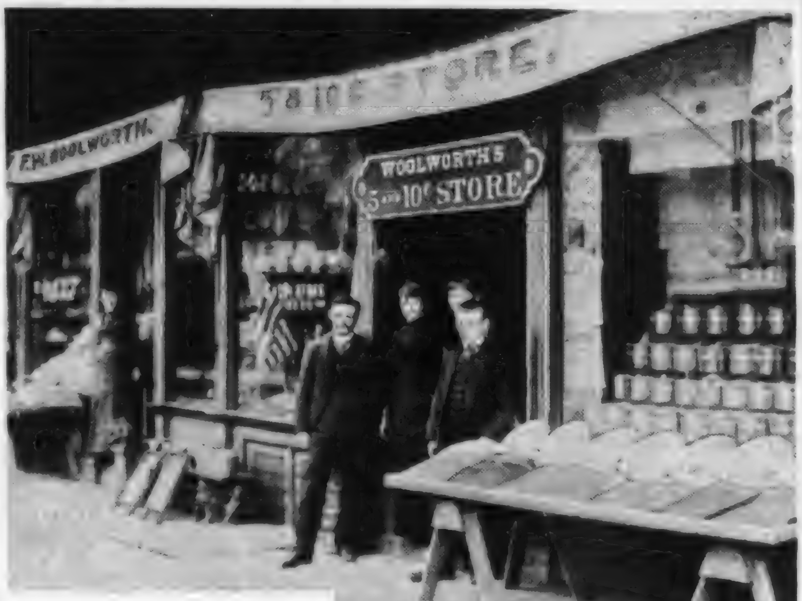
A young lady pauses beside the candy counter. "Oh! Are those chocolate Santa Clauses a nickel? Aren't they big! Twenty-four in a box? Give me a whole box and one extra Santa Claus. I want twenty-five for my twenty-five kids. Oh, I've got a perfect right to have twenty-five kids. I'm a school teacher. I've got to give them something all alike so there won't be any favoritism. A dollar and a quarter. Good! I'm not very far from being broke."

"Oh, that was why two girls bought chocolate Santas by the box?" The sales girl giggled. "They must have been school teachers too."

Buying tree ornaments for a nickel, ornaments which could not be obtained elsewhere at any price, are many of our "best" people—a college professor, a grocer, a clergyman, the manager of the orphans' home, the high school principal who lives up on Massasoit Street in the other half of Calvin Coolidge's house. I have seen Mrs. Calvin Coolidge in the five-and-ten-cent store. "Why shouldn't I be here?" she would ask with her quick smile.

Two children with a nickel apiece have come

The world's oldest five-and-ten-cent store is the one established by Frank Woolworth at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1879. Nearly a third of the stock was sold out on the opening day. The success of the venture gave Woolworth the idea for a chain of such stores and immediately he began to canvass his clerks, relatives and neighbors. Many of them gave up their own businesses to follow suit, with the result that some old friends were brought together when several separate chains united in 1912 as a nation-wide corporation.



to shop for toys. The girl, slightly the larger, has two arms encircling the middle of the little boy's overcoat, holding him up to the counter. "No, you can't buy two elephants, Billy," the other child warns her burden breathlessly. "You've only got a nickel. If you want more than one animal, buy that Noah's ark. Hurry up, Billy, you're heavy. You might as well give up the idea you can buy the whole counter with one nickel. You are lucky to be able to buy anything. Hurry up. Pick your choose or I'll drop you. I guess I'll spend my nickel for a set of dishes for my doll."

There are children everywhere among the counters. Apollo was the ancient patron of music. The patron saint of all children must be "Saint" Woolworth. The five-and-ten, like the neighborhood store's penny candy counter, is one of the first markets open to youngsters as their infantile purses grow from zero. A nickel about to vanish can choose its life work deliberately with some sense of its real importance.

Children becoming adults remember the five-and-ten-cent store as an intimate circumstance of life. That is one reason why five-and-ten-cent stores need little or no advertising. A store established five or six years is a landmark to every one who has been a kid in that town or who, as a parent, is a shopping guide for kids.

The girl who once bought toy dishes for her doll moves over to another counter and buys life-size utensils for her bridal kitchen. It is possible for a bride to buy in the five-and-ten-cent store everything needed to equip a kitchen—with two exceptions, a sink and a stove. Even an alcohol stove with canned heat is available for camping parties or week-ends in a country cottage. Baking pans will last a lifetime. Tea-pots, sugar bowls, salt cellars go on many a table. Drinking glasses bear many a lemonade to guests. When an average family dines in the kitchen, ten-cent ware forms a cautious substitute for the guest china. And ten-cent cups and saucers are the only ones used by a multitude of people with husky appetites.

In the world's largest ring factory the manager once pointed out to me trays of gold-filled rings made on contract for ten-cent stores, going through side by side with work for jewelers. Only after two or three attempts could I detect the difference.

When a dime-store buyer first prophesied large sales on rings, the manufacturers replied complacently, "Oh, we're already selling that ring in very large quantities, four hundred and fifty dozen a year." The buyer smiled. Soon the manufacturer was handling rings in thousands instead of dozens. Few people have any notion of how rapidly the market expands, like a balloon, when the price drops to ten cents.

Buyers for dime stores don't always wait for sellers to come to them. President Parson told how one of his buyers on a visit to a wood-working shop asked, "What do you do with the edges trimmed off from boards? You are burning them in the furnace to make steam? Then the wood would cost you practically nothing. Why not put in a lathe and turn them into ten pins for us to sell at 10 cents a set?"

"Selling to the public with a ten-cent limit requires highly skilled and specialized merchandising," Mr. Parson explained. "As F. W. Woolworth's right hand man I had a desk in the same room, so that I absorbed complete acquaintance with the business. Yet I was sure I needed actual merchandising experience if I were ever to preside successfully over an organization of merchandisers. So I hurried my office work, and in my spare time acted as a volunteer assistant manager in one of our New York stores. The only way to manage this business is to get acquainted with people who pay their nickels and know their likes.

"Give Them What They Want"

"PEOPLE in different parts of the country don't want the same things," President Parson said with a mental glance over the country from his lofty tower high above Broadway. "Descendants of Dutch and German housewives consider it orthodox to go down on their knees with soap and water to scrub the floor. So we sell scrubbing brushes in Pennsylvania. We can't sell many scrubbing brushes to housewives in New York apartments.

"Thanksgiving day sells cards in New England, but not in the South. But customs spread. Christmas tree decorations originally sold best in Milwaukee, St. Louis, and other centers settled by German or Scandinavian races. We saw an opportunity to sell tree ornaments in other towns. Now lower prices have helped Christmas decorations to become universal throughout the country.

"On last Christmas eve, at half-past nine, the manager and his assistants in our local tenth-of-a-dollar emporium began taking down Christmas decorations from the ceiling and walls. They brought the few remaining Christmas goods back to the storeroom, and covered the counters again with ordinary non-Christmas goods. Before the male employees went home that night they had filled the show windows with peanuts, stockings, aluminum ware, and stationery. Christmas you see was on a Friday and on Saturday the store must do an ordinary business in ordinary goods.

"It's our job, not always an easy one, to give the people what they want when they want it," Parson concluded. "Any of our stores is a calendar of the year. Valentines are followed by Easter cards. To have a supply on each town's counters, we have to contract for them and have them manufactured months ahead. A year ago one manufacturer began to make crêpe paper for next year's Hallowe'en, for he must have steady operation the year round to pay for an expensive special machine which alone can turn out the stuff cheaply enough for us to retail it at ten cents a big roll.

"Every advance in civilization is reflected in the goods on our counters. Take automobile parts—manufacturers are glad to contract with us for large quantities of hub caps, door handles, wrenches. Our counters of radio parts now are surrounded by crowds, especially in industrial cities such as Bridgeport, where machine shops employ thousands of mechanics who can assemble their own sets."

"It is easy to see how the merchant next to you on Main Street can profitably sell automobiles at $500, but how can you deliver the public anything at all for five cents?" I asked. "Even if you got your material for nothing, how can you squeeze your people's selling time into a nickel?"

"Woolworth saw how to solve that," Parson replied, "by giving people what they want when they see it. Woolworth spread things out on counters where people could see them.

"The things that most people want are placed nearest the door. Articles and departments are moved forward according to the speed at which they sell. Thus the majority of people can find what they want most quickly, close their transaction and be out of the store to their parked automobiles or to a passing street-car.

"We do not waste time selling. Instead we make it easy for the people to buy what they want. Everything is spread out on the counter where people can examine and select their own goods. Yes, there's a little spoilage in that and a little dishonesty."

Police in a certain city captured in one month twelve shoplifters. Some yielded from their secret pockets fur neckpieces, others silver spoons or gold watches, but every one of the twelve also surrendered goods from ten-cent stores. Why did they risk a jail term for a dime? Did they find it impossible to resist the universal lure of the nickel bazaar?

Counter display is substituted for salesmanship in the modern five-and-ten-cent store. A salesgirl is not allowed to ask "Don't you want one of these?" She must confine herself to a smile and a thank you. The things in greatest demand are placed nearest the door, a system that requires constant shifting of merchandise and departments to adjust them to the speed at which sales are made.

"The slight expense of spoilage and loss is more than offset by the economy of making things convenient for the great majority of honest, careful people," Frank Woolworth used to insist to his men. "Most people are honest. The average person who finds any article on the floor picks it up and puts it back." Mothers, he found, whether they spoke English or Polish, would dissuade their children from soiling lace or glassware.

"We put each of our stores where it is most convenient to people taking street-cars or starting home from offices or driving in from country towns," Mr. Parson continued. "Thus it happens that the red and gold of the ten-cent store is often in the center of the town. Our Saturday business equals three week days. The only time our week's business falls is when Saturday is a holiday.

"We do not need any more business on Saturday. Saturday is already busy enough. Yet we do not attempt to fill up the hollows in the first part of the week by offering our best real bargains then. If we have some unusual opportunity like one-dollar cut glass for 10 cents, we offer it on Saturday when most people want to do their shopping.

"True, cut glass might absorb a customer's only dollar, which otherwise we would have gotten for something else more profitable to us. However, we let the best bargain win."

Fortunes have sprung out of serving people for nickels and dimes. Recently a group of business men were discussing who was the richest man in New England. They mentioned John Hays Hammond, Louis K. Liggett, William M. Butler, and so on. The disputants called in a bank president as referee, who said, "Oh, the richest man in New England is probably Charlton of Fall River."

"Who's Charlton?" they asked, never having even heard of him. He was one of Woolworth's five-and-ten men who went in with him in the beginning.

From these billions of little purchases grew the world's biggest building. Its fifty-eight stories rise seven hundred and ninety-two feet above the sidewalk of Broadway.

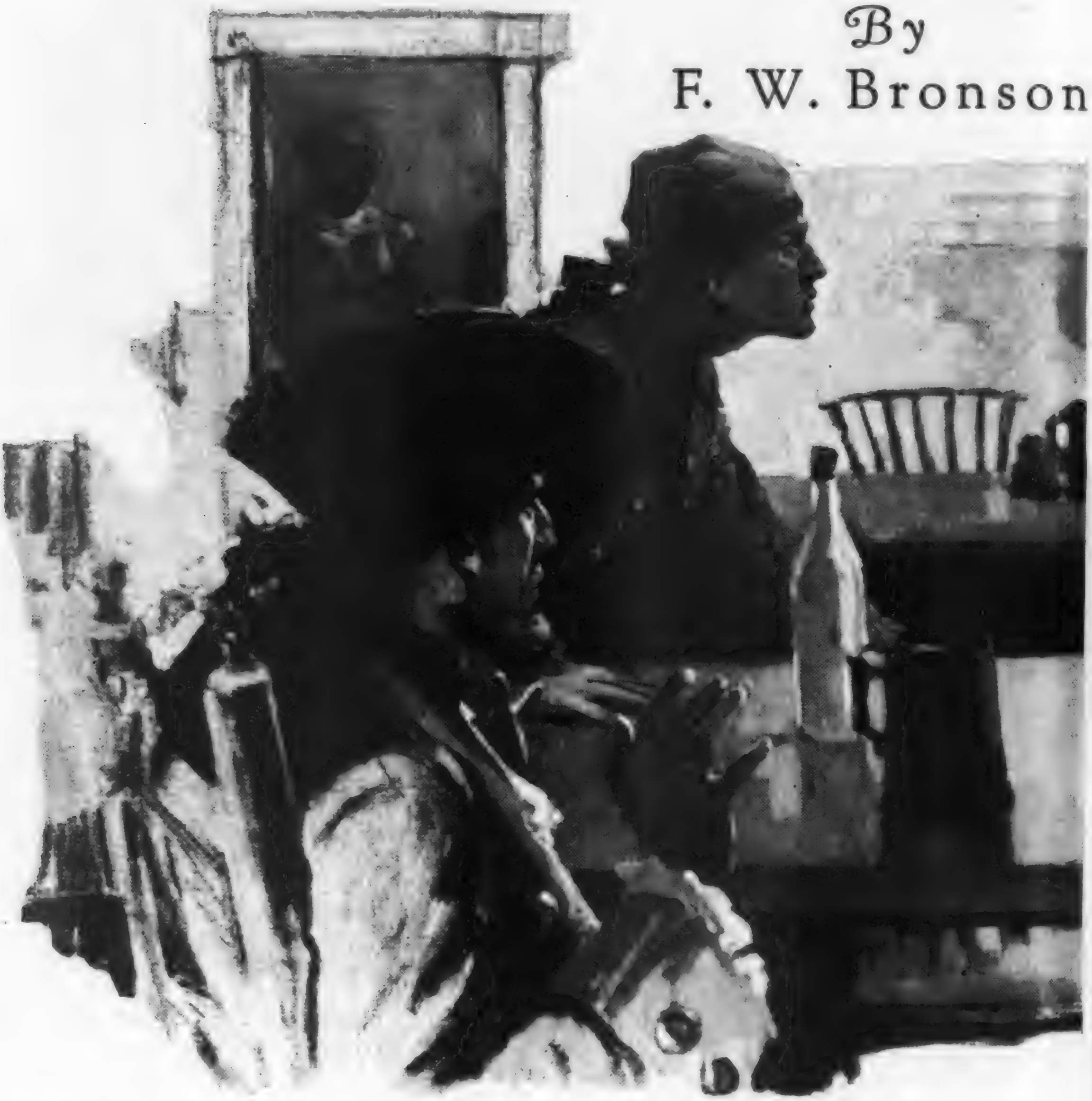
Three hundred thousand visitors a year from all over the world pay half a dollar, as if in a theater, to go up in the elevator to the tower. A two-minute ascension in the world's tallest elevator shaft brings the same atmospheric changes as an hour's climb from a valley to a mountain. On a clear day a watcher can see the homes of 10,000,000 people. The form of Manhattan Island is clear between its rivers which flow into the bay, with boats slowly plying to and from Europe. You look down upon all the other skyscrapers of New York.

The building is a vertical town containing as tenants 14,000 people. An inhabitant could live in the building all the year round almost without

(*Continued on page 164*)

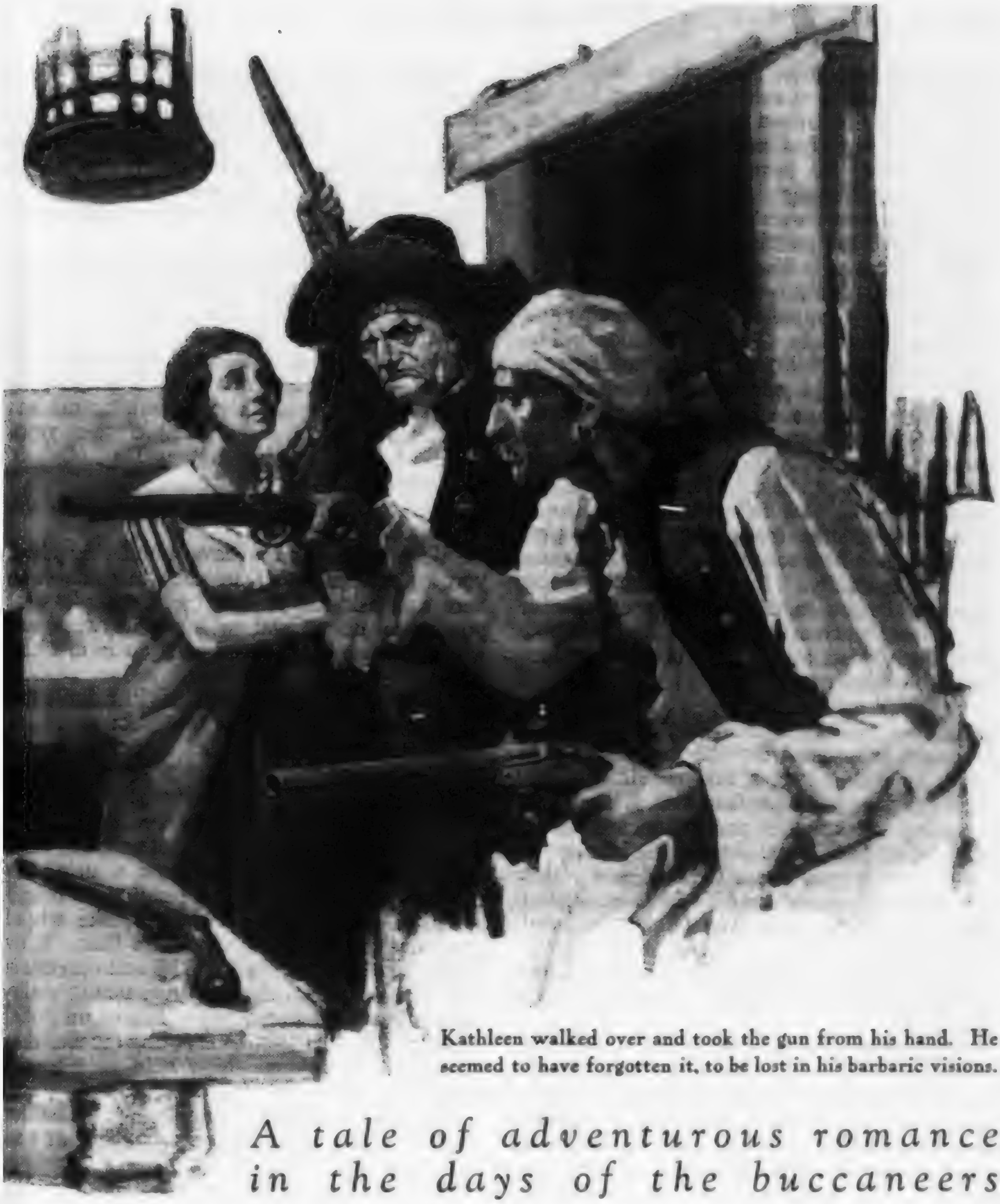
PICAROON

By F. W. Bronson



EYES like blue flames burning shrilly in the fine, wind-bitten face; an alert expression, as became a buccaneer who was hunted from Tripoli to Jersey by the clumsy frigates of George III. He wore duck trousers, a black and white checked shirt, a red bandanna tied slantingly over his yellow hair. When he climbed the tallest dune his seaman's roll was accentuated by a limp—a relic of Yorktown and British musketry.

Standing on the dune with the rank grass fingering his knees he dug his bare toes into the sand as if rooting himself in the unfamiliar earth. A quarter of a mile offshore his schooner, the *Basilisk*, sails lazy in the sunset air, was standing by, waiting for the dingy that had carried him through the surf. Two pairs of oars kicked at the water like yellow legs. Soon the dingy would be hoisted aboard. The *Basilisk* would cruise indolently all night along the coast, and in the morning he would find the dingy waiting. He would return to the heaving deck. He would leave the flat coast forever. The mosques and domes and glistening architecture of Tripoli would call him once more to the Mediterranean, to the golden paradise of



Kathleen walked over and took the gun from his hand. He seemed to have forgotten it, to be lost in his barbaric visions.

A tale of adventurous romance in the days of the buccaneers

uccaneers. He would be alone or . . . not lone.

He turned toward the sunset clouds that oated above the blue smudge of pines like a chool of corpulent goldfish. The bay was a wo-mile dazzle of gold, melting off north and outh into the blue mists of October evening. he flood-tide was swarming through the inlet, immering across the flats. He would have to urry if he expected to wade the shallows. The lue eyes moved deliberately along the distant ainland; no movement, no life, no smallest igns of life; twelve months had passed unbtrusively, like birds, over the flat, ugly pine forest. New Jersey was still the raw, harshly beautiful land that he had roamed as a youth. Marshlands and cedar forests and naked beaches and the salt-works boilers like lumpy monsters in the meadows by the bay. Suddenly the unique Jersey smell drifted to him down the wind, bracing him like a salty tonic. The blue eyes flamed; it was good to be home, even for a night.

Still standing on the dune with the rank grass fingering his knees he undressed and rolled his clothes into a bundle which he strapped between his shoulders. From waist to forehead his skin was as smooth as bronze. His legs were white, gleaming like marble, alive with crawling, rippling muscles. He stretched his hands above his head and smooth bulges knotted over his shoulders, finally loosening and pouring along his arms. When he began slithering and limping down the dune the sun was a copper coin over the smudge of pines. The bellies of the goldfish clouds blazed pompously. A shy mist flirted over the water.

He waded hesitantly across the flats, exploring his way around tide pools and rips and deep green channels. From a spit of yellow sand a flock of gulls lifted like a wide silver explosion. The harsh odor of the flats seemed broken by their squeaky, frightened voices. Silence again. Only the slush-slush of his legs through the water . . . and presently the floor of the bay sank. The water hugged around his ribs. He fell forward and began to swim toward the copper sun and the pine forest only a mile or so away. His brown arms crawled powerfully. The red bandanna was a single vivid spot on the flickering expanse of bay. All at once a star floated like a bubble up through mists and waters of eternity into the visible blue sky.

THE old woman's arms sprawled on the board table, drawing the tattered afghan snugly against her neck and shoulders. The single candle scarred her face with yellow light, deepening the wrinkles and withered cavities and the toothless black hole that was her mouth. The tiny black eyes swung in pouches of yellow skin, the lips moved flabbily in eager smiles. The hands on the table were round and hard, without knuckles.

"And it's the Picaroon come home. Come home this night of all nights. There's surely a God, say I."

"Old witch!" Humor twitched over his thin face, and was gone. The blue eyes flamed around the room, touching lightly the kettle on the hearth, the spinning-wheel, the unplaned log walls, the row of brown jugs and the water bucket in the corner; all flickering and changing moodily in the candle-light. He pointed to the jugs. "Cider?"

The old woman nodded. The fat, tough hands stirred on the table, as if eager to caress the yellow hair that spurted around the bandanna's edge. The little eyes jumped gleefully. "Just as thirsty as ever! Pour yourself a drink."

"Thanks. I will." He filled an earthenware mug, and sat down again opposite the grinning yellow face. "Old witch!" he repeated. "It's good to see your ugly body again. Twelve months . . ."

"Twelve months, and much has happened. To think that you'd come home tonight of all nights." She chuckled, and her witch face puckered like a dried apple. Tonight . . ."

"Well?" The shrill blue eyes widened.

"But you're cold and wet. Your shirt is dripping. Will you have a blanket to wrap around you?" His shoulders lifted in a shrug. "Pour yourself another mug of drink." The round hands, like two stones, knocked together on the table. The Picaroon mopped up a trickle of water with his sleeve. His mouth twisted wryly.

"Here I've been gone a year and you don't ask me where. And you my old nurse . . . The world's quick to forget. Have the others forgotten?" He propped his elbows on the table and rested his lean jaw in his hands.

"We've none of us forgotten. Your brother's always grumbling about you, asking me and God and the trees and the snipe when you'll come. A loyal brother is that Dan of yours. And Kathleen . . ."

"Kathleen's well?" The blue flames narrowed a little.

"Very well. And always wondering about you. Kathleen and Dan used to come down here and ask me to tell by the cards what you were doing and where you were and whether or not, you'd end at a yardarm with a rope . . ."

"You're a decent old witch. But don't talk so much. Answer my questions. . . . Where is Kathleen's father?"

"The Pansy?"

"Yes, the Pansy. The half-wit."

The round stony hands loosened their grip on the afghan, and the tattered cloth slipped down the bent shoulders. "Pour me a drink too . . . Um. Thanks." A small black tongue licked along her lips. Candle smoke wisped around the tangle of ivory white hair. A sly expression changed the wrinkles and crevices in her cheeks. "You listen to me, young scallywag." A stubby finger waved like an uncooked sausage. "I'll tell you everything quicker than if you ask questions. Now hold your tongue and pour me another mug of drink."

The hearth embers sang loudly. The jug gurgled. "I crossed the ocean to get Kathleen. She said she'd wait a year."

"She's waited." The toothless gums made a smacking sound. The plump old body shifted on the stool. The candle foamed up into brightness and her expression was as clear as a wood-cut; eager, puzzled, tender. "Here's how things are." The Picaroon nodded, twisting and untwisting his long, tapered fingers.

"Two months ago the Pansy came up from Virginia with a crowd of dirty blacks. Runaway slaves and a couple of broken whites. He says he came back to get Kathleen, to take her south with him. 'Be damned to him,' says Kathleen. 'He's a dirty old lunatic cutthroat and I won't have anything to do with him. He left me once and I managed to get along. He can bloody well leave me again.' That's what Kathleen said when she heard he was back.

She moved all her belongings from my cabin to a shack off in the woods, just so she'd have a retreat if things got too scorching, and then she come out in the open and told the Pansy that even if he was her old man he could go to hell."

"Spunky!" The blue flames brightened. A brown metallic fist set the mugs rattling on the table. The old woman squirmed; her dress was of some stiff black material that crackled and hissed. Her shadow, thrown by the red-tongued candle, was a formless bulge on the cabin wall.

"So the Pansy keeps sticking around. He lives off in the woods somewhere with his gang. Once or twice a week he makes a raid on the village or wrecks a coasting schooner with false rockets or robs some lonely cabin. He's cruel as sin. A woman snapped an empty pistol at him; besides what she'd have got anyway he cut her hand off above the wrist. Says he'll do the same for Kathleen if she stays sassy."

The hand on the table wrapped angrily around the earthenware mug. "I'll get my crew tomorrow and we'll string him up."

"Tomorrow may be too late."

"Go on." The Picaroon leaned forward. The hollows under his cheek-bones were drawn as if with pain.

"YOUR brother Dan sold his cedar land two weeks ago. In ten years there won't be any cedar mills along here; wise men are putting their money into new salt-works." The Picaroon lifted his mug and tapped it impatiently on the table. She went on: "He kept the money in his cabin; Dan still lives up in the village, and he thought he was safe enough. But the Pansy got wind of the sale. Two men crawled into Dan's cabin last night and began mussing things up. Dan killed both of them with a hatchet. One of them was young Garstar, the Pansy's right-hand man. The Pansy swears he'll kill Dan. He's looking for him now. This morning Dan went off by himself and hid the money. Since then . . ." The tiny black eyes swung to the window; swung back reluctantly and fastened themselves on the Picaroon's tight lips. " . . Since then no one's seen him. But wherever he is he's in danger."

"And Kathleen? Where's she?"

"After supper she went off into the woods. Probably looking for Dan. They're great friends, those two." His ears were too alert for her; he caught the hesitancy of her voice. The blue eyes flamed.

"Friends?" For a moment he held her fixed with his glance while the blue flames burned into every wrinkle and crevice of her cheeks. The toothless gums smacked. The embers sang monotonously. The candle-thrown shadows were like floundering ghosts along the walls. "Why don't you speak the truth?" He crashed the table with his mug. The old woman cringed a little. She laughed unpleasantly.

"I'm telling you the truth. But give me time. I'm a poor old bag of bones and my brain gets rattled sort of. . . ."

"Out with it." The Picaroon leaned farther across the table.

"Well, it's only natural that the two of them, both sort of held together by their friendship for you . . ."

"So they're in love! They don't want me back here. Dan waits until I'm gone and then takes advantage . . ."

"You listen here!" The black eyes swung upward to his face, and a sausage finger quivered under his hawk's nose. "Dan's as loyal a brother as I ever saw. Naturally he'd like to have Kathleen. Who wouldn't? But he's never said a word to her. And he wasn't going to say a word until your year was up. And if you hadn't come home he'd of been perfectly right to take Kathleen. And if I'm not mistaken Kathleen wouldn't object to having him. Who the bloody wrath are you to go gallivanting off God-knows-where and expecting a girl like Kathleen to hang around just like any ordinary woman in the village! You young fool! Won't you ever grow up?"

The Picaroon laughed. "Then they're not in love."

"I wouldn't be too cocky. Who knows how Kathleen feels after a year away from you?" She added gutturally: "Young pirate!"

The blue eyes narrowed. He seemed to shrink back into the brown shell of his body, as if he wished to be alone with his plans. "I'll find Dan and Kathleen tonight and take them away with me in the morning. Dan would do well as a merchant skipper out of Marseilles. As for Kathleen . . ."

Suddenly a dim crooning sound hung over them in the candle-drenched air. It was like a wind among the pines, and yet there was something human about it. Human and evil. The Picaroon's eyes flamed across the rim of his mug, as if he were burying his hawk's nose in the smell of warm cider.

The old woman's face convulsed; a yellow gargoyle expression of hate. "The Pansy! Bound up the river in his barge after a dirty evening somewhere. His blacks are singing. Listen . . ."

The sound took form out of the darkness, became a personality, a manifestation of evil. There was another presence in the room with them, ugly and savage. The croon slowly thinned to a wail. The candle flame seemed to shudder as the sound stabbled like long knives through the walls.

The Picaroon set his mug gently on the table. With the agility of a leopard he slipped to the door. The old woman followed. When she walked she bent almost double, arms folded in her afghan. Her feet made a shuffling sound. Her dress crackled.

Outside was the smell of the pines, the brackish smell of the marsh, the midnight stars like silver berries among the black pine needles. The Picaroon limped through the shrubbery and the old woman followed, wheezing and snorting. Little waves slapped and sucked at the meadow sod. Witch gleams of phosphorous changed and melted along the shore. The air was saturated with the evil sound; it floated over the river like a choking fog. Through it pierced the muffled rattle and splash of oars, a stinging command . . . the wailing sound was a vague throated chant, words, flowing together, blending, dying, throbbing with evil:

"In hebben a-a-a-a-ll sinners . . ."

It faded to a whisper. The air was curdled with dangerous insinuations. The Picaroon's eyes bored through the darkness. Nothing! Perhaps a splinter of phosphorous from an oar. It was misty and dark out there on the water. The old woman's hand rested like a stone on his shoulder.

"They're heading in. They're going to land maybe. The Pansy thinks I know where Dan's hiding. You'd better run."

The Picaroon twitched the hand from his shoulder. He was staring out into the dark. Little waves geysered and spat at his bare feet. He was leaning forward. . . . All at once a darker blur loomed out of the mist. He caught the glint of oars, the crunch of thole pins. The negro chant dissolved. An enormous figure was standing in the barge's stern, amorphous and terrible. The boat's outline cleared. He could hear the gurgle under her bow.

Abruptly the Picaroon turned on the old woman, gripping her shoulders and pushing her slowly back and forth. "Where's Dan? Tell me!"

Her voice came to him quick and clear; a cold whisper.

"You know the Whirlpool Tavern? It's inland. About four miles. Follow the main road through the village. Turn to your left at the first white church. When you hit the forest go right on along the footpath. Don't bump against the Tavern in the dark. Hurry. Dan's there, waiting to hear from me. Kathleen's with him."

THEY had edged away from the water, into the black gloom of the pines. They heard the sucking of a keel through mud. The rattle of oars. A deep voice murmuring commands. The squash-squash of naked feet in the swampy meadow.

"Hurry! They'll see you!"

He lowered his eyes to her puckered face. "If I don't see you again, old witch . . ."

"Hurry!" One of the rock-like hands lifted and touched the fringe of hair along his bandanna. The ugly old body shook violently for a moment. "Hurry!" She pushed him away. He limped swiftly off into the woods, prowling like a white leopard from island to island of starlight.

"Old witch," he muttered. "Old witch!"

The Picaroon sensed that he was followed even while he was trotting through the village of log cabins and restless dogs. Something behind him in the darkness. Something swift and deadly. Following him on silent, tireless feet. Half animal, half man. Creeping up on him when the shadows thickened under the trees. Nearer and nearer. A long black arm reaching, reaching . . . iron fingers at his throat. He trotted more briskly, saving his bad leg as much as possible. Something following him, hurrying when he hurried, crouching in the bushes when he paused to look behind, relentless as an animal.

Out of the fishing village along a rutted dirt road that bruised his feet. He began to hate the land. He hated and feared the woods, the sly concealing bushes. Furtive and crawling. A knife in your back . . . He hurried on. Into a clearing. There was the white church, lonely as a huge tombstone in the starlight. The Picaroon turned left.

He was in the forest again, sliding along a crooked path that might have been made for a small cart. Sharp twigs and dead pine needles hurt his feet. In the misty gloom he cursed. That thing behind him! Probably one of the niggers. They can follow a trail with their noses. Damn them! Crawling and creeping! If they'd just step out in the open for a minute . . . The Picaroon realized with disgust that he was unarmed. And how many niggers were following him? Or was it all imagination? He stubbed his toe on a root. *Damn!* He hated the land.

On and on through the gray black forest, soft shadows lapping around him like water, purplish colors and elf glimmers among the murky trunks. The leaves were hung with veils of satin mist; the whole woods breathed against his hot face. On and on in a half hypnotic state as though he were trotting through the strange architecture of a dream . . . And that presence behind him. Creeping up on him. Closer and closer. He seemed to hear a low wailing croon from the forest's primeval lungs. Fear! He was afraid of the land, of the marshy smell, the odor of pine, the click of insects. On an impulse he dodged behind a tree.

For a moment . . . nothing! An owl hooted. The leaves moved with the wind and stars bubbled through the foliage. Along the path was a faint milky light. Something dimmed the light, passed over it like a black fluid. He smelled the bitter odor of sweat, the stench of hot human flesh. Then he sprang . . .

A short struggle in the darkness. A fell of slippery arms, of python legs twisting for a grip, of animal teeth groping for his throat. A knife clicked against a stone. When the Picaroon reached for it the negro wriggled free, sped off into the forest. The knife was long and slightly curved with a notch broken in the blade. The Picaroon held the knife in his hand and waited. Nothing. He was alone with the menacing personality of the woods. Alone. He limped forward, breathing harshly with exertion. Black men with dog noses. Huh! The knife restored his sense of security.

A little farther on the trees thinned. The path trickled like a small unhappy stream into a clearing. The Whirlpool Tavern, rough-hewn, log-built, lop-sided, lurched crookedly under the stars. A road uncoiled like a snake, crawled over the stoop, writhed away through bayberry bushes into the woods. A horse neighed from the stable. The four tap-room windows were golden with light. There were always men drinking Stewed Quaker or plain cider or beer at the Whirlpool Tavern. The stars looked down coldly, pouring thin milky light over the thatched roof. The night was like satin mist, mellow, voluptuous.

The Picaroon limped among the bayberry bushes, inched closer to the cabin. He heard voices. Quiet laughter. A clink of glass. Raising himself with his hands he looked in at a window.

A soot-bellied kettle steamed over the tiny fire. The tap-room was hazy with pipe smoke, kegs and jugs against the far wall seeming shapeless and blue. Four men played cards at a round table by the fire. Over their heads swung a dirty kerosene lantern. Mugs of liquor stood by their elbows. Red-faced men half drunk and nodding. In another corner sat a clerical gentleman reading a book; he held the volume close to a stumpy candle. The fire, the lantern, and the candle. No other light. Smoky red shadows and pallid flickers. The light seemed gaseous and thick and unhealthy.

THEN he saw Kathleen. Elbows propped on a table, staring at his brother Dan. Her dress was red with sleeves that barely covered her shoulders. Firm brown arms, tightly coiled brown hair. In the smoky light her oval face looked golden brown, the face of a small wistful girl. Then as he looked the lines sharpened; the clean hard chin, the high cheekbones, the slim muscular neck, the aquiline nose, the straight eyes. There was power in the face. Power and keen beauty. A strong, alert face with lips that seemed restless; firm in purpose but slightly vague in desire. She carried her chin well up, like an arrogant boy.

Dan's large body was sprawled at ease in the chair. He wore a blue coat, a gray flannel shirt, a broken felt hat on his giant head. He looked tired. His hands were thrust in his trouser pockets. His red beard lay on his chest. His cowhide boots poked out from beneath the table, inert, lifeless. He took a drink from the stein by his elbow, wiping his hand across his bearded mouth.

The Picaroon laughed. Pair of fools! You might think the Pansy were in Gibraltar! About as much sense of danger as a couple of Venetian merchants. Huh! . . . Kathleen and Dan. The woman with proud eyes and the man with the red beard. Both dear to him. His blue eyes flamed when Dan's hairy paw touched the girl's bare arm. Jealousy! No, no! He was too big for that. Let Dan have her if he can get her. Dan the bearded giant in cowhide boots. Kathleen! . . .

The Picaroon dropped back to the ground. Before he limped up the steps he glanced at the forest, white and silky with mist. Damn niggers! Noses like hounds! Then he rapped sturdily on the door and entered the tap-room.

They sat around the table, talking. Constraint was rinsed away with mugs of Swegel; Kathleen ate bread and cheese and sipped a goblet of Madeira that the landlord in his green apron brought from the cellar.

"A special occasion. I'm paying." The Picaroon slapped gold on the table. "More Swegel, landlord."

They were curiously alike, the three of them, and yet pronouncedly different. All were strong, self-reliant; but in three diverse ways. The Picaroon with his shrill blue eyes, alert as a cat, as if his mind were always crouching for a spring; his trim, athletic body that seemed to glow with potential energy; his hawk's nose and tight, smiling lips. Dan, the clumsy giant, the blundering Samson, the Goliath; large, hairy hands continually moving in vague gestures; a dreamer's eyes under shaggy yellow brows; older, and yet younger, than his brother. Kathleen's strength the finest of all. Sensitive and changing as a flame, unquenchable, flashing out of her straight eyes. Clean, vivid strength that held something of the sea's mood and something more of the forest. Her mouth was tart. Her chin was arrogant. She asked the Picaroon where in the holy hell he'd been.

The Picaroon buried his long nose in the mug of Swegel. He was watching closely, noticing every word and gesture. There was something he wanted to find out. . . . Sitting opposite his brother he realized that the three of them couldn't run away together. There would be a clash. Fighting. Blood. One of them would kill the other because both wanted Kathleen. And yet he couldn't leave Dan behind to be knifed by one of those niggers. Knifed in the back. No, no. He couldn't leave Dan to that. What was he to do about it?

The Picaroon shook himself angrily. He

hated the land, the complications that tangled around him as soon as he set foot on land. Shore people can't know the satisfaction of simple motives. Now at sea . . . Well, of course it would be just as complicated at sea until he found out Kathleen's mind. Did she love Dan or himself? Which? That was the important thing. Once he had satisfied himself that Kathleen loved Dan . . . His face, while he was talking, was smiling genially; only his eyes were alert, hot, intense.

"I've been around. I've seen things. I've taken gold from fat old merchantmen and the king's frigates. I've raided desert towns and sacked a couple of heathen temples. I'm bad." He grinned.

"And I suppose you've a couple of brides waiting on the edge of the desert?" Kathleen's arms were akimbo. Her head was cocked belligerently.

"No." The Picaroon drank. "I've been saving myself for you." His eyes floated from Kathleen's mocking lips to his brother's red beard. Nothing. They were on guard. He continued: "It's a great life, over there. A man doesn't need to be a pirate always. A man might be a merchant skipper and do—well—just a touch of looting every now and then. There's an Italian comes to Tripoli with rare wines who wants me to handle his little fleet. Carrying rugs and silks and rich carpets to Europe . . . and on the side, just to sort of ease your nerves, a night raid on some desert Pasha. With a crew of Turks, Jews, Maltese, Arabs, Wops . . ." He broke off with a gesture. "I'll turn that job over to you, Dan, if you'll come away with me."

Hairy fingers dragged clumsily through the red beard. "I'd like it."

"We sail at dawn from the Point-o'-Beach." His blue eyes shifted to Kathleen. "How's your nerve?"

"Good. I've a hankering for some of those silks you were talking about." Her voice drawled. Her brown eyes half closed. She stole glances at the two men. An undecided expression troubled the firm contour of her lips.

The Picaroon talked. His voice was charged with an electric force, with color and power. He talked about his beloved Tripoli. About the crescent-shaped bay, as blue as paper, and the colored sails that streaked across it when the large vessels came in from foreign ports. He talked about the forts and the terraces and the whitewashed houses. The cream-skinned Arab girls on the quay, the aristocrats like walking plants in their gardens, the Turkish quarter with its mosques and minarets and cupolas and naked children cluttering the streets. He talked about the desert surging against the western side of the city, the oasis of Mesia, the twelve-domed *Kubba* of Sidi Hamonda. But mostly about the girls on the quay, the wines, the indolence and harmonic beauty of a Mediterranean night. These things he described so clearly and humorously that Kathleen forgot he was a buccaneer, a swashbuckling pirate and genial cutthroat. Her eyes glowed.

While the Picaroon was speaking the four men playing cards got up, clinked money on the table, quarreled a little, staggered out of the door. The clerical gentleman had fallen asleep, his book face open against his black coat; the dead candle was a small pool of whitening wax on the table. The landlord in the green apron went around mopping spilled beer with a rag. The lantern smoked. The fire blinked red eyes through its heap of ashes. In two hours the sun would rise. Meanwhile the Picaroon drank Swegel and talked.

THE two men that stepped through the door carried pistols. Their shadows were enormous leaping things on the wall. One of them was large and shapeless, a black hat pulled over his eyes, a black coat wrapped loosely around his huge body, a small white chin against the dark cloth. The other was taller, thinner, with mangy blond hair, and two dog teeth hanging over his lip. The pistols were raised, threatening. The larger man came forward. When he lifted his head the Picaroon saw a shaggy yellow face with sacks of loose flesh under the eyes: a white, girlish chin that was shockingly incongruous. A bulbous nose covered with little knobs like a pickle.

"Don't move, any of you." The voice was unexpectedly small, without power, like the voice of an adolescent. "Sit still while I look at you." The smoking lantern passed shadows across the ugly face. The eyes were red-rimmed; drunkard eyes, little and merciless. "Before we start shooting I'd just like to look at you."

He thrust his face at Dan, who stared back impassively. "Murderer," whined the voice. Dan's hairy paw moved along the table, fell slothfully into his lap. "Put it back on the table!" The hand reappeared, fingers clenched.

"As for you . . ." Kathleen glanced away with a shrug. "As for you, damn you, I've had enough of your gaff. Tomorrow you start south with me . . . Away from these scrimy Jersey yaps. Hear me?" He tapped the table with the pistol barrel.

"I go where I want when I want. Put that pistol away."

The Pansy ignored her demand. He turned to the Picaroon. Gradually recognition worked like an acid on his yellow face, changing its expression. "I remember you. My gal Kathleen gave me up to stick by you. I hoped some gent had poked a musket down your throat and pulled the trigger. But you're back again. Well! Ain't that sweet! It's too bad you got back just *now*. There's going to be trouble. A lot of trouble." A long finger tweaked the pickle nose. The eyes were dulled, opaque, somber. The Picaroon had seen eyes like them . . . in the face of a Berber idiot.

"Trouble?" The Picaroon pushed himself up from his chair.

"Lots of it. And sit down. There's no escape. Even if you get out of this room . . ." He shrugged. Then he turned to the man with the dog teeth who was holding the clerical gentleman and the landlord in one corner at the muzzle of his pistol. "Herd those two out of here." There was a hurried scuffle. A slammed door. The Pansy's child voice squeaked with petulance. Little frothy bubbles spurted across his lips. The huge body trembled, the pistol shook like an angry black finger.

"One of you murdered my pal. The other took my child away from me. I'll kill you both. I'll kill you both." He screamed in a puerile voice. Excitement made his lips suck in and out like the mouth of a fish. "I'll turn my blacks loose and they'll tear you apart like rabbits. They'll eat your flesh. They'll gnaw your dead, bleeding flesh."

"Shut up." Kathleen walked over to her father and took the gun from his hand. He seemed to have forgotten it, to be lost in his barbaric visions. "You're crazy," she said calmly. "Do you understand? You're crazy. Go on home." She tossed the pistol away and wiped her hands on her skirt. "It's time all half-wits were in bed."

The Pansy gaped blankly for a moment. Then suddenly he remembered. He turned to the dog-toothed man. "Let them have it," he screamed. "Shoot! Shoot them down and I'll feed them to the blacks." He danced up and down, his face contorted with a mixture of hate and rage and impotence.

The dog-toothed man raised the muzzle of his pistol. Kathleen sprang across the room; shielded the Picaroon with her body. "Drop that thing quick." Her voice was faintly hysterical. Slowly the muzzle swung away from the Picaroon, swung in a lazy arc toward the red beard that had fallen forward onto the massive chest. Dan didn't mind being shot. He had seen Kathleen leap to shield his brother. He would have welcomed a bullet. Kathleen! Death! He remained seated, impassively waiting, boots sprawled inertly under the table.

Slowly the pistol swung toward the red beard. A finger curled tentatively around the trigger . . . The Picaroon's spring was too slow. He was in mid-air when Kathleen's hand slipped back of her neck, shot forward and threw the knife. The Picaroon landed on a tottering body, bearing it to the floor. There was a little ivory handle and a fleck of blood under the left ear. The dog teeth were yellow and dripping in the smoky lantern light.

Then abruptly Dan came to life. He swung out of his chair and cracked the Pansy's white chin with his fist. A chair was knocked over. A table crunched into a row of jugs. The Pansy screamed. Childish screams. Hideous as an animal in pain. Shrilling and shrilling.

"Through the window," said Kathleen. She went first. Dan followed. The Picaroon was last. He stopped to take the ivory-handled knife from the man's neck. Just as his bad leg was flung over the sill the door burst open and several men crowded into the tap-room. White men and black men. They saw him. One of them shot. Missed.

A LONG flight through swampy forests where the mosquitoes rose in clouds. Winding paths like dim, tree-buried arcades. Dan led the way. He knew the ground. Kathleen followed him. The Picaroon limped in the rear; cursing the roots that tripped him, the stones that cut his naked feet, the British soldier at Yorktown who crippled his leg. They hurried along in silence. Only the sound of their breathing and the Picaroon's dry curses. Sliding between trees, splashing through small streams, always running, running from unknown pursuers. Frogs croaked at them from a pond. Crickets made their ears ring when they paused to listen.

"Nothing. Let's stop. We can lick any ten of them." The Picaroon's leg was hot and aching.

"But they have twenty," said Dan.

"We've dodged them."

"Ssh! Listen!"

From the morass of black foliage sounded a loud splashing of feet through water. Silence again.

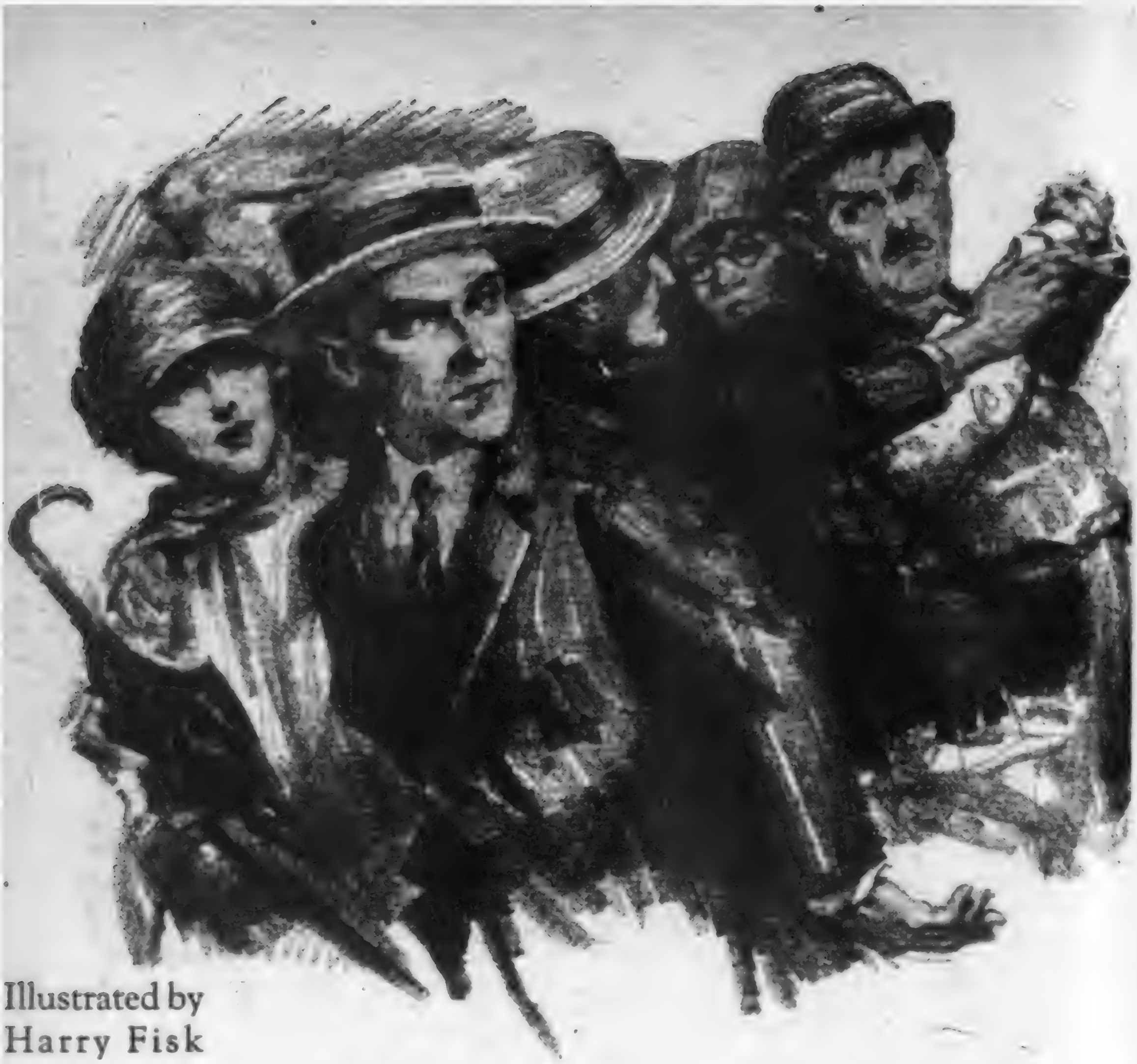
"Not a minute to waste. I'm sorry if your leg hurts you . . ."

On through the smell of pines, bending under the sagging limbs. A foot-path lurching among the trees. Presently a wider road; clear sky overhead milky with stars. They ran abreast. Dan talked jerkily, stopping to think between sentences.

"Brought you this way for a reason . . . No use going to the village. They'd have knives in us before we got help . . . Must escape, to the schooner. Need a boat . . . We're on our way to Javer's old wharf. There's a duck-boat at end of the wharf with oars. No other boat nearer than two miles. I know. I've looked . . . We get in duck-boat. Row to Point-o'-Beach. That's where I buried my money . . . Ten paces north from stern-post of decayed wreck back of dunes . . . We get on *Basilisk* and to hell with Jersey . . ."

There was a longer pause. The bushes were drawing back from the narrow road. A log cabin slipped past. Somewhere a dog began to

[*Continued on page 143*]



Illustrated by
Harry Fisk

He was holding a roll of bills in his left hand, held pretty high. One of the two young

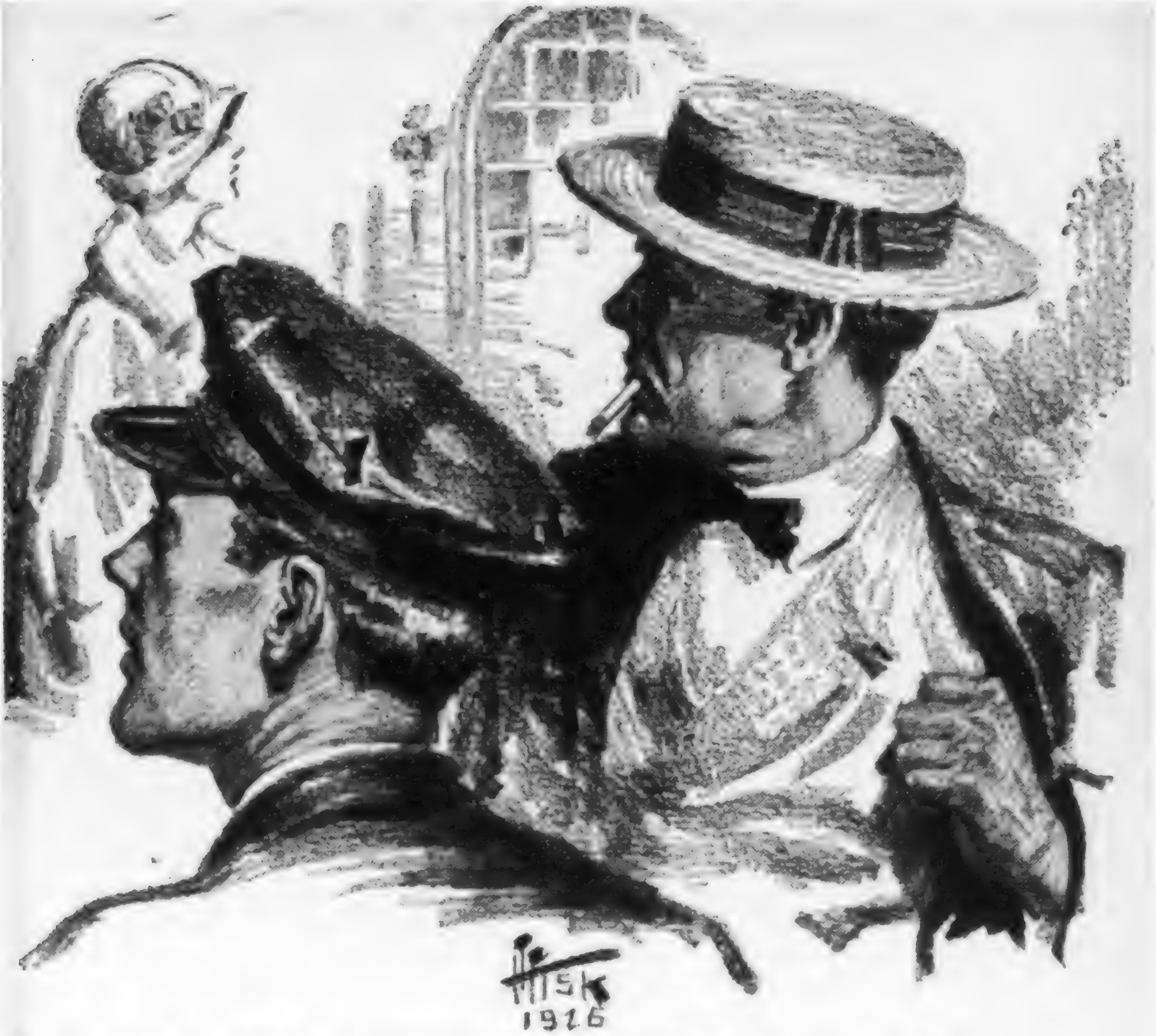
Beginning
A New Novel

Sandy

A story of present

I REMEMBER best my mother's shining red hair. When she let it down at night it hung below her shoulders in natural waves. I remember her as bending over the basin with it dripping all round her head and then spreading it out to dry on a sunny window-sill while she read a novel. When I was little I used to like to comb it out. It felt like silk floss under my fingers and snarled easily, but I learned to be careful. She had pretty hands, too, and kept manicure things on the bureau. She would put a pinky paste on her nails out of a little round porcelain box and polish them with a chamois buffer. Often she would prop up her book on the bureau and sit there reading and polishing for a long time. She never said much, just smiled at things and let me do about as I pleased.

I had to go over to the Public Library every two or three days for novels. She could take out four fiction books at a time on her and Father's cards and six non-fiction, but I never knew her to have any non-fiction in the house. I was the only one who read those. I liked travel books and adventure and exploring. Miss Anderson in the library knew what books



fellows just reached out, lifted the money out of his hand, and slipped it to the other fellow.

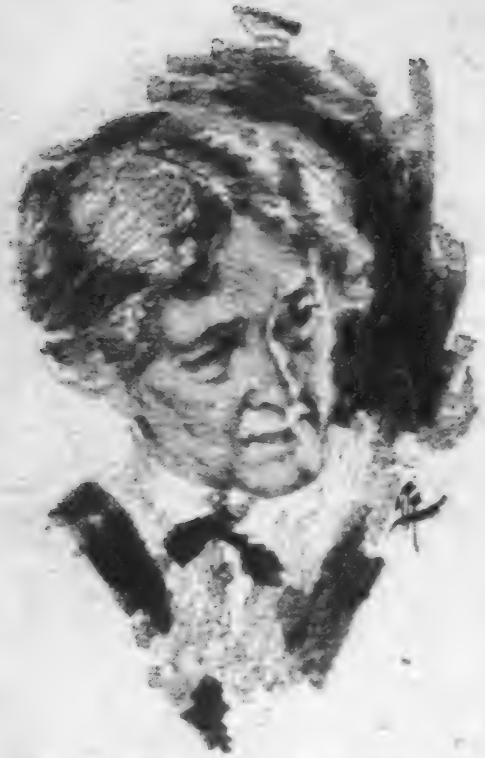
Burr

day American youth

By

Samuel Merwin

Mother wanted, usually the new novels, love stories and such, and nearly always had two or three ready for me when I came in. And she would advise me about the very newest romances so I could put in cards for them. Father never read anything. He was a big man who smoked cigars a lot and ate big meals of steak and fried potatoes and things like that. He was good natured and made friends easily. That was when he had the hardware store on Simpson Street, Joseph P. Burr & Co., and we lived in the house on the ridge. A year or two before the war began in Europe, I think it was when I was in the fifth grade of the public school, father got into some trouble and had to sell the automobile. Mother didn't like that. She wanted him to keep the car because she had learned to run it and used to drive out a lot afternoons. And then when I was in the sixth grade he had to give up the store. I never knew just what happened. He was very angry at old Mr. Weston in the bank and never spoke to him after that, and didn't like to have me go with Frank Weston any more. It made me feel uncomfortable because Frank and I were pretty good friends. They kept the old sign up over the store and put another one under it, a smaller one, that said Williams Brothers, Successors.



Sandy didn't want to hurt Aunt Ella. She was kind, but there was something sort of sad about her.

Father had a pretty hard time I think. We moved out of the house and took the two front rooms at Mrs. Watson's on Pecan Street and for more than a year ate our meals at Davis's restaurant on Simpson Street. You could buy tickets there that Mr. Davis punched for each meal, like a railway ticket. I had one of my own. After a little while Father got a job in a big wholesale house in Chicago and went in every day.

I was twelve when Mother went away. There was a lot of trouble. But they didn't tell me what had happened. Father used to come home tired at night and we'd go over to the restaurant and then he'd sit in his room without reading or saying anything and I would go out and play around with the crowd. He seemed a great deal older. I remember that he lost weight and the skin of his face and neck wrinkled and hung in folds. He had trouble with his digestion, too, and bought a good many patent medicines. It used to worry me that he never would measure these with a spoon, but just poured the stuff out into a glass or drank it from the bottle. Finally he was taken very sick and had to go to the hospital. Three months after that he died.

The funeral was held in Mrs. Watson's front parlor. I think she didn't like having it there, but there was no other place and she couldn't very well say anything. A good many people sent flowers. The undertaker brought little folding chairs and set them very close together in the parlor and out in the hall. He brought palms, too, in tubs, and made a screen of them by the dining-room door. The quartet from the Second Methodist Church were hidden there and they sang "Abide with Me" and "Lead, Kindly Light." I sat on the stairs just above the landing, where the people couldn't see me, and cried all the time. I don't know that I have ever had such an awful feeling of sadness and goneness, but now when I look back on it I feel gentler about it, more tender. I hadn't really been very close to Father, and I had a busy interesting boy life of my own, but I knew even then that I had to face the world alone. I cried myself to sleep that night, and dreamed disturbingly of my pretty mother.

WHILE Father was in the hospital, my Aunt Isabella came up from Streator and lived in his room to look after me. She was rather fat but seemed unhappy and worried about everything. Her husband, Uncle Walter, whom I never saw, was in the insurance business down at Streator but wasn't doing very well, I imagine. Aunt Isabella fretted some about having to be so long away from her family, and she never said anything about taking me home with her. I can't say I was sorry. I wouldn't have cared to live with her. After the funeral she and some of the neighbors had a talk and then sent a wire to my Uncle Fred Ellerbe over at Carversville, Indiana. Uncle Fred hadn't come to the funeral; indeed he and Father had never seemed to be in touch though they were half brothers and had been brought up together. But he came in response to the telegram. He was nearly as big a man as poor old Father had been, and like him stoutly built. He had a round strong face that didn't tell you anything much. I overheard Mr. Peters, one of Father's old friends, who took part in these conferences, speak of it as a poker face. But I liked Uncle Fred, even if he didn't seem to say anything but just smoked Havana cigars with the bands on and fingered his big gold watch-charm and listened. He gave me a knife. And when the talking was all over he took me back to Carversville in his roadster. I felt blue about going. It meant giving up the old crowd I'd had fun with in Sunbury. I'd have to make new friends. But there was nothing else for it.

My hair is as red as Mother's. At that time I had freckles all over my face. I never knew anybody that freckled so easily. I couldn't play out one afternoon in the hot sun without finding, at night, that my shoulders and arms were covered with them, right through my shirt.

"So they call you Sandy," said Uncle Fred, as I got into the car beside him. It seemed to me a pretty sporty little machine for so old a man. He must have been forty-five then. But I liked it. I've always been fond of motors. And even then, before I was quite fourteen, I had driven Mr. Weston's sedan, along with Frank, though Mr. Weston didn't know that. And Ellis Wilson had a fairly speedy little motor-boat that I had tinkered with.

"Yes, Uncle Fred," said I "Sandy."

"Sandy Burr, eh!" He seemed amused. "But what's your real name? I ought to know, of course."

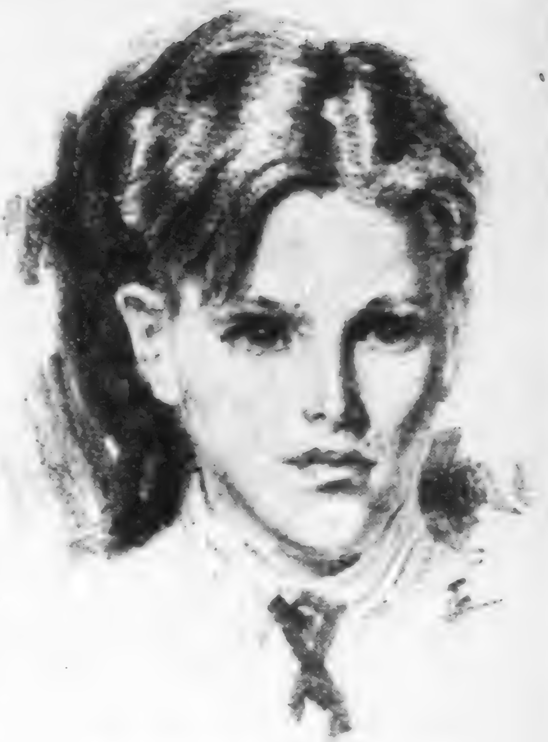
"Sylvester."

"Sylvester?" He was looking quietly out ahead, handling the car with expert ease in the traffic. I admired him for that. He had seemed rather fat to me at first. I couldn't help noticing the way his neck rolled out behind above his collar. But no man who was merely a fat man could have driven like that. His eyes were keen and he had a small firm mouth. I thought he chuckled. Then he said, "That's a hell of a name to give a boy."

This was early in June. I didn't quite finish school that year.

I was surprised to find that Carversville was a city. From the name I had supposed that it would be only a village. But there were long streets lined with business buildings, big banks on the corners with tiled floors and mahogany woodwork that you could see through the big plate-glass windows, street cars and traffic policemen in khaki uniforms. These all knew Uncle Fred and smiled at him as we drove past. He lived in a comfortable old house that was set back among trees in about two acres of ground. There was a double garage with a big sedan in it. I couldn't help looking around at the expanse of lawn and wondering if I'd have to cut it. But then, with relief, I saw an Italian working with a sickle about a clump of flowering bushes. Uncle Fred carried in the suitcase that had been Father's and I carried the hand-bag. All my things were in those two bags. I didn't have many clothes.

Aunt Ella, Uncle Fred's wife, met us at the door. She was a thin woman who didn't look very well. They had no children. It was nearly dinner-time. We carried up the things to a room on the second floor, in the back, and Aunt Ella showed me the bathroom. I washed up for dinner, and then stood for a while in my room looking out the window at the Italian and wondering if they'd ring a bell or if I ought to go down. I felt alone and strange, and cried a little. Then I washed my face again. I didn't want them to see that I'd been crying. I was crossing the hall when Aunt Ella called up to me. And we three sat down together. They had good things to eat. Aunt Ella had had a chocolate layer cake baked for me, and there was ice-cream. Uncle Fred had a wooden rack by his plate and set up the evening paper there. Most of the time we were eating he read it. Aunt Ella didn't say much either. I don't think they knew quite how to talk to children.



Sandy Burr had a busy, interesting boy life, but he knew even then that he had to face the world alone.

After dinner Uncle Fred lighted a cigar and took me into his den off the front hall. It was a crowded little room, with a flat desk that was heaped with papers and a gun rack in the corner with a couple of wooden ducks on top of it. There was a colored lithograph of a trotting-horse on the wall and several framed photographs of baseball teams. I looked at these, and saw that they all had the name Carversville on their uniforms.

"Well, Sandy," said Uncle Fred, dropping into the big swivel chair behind the desk, "pull up a chair and we'll talk this thing over a little. The first thing is to find out what we're going to do with you. I don't know but what I'd better tell you that this thing has cost me quite a little money. Your father wasn't a very provident man. I paid the funeral expenses today and I understand there are some debts that'll have to be cleaned up."

I didn't know what to say to this, so I just sat there. I was determined not to cry again, not where he could see me.

"Here's what I propose to do. You're on my hands now, Sandy, and we've got to try to make a go of it. I'll give you a home here and feed you as long as you behave yourself, and I'll put you in school in the fall. The question seems to be, what are you going to do this summer?"

HE WAITED then, shifting his cigar around from one corner of his mouth to the other and looking straight at me.

"You're a big strong boy. You look well. How about trying to earn a little money?"

My throat felt husky, but I managed to mumble something about doing anything he wished me to.

"How old are you?"

"Fourteen next month."

"Fourteen, eh? What do you like to do?"

"I haven't ever worked, Uncle Fred."

"No, I suppose not. But you're not afraid of work, are you?"

"No, sir."

"What are your tastes? You must have some."

My eyes roved about the room and rested on those photographs. "I like to play baseball."

"You do, eh? Hmm! Any good at it?

"Why, I think so, Uncle Fred. I pitched and played third base for the school team this spring."

I was really being sort of cagey about this. I was then easily the best natural ball player in the school. Mr. Abeles said I had the best hands he'd ever seen in a boy of my age. I could go to the right for bounders almost as easily as to the left. And I had a trick of smothering pop flies down by my belt like Rabbit Maranville. I could run bases, too. Of course I'd never tried it against a grown-up pitcher who knew how to hold a runner close to first, but I'd watched the Sunbury town team a lot and knew I could pick it up. All that came naturally to me.

"So you're a pitcher! Hmm! How's your control?"

"It's pretty good, I think. Mr. Abeles, he was our coach, was awfully particular about that."

"He was, eh! Well, he had the right idea. Did you know that I'm president of the Carversville club?"

"No, Uncle Fred, I didn't know that."

"Well, I am. I suppose that you didn't even know about our winning the pennant last year in the State League?"

"No, Uncle Fred."

"Well, we did. We did that little thing. And I believe we can repeat, even though we've got off on the wrong foot this year. We're in second place now. The Coal City team have been playing a little beyond themselves. But they'll never be able to keep it up. We'll catch 'em. I've got a thousand dollars that says we will. See here! Suppose we try this. I'll take you on at the park selling score-cards and doing odd jobs. You'll have most of the morning to yourself. How would you like that?"

"I'd like it very much." I couldn't make many words come out of my throat. It was the keen way he looked at me, I suppose. And everything felt so strange.

"You would, eh? All right. I'll pay you six dollars a week—that is on condition that you put five of it in the savings-bank."

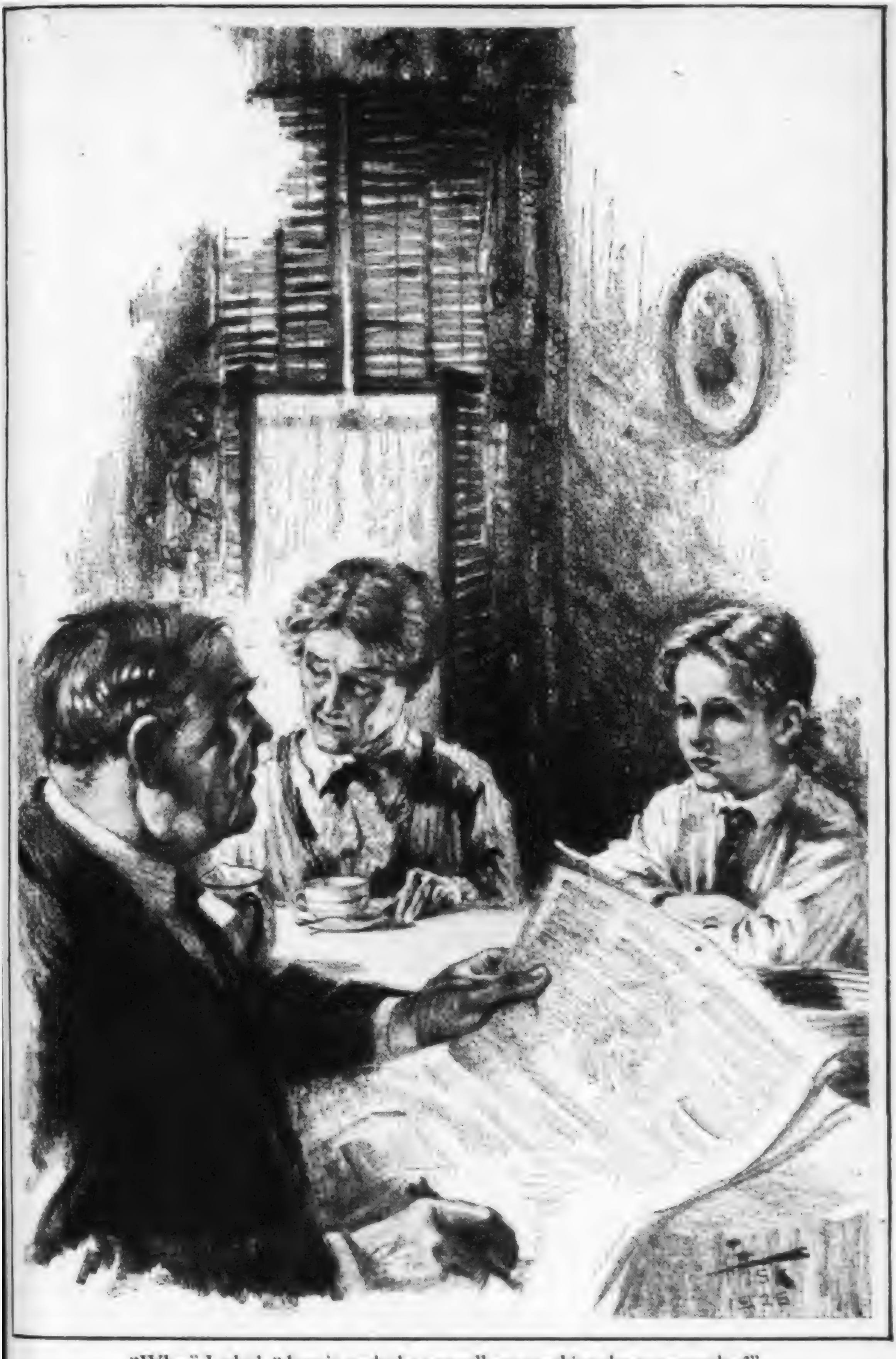
"Oh, I'll do that, Uncle Fred."

"You bet you will! Or we just won't get on worth a cent. May as well understand each other right off. A dollar a week'll be enough for sodas and movies. All that's good for you. I'll take you over to the bank in the morning and start a little account. It will buy your clothes in the fall, and perhaps help with the schoolbooks. Very good. You can run along now."

Uncle Fred was a prominent figure in Carversville. He had been postmaster for years and was interested in a number of different factories and in the trolley company. He was something of a political boss, as well, I think. Important-seeming fat men were always coming in of an evening and shutting themselves in his study for long conferences. Aunt Ella always slipped in there the first thing in the morning after these sessions and emptied the ash-trays and ran the vacuum-cleaner over the rugs. She didn't like the smell of stale tobacco ashes about the house. Saturday nights they played poker. I could hear the click of the chips from the hall. Uncle Fred would go out to the ice-box and bring back a bowl of chopped ice. There were always empty bottles in the waste-basket under his desk on Sunday mornings.

I could see that Aunt Ella was unhappy about this sort of thing. But she never said anything. She couldn't have, really, for Uncle Fred was a pretty strong man and accustomed to doing things in his own way. It seemed to me, often, when I thought him over as a boy will, that he might have been kinder to her. But still I admired him. I never tired of watching him handle a car. And he was a dead shot with gun or rifle. Many a time I have watched him bring down an almost endless number of clay pigeons, one right after the other. And in season there were ducks and other wild birds on the table once or twice a week.

UNCLE FRED came home to lunch the next day and afterward drove me out to the ball park. The club-house, where the officers were and the locker-room for the players was just inside the gate. Beyond it, across a gravel yard, stood the grand-stand. It was built of wood, as naturally they didn't have modern concrete stands in so small a city. The players



"Why," I asked, "doesn't anybody ever tell me anything about my mother?"
"If you don't know, the best thing for you," said Uncle Fred, "is not to ask."

went in through a sort of tunnel to the sunken benches. Some of the players were dressing when we arrived, but the others were out practising. I could see that Uncle Fred was proud of the place.

Uncle Fred introduced me to the treasurer, who had charge of all the business about the park, but just then an old player came out carrying a hand-bag that I knew would be full of balls and I was introduced to him. The minute I heard the name I knew who he was, George Nelson who used to play first base for the New York Giants. He was manager of the team. I knew his face from pictures I had seen, the long hook nose and the still longer chin. There were deep lines in his leathery face and his eyes were faded and very patient but smart enough. He didn't smile, indeed I don't think I ever knew him to in the years that followed, but he seemed kind. When he took my hand I was thrilled by the grip of his gnarled, strong fingers. I hadn't supposed I'd ever meet a man who who had actually helped the Giants win pennants. He seemed old to me then, though he couldn't have been more than thirty-six or thirty-seven. He was playing first base for Carversville, and playing well even if he had slowed up a good deal.

"Sandy's going to work here," said Uncle Fred, and then left me.

"So you're going to work here," remarked George Nelson.

"Yes, sir. Uncle Fred wants me to sell score-cards but I'd rather be with the team. I can play ball."

"Oh, you can?"

"Yes, sir. Wouldn't you like me to carry your bag?"

"No. No, that won't be necessary. Can you throw straight?"

"Yes, sir. I've pitched at school."

"You have, eh? Well, come around in the morning. There'll be some of the boys'll be glad to use you in batting practice."

Then he walked off to the field, leaving me in a glow. I went back to the treasurer and got my bundle of score-cards and some change which he made me sign for. He gave me no instructions, which was just as well, as I'd hardly heard a word. I was all full of George Nelson, his quiet voice and those twisted fingers and his kindness. I was going to practise with the team. There was another boy selling score-cards, and others for cigars and frankfurters and ice-cream cones and some ushers in uniform caps. They were all loading up with their supplies, and the first of the crowd were coming in. I dawdled around until the other score-card boy began shouting, and then imitated him. It was fun in a way, timid as I felt. Before long I caught the trick of shouting through my nose with a sort of twang. Soon the boys were all yelling at once, in the yard and up in the stand. I saw quickly enough that we were supposed to keep right after the crowd, and did my best. It was rather hard to keep from watching the game. You had to have your mind on the work every minute. The idea was that most people don't buy anything unless you shove it right at them. You sort of make up their minds for them when they hesitate. So I shouted until my throat ached, "Score-cards! Score-cards! You can't tell the players without a score-card! Score-card!" And I made a point of looking straight at people.

After dinner that evening I went out to play with the boys on the street. They asked me questions about the ball park, and I couldn't resist letting them know that I had not only actually talked with George Nelson but was also going out in the morning to practice with the team. It made a sensation, of course. And I'll admit I enjoyed it. Most of the boys had to go home about nine o'clock. Their mothers called to one or two from their front porches. I couldn't help wishing I had a mother to call me in. I thought I'd better go at the same time, because I didn't know how Aunt Ella would feel about my staying out late.

There was nobody down-stairs in the house. Uncle Fred was out, at a club or somewhere down-town. I went on up to my room. I can remember that I felt like crying. The door to my room was open, and I could hear somebody moving inside. Then I heard Aunt Ella's thin voice.

"I brought you a Bible, Sandy," she said. I went in then. The bedclothes were turned back. She had laid my pajamas across the foot of the bed and set out a pair of new bath slippers. They pleased me, because I had never owned any slippers. I saw the book, too, a small one bound in very nice black leather with edges that turned over, on the table, but didn't know what to say about it. We hadn't had the Bible around much at home, and we never went to church. Father and Mother didn't seem to think about such things. And none of the fellows and girls I had known in Sunbury went to church. I had heard Father tell how strict Grandpa and Grandma Burr were about keeping Sunday. He could only read solemn books, and had to go to church and Sunday-school always. Mother never said anything about it, but just smiled. And you know how it is nowadays, anyway, people just don't do these things any more.

WELL, anyway, Aunt Ella waited a minute or so by the door as if she might say something else but then she only said good night and went out and I shut the door. I picked up the Bible and looked at some of the pages and then at some of the maps and the queer old pictures in the back, but it made me feel uncomfortable so I laid it down. I took off my shoes and put my feet into the slippers. The soles were lined with woolly white stuff that was soft and comfortable. I walked around the room for a little while and then sat in a chair and tipped back and put my feet up in another chair like Uncle Fred. I was very proud of those slippers. I undressed and put on my pajamas, and then walked around some more in the slippers. I hadn't thanked Aunt Ella for them, and decided to do it in the morning. But then I thought, "Do it now," and I went out to the stairway and called. She asked what it was, and I asked if I could come down-stairs in my pajamas. She said certainly, so I went down, but pretty slowly and stood in the sitting-room doorway and said, "Thank you very much for the slippers, Aunt Ella." She got right up out of her chair and put her work on the table and ran over to me and hugged me. When she let go of me she was crying a little, and I cried too, then, and ran back up-stairs and shut my door again. I knew of course that she meant me to read in the Bible, and thought maybe I would, but you mean to do lots of things that you never really get around to, so I tore off a strip of a newspaper that was on the table, the Carversville *Advocate*, and put it in the Bible as if it was a bookmark. In Matthew, it was. I could move it around some, to other pages, and when she was up in my room fixing things if she looked at it she'd think I was reading it regularly. And I thought maybe I would read some when I opened it to change the paper. There was another regular bookmark in it, a narrow piece of black tape that was fastened into the binding at the top, but it seemed to me that if I just moved that around it mightn't look so much as if I was really reading in the book. I had a feeling that I didn't want to hurt Aunt Ella. She was kind, but there was something sort of sad about her.

I arrived at the ball park that next morning before any of the players, and hung around the club-house, feeling pretty conspicuous. When the players began coming in to dress for the morning practice some of them looked at me and I could feel my face turning as red as my hair. But one or two nodded and said, "Hello, kid!" And George Nelson spoke to me in his grave way. I waited for him and followed him to the field. He called to a big outfielder named Oldham, saying, "Sandy here'll throw them to you, Oldy," and gave me a friendly pat on the shoulder. It was one of the great moments of my life. I feel a thrill now in recalling it. He had even remembered my name.

I followed Oldy over by the first-base stand and caught the ball he tossed to me. I couldn't help wondering if he noticed my glove. It was one of the regular six-dollar models, marked down because of a flaw in the leather. I had used it a full year. But he didn't say anything in particular, just grinned in a good-natured way and bunted the ball back to me as fast as I could throw it in. It would pretty nearly have broken my heart if I had missed a single one of those easily batted balls. I scooped up the grounders and reached for liners. Gathering courage I finally twisted my fingers around the ball and threw an out curve. I know now that it was nothing, with no snap or hop to it, but he nearly missed it, knocking up a short, rather high little fly, the kind we call a pop-up. He dropped his bat and was stepping forward to catch it with one hand when I came charging in. Catching that ball was the only thing in the world to me at that minute. I forgot he was there, bumped right into him, smothered the ball at my belt in the trick way that was my habit and held it. He staggered back, taken by surprise, sat right down on the ground, and laughed out loud. George Nelson, who was at the home plate hitting bunts to a shambling left-handed pitcher that they called Rube, turned to see what had happened. I began to feel that I should apologize for bumping into him like that, and was trying to say something about it when Oldham shouted out, "Here's a mascot for us, George! Great little kid!" Nelson nodded and went on with his work.

Later, when the regular infield practice was over, they let me go in at third base with the substitutes and George Nelson knocked grounders and we threw the ball around. I must have looked funny, I was so earnest about it, and I went tearing after everything, digging them out of the dirt to right and left and throwing like mad. I was sweating so that whenever I whirled around the water flew off me like a lawn spray. I was streaked with dirt from head to foot. Once when I ran in for a bunt and missed it I turned a complete somersault. I jumped back, blazing angry, to pounce on that ball and make the throw to first, and at the shout of laughter that came to my ears I nearly cried. I thought they were laughing because I'd missed the ball.

George Nelson came over to me then and said, "Don't kill yourself, Sandy. You've done enough."

"Oh, Mr. Nelson," I cried out, panting for breath, "can I be the mascot?"

"Certainly, if your uncle doesn't mind. We haven't a bat-boy right now. I'll speak to him, if you like, when he comes out today."

That was the last straw. I was trembling with excitement, and the tears were very close to my eyes. I didn't go back to the house for lunch, but followed the players into a little short order restaurant across the tracks from the park, sitting there in my dirty wet suit, listening to the talk of the players and feeling really one of them. I saw everything at once, all my wildest dreams come true. I would have to travel all over the State with the team. Boys everywhere would stare at me with envy. My picture would be taken with the team at the end of the season, and if we won the pennant again it would be printed in Spalding's and Reach's Baseball Guides, with my name, "S. Burr, mascot."

AND on the walk back across the street George Nelson said this. I have never forgotten it nor the cool strength in his face as he spoke.:

"Do you want to be a ball player, Sandy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then don't smoke, don't drink, get all your sleep, and keep learning. When you stop learning, you're through."

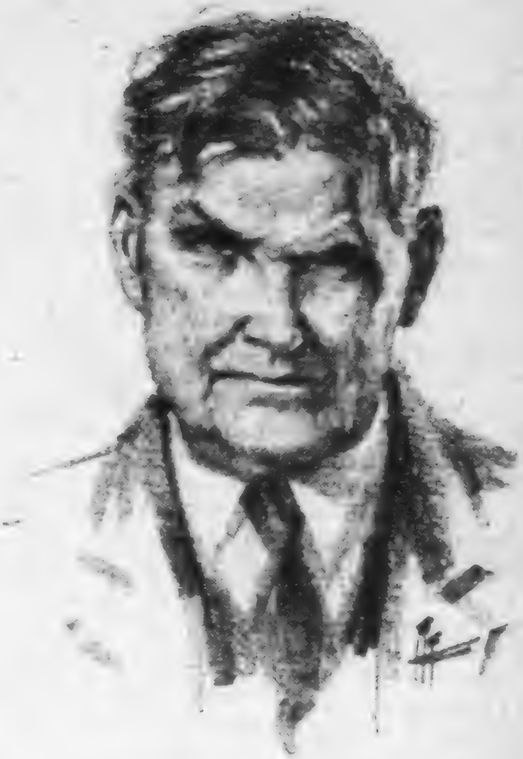
Uncle Fred made no objection to my new job. Indeed, I think it pleased him to find that the players liked me. I have no more vivid memories than those of my first afternoon on the players' bench. Everything went along in a routine sort of way. First our team went on with the grind of practice, passing the ball, batting, knocking out flies and all. Then, before we had got very far with this the visiting team, all ready, dressed in their uniforms, drove in behind the stand in a big bus and came right through to the playing field. Two of our pitchers warmed up, the Rube—his name was Walling—and Jim Ellison. George Nelson went out and stood behind the catchers watching how they were working and then said something and Ellison took off his glove and came back into the dugout. The umpire appeared in his blue suit. People were wandering into the stands. I gathered in the bats that had been used in practice and laid them straight with the row in front of the dugout. The Rube walked out into the diamond, swinging his glove. The two managers talked with the umpire at the home-plate. There was an announcement of the batteries. And then almost before I realized what was taking place the Rube had pitched one and the umpire swung up his arm and called, "Strike!" The game began in as offhand a way as that. Every day it was to be so. Sometimes on sleepy summer afternoons when there wasn't much of a crowd out you'd hardly know when the practice changed into the game.

Up to that time I have never seen anybody like Rube Walling. He came out for practice that afternoon in his stocking feet, walked that way from the club-house to the dugout. Old George noticed this, as he noticed everything, and just asked, in his patient way, if he had the shoes. The Rube patted the pockets of his mackinaw coat and trotted awkwardly along. Later, when he was sent out to warm up for game he started up the steps that same way, in his stocking feet, but one of the other players reminded him and he hauled the shoes out of his pockets and put them on. He was a big fellow, of course. A regular league pitcher has to be to stand the strain of his work. And he was beautifully built, though you didn't think so at first because of his awkward shuffling walk and a little stoop. His face would have looked rather ugly, with the squinting eyes that were often bloodshot, the big flat nose and the wide mouth that was no stranger to chewing-tobacco, if he hadn't been pretty good-natured. He had the shoulders and arms of a giant, a huge chest, a little more waist than a ball player ought to have when in condition, and muscular tapering legs. He could eat more than anybody I've ever seen. Sometimes, when he thought Old George wouldn't find him out he would bet that he could eat several dozen eggs or a big pile of bananas or a lot of pies within a certain number of minutes. There was danger all the time that he'd eat himself right out of the league. And I don't know when he slept. He was always hanging around Larrabee's pool-room. Uncle Fred had an interest in that place, and the baseball crowd were there a good deal. He would drink anything, rum, gin, Scotch, rye, bay rum, varnish, I believe—anything you'd give him. Old George used to fine him, scold him, take him into his own house for weeks at a time (I can't imagine how Mrs. Nelson endured that), do everything he could think of to keep the fellow reasonably straight. The players understood it well enough. They knew that when all was said and done the Rube stood head and shoulders above every other pitcher in the league and as long as he kept on winning they were glad to work their heads off for him.

And my God, how he could pitch! The minute he got out there on the old mound and found the ball in his hand, dug a hole with his toe in front of the slab so his foot could rest easily against it and began steaming in the first practice balls he acted and, I knew, felt like a master of every situation that could come up. When Zeb Flint, the old catcher who had caught Ed Walsh and Nick Altrock on the Chicago White Sox, the team they called the hitless wonders, would sign for a curve to break inside above the batter's knees, he and all of us knew that the ball would break just there. With a runner on first the Rube had, I believe even now, the most deceptive balk motion in baseball, major leagues and all. Time and again he caught the shrewdest base-runners in our league flat-footed ten or twelve feet off the bag. They simply never knew which way that ball was going. Oh, they used to howl about it and crowd around the umpire, but in all that season, and he pitched in forty-six games, I never once saw an umpire call a balk on him. They just couldn't quite do it. The Rube would grin with that wide mouth of his and—well, spit in his liberal way, and keep it right up

AND his pitching motion! Boy! It's no use, I can't write about Rube Walling without letting my enthusiasm go. You know, few of the really first-class pitchers use much of a wind-up. Not the Mathewsons and Cy Youngs and Walter Johnsons and Alexanders. Well, sir, he would just hold the ball behind his head a moment, look straight at the batter, then raise his arms up, stretching himself to his full height, and with an ease that deceived you at first, swing that long, powerful left arm and let the ball fly with all the spin in the world. There was never the slightest hitch or wrench in that motion, just a sort of easy flow. His shoulder came surely through after his arm, his back after that, and his legs. He pitched clear from the ground up to the tips of his powerful fingers. It was all as natural to him as breathing or sleeping. And he gloried in it. In his funny old street clothes and shapeless felt hat pulled down over his eyes, as you saw him in the evening slouching around Larrabee's, he was just a boob. But out there on the pitching mound, working, he was as beautiful an object as the most priceless old Greek statue in the Chicago Art Institute. He was. We'd never have been able to keep him a minute, even at his eighteen hundred dollars a season, if it hadn't been for his eating and drinking. The big league managers just wouldn't bother with him. Why, sometimes he'd slip off and get so disgustingly drunk that he couldn't pitch for a week. Then Old George would gather him up, straighten him out, stick him into a critical game, and he'd let them down with three or four hits. Yes, he was just a heart-breaking, nerve-wracking, wonderfully exciting freak of the great old game.

AFTER several days of this job as bat-boy Sunday morning came around, my first Sunday at Uncle Fred's He sat at the breakfast table, eating his creamed codfish and boiled potatoes with the sporting section of the *Chicago Tribune* propped up on the rack at his elbow, now and then twisting a finger around the spoon that always stuck out of his coffee cup and taking a big drink. He had two or three cups of coffee every morning. The big Havana cigar he was going to smoke lay beside the saucer. Aunt Ella sat very still with her eyes down on her plate, picking at the codfish with her fork and nibbling dry toast. It never seemed to me that she ate enough to keep a bird alive. Already I had begun to see that she wasn't strong, or even well, but she never complained. Some of her finger joints were red and a little swollen, and in the mornings she walked as if her feet hurt. I don't think Uncle Fred ever noticed these things.



Uncle Fred had a round strong face that didn't tell you anything. I heard Mr. Peters speak of it as a poker face.

Well, on this Sunday morning, after he had lighted his cigar and pushed back his chair and pulled up another chair to put his feet on and settled back with the news section of the paper, Aunt Ella cleared her throat and spoke. I remember that Uncle Fred had tossed me the comic section and I was looking at the funny pictures, the Gump family or something like that.

"Sandy," said Aunt Ella, "how would you like to go to Sunday-school with me this afternoon?"

I didn't know just how to answer this, so I looked at Uncle Fred. He lowered the paper, took the cigar out of his mouth and said,

"Sunday-school! Good God, Ella, there's a double-header with Coal City this afternoon!" Then he put the cigar back in his mouth and went on reading.

Aunt Ella didn't say any more, but just looked down again at her plate. I felt uncomfortable. It seemed to me that I ought to say something, but I didn't know what. I wouldn't have missed that double-header for anything. I couldn't have, really. It was my job. She sat there quite a long time looking as if she might cry, and then finally got up without a word and left the room. I don't see now quite what I could have done about it. Her ideas about life did seem pretty old-fashioned. But just the same I felt like the devil. I carried around with me all day, except during the exciting parts of the game, a memory of that awfully sad look on her face, and even wished there was some nice thing I could do for her—you know, like buying her some flowers or something like that—but I didn't quite know how to.

The first trip the team took around the league circuit was the most exciting experience I'd ever had. We were gone twenty-four days, playing either three or four games in each of the other seven cities. The players made a regular pet of me. On the trains I used to sit on the arm of a seat and watch the games of poker and checkers that were always going on. At the hotels I always ate with Old George, and listened big-eyed while he talked. It was all baseball, of course. Once in a while, after I'd asked a lot of questions, George would tell experiences he'd had in the big league, in which the wonderful names of John McGraw and Christy Mathewson and Iron Man McGinnity and George Dahlen and Mike Donlin kept coming up. No boy had ever worshipped the world's greatest heroes as I worshipped those men. I followed at George's heels like a little dog. In the evenings I loved to sit in one of the row of chairs on one or another hotel veranda and feel that I was lording it over the local kids that stood along the curb staring at the players and at me.

Afternoons. during the practice, they took to putting me in at third for a few minutes. And how I did tear around and dig them out of the dirt while the crowd laughed and applauded. Before the first season was over I was known all around the circuit as Carversville's little Sandy. They would even holler my name from the stands. One day in Grand Junction, when our third baseman, Harvey Dunn, made two errors in a very bad inning we had, a big fat fellow in a box bellowed out, "Hey George, you better put Sandy in there!" And there was a big laugh.

It is a wonder my head wasn't completely turned. It would have been, I can see now, if there'd been any other influence over me than Old George's. You see, back of all his great knowledge of the game you felt every minute a strong, patient character that wouldn't tolerate any nonsense of the wrong kind.

THERE was a boy named Jim Dane that lived in a big brick house a block beyond Uncle Fred's. His father was treasurer of one of the hardware mills. One day, when I was just back from that first trip with the team, he asked me to have dinner and spend the night at his house. His mother had told him he might. He had a brother two years younger and a little sister, and at the dinner table we played the geography game. Mrs. Dane was a tall woman, very bright and jolly.

I had a bedroom all to myself and a reading light and some illustrated travel books on a little table there to read if I woke up early in the morning. Mrs. Dane came in after I was in bed to see if everything was all right, and laughed about things and drew down the shades of the eastern windows so the morning sun wouldn't shine in, and put out the light. I didn't go to sleep right away, but lay there, kind of disturbed, thinking of my own mother and wondering where she was. I could see her rippling pretty hair as she spread it out in the window to dry. I began to wonder then why nobody ever said anything about her. I imagined all sorts of things. I had read the newspapers some, and knew about divorces and elopements and the queer mix-ups that are going on all the time, and of course realized that it might have been something like that, much as I hated to believe it. Before falling asleep I made up my mind to ask Aunt Ella or Uncle George; make them tell me. It would be awfully hard, I knew, to get my nerve up to the asking point, but I had decided and I would do it. I'm that way—was even as a youngster—once I've thought a thing out and decided what I'm going to do about it, I go through.

It turned out to be pretty hard. It took weeks. Time after time, when Aunt Ella was up in my room fixing things for the night I almost asked her. Once I stood so long looking at her that she cleared her throat—she always did that before she spoke, a nervous habit, I suppose—and then wanted to know if anything was the matter. I said no. The funny thing about it is that when I finally did speak out it was at the worst possible time. And I didn't have the sense to lead up to it in some natural way, though I had schemed out a lot of ways of doing just that.

It was at breakfast. Uncle Fred was rather cross. He often was at breakfast. He had pushed away his plate, lighted his cigar, and lifted his paper off the rack. Aunt Ella seemed more depressed than usual. I could see from the redness of her joints and the way she lifted her coffee cup that she was in some pain. Nobody had said anything for quite a while. And then I heard my own voice, blurting out the thing that was so strangely on my mind.

"Why," I asked, "doesn't anybody ever tell me anything about my mother?"

And then, in the silence, I felt scared. Aunt Ella put down her coffee cup and sat perfectly still, her eyes on her plate. Uncle Fred lowered his paper, puffed hard on his cigar for a second or two, and then took it out and stared at me. I just waited.

"You mean to say," asked Uncle Fred gruffly, "that you don't know?"

"No. I don't, Uncle Fred."

"Then the best thing for you," he said, "is not to ask."

I could only swallow down the lump in my throat and sit still until he got up and went out to the garage. He always drove down to the office in his roadster. And right after that I hurried out so as not to be left alone with Aunt Ella. I think I was afraid that one or both of us might cry. And I was beginning to feel a little old for that kind of thing. I knew that I'd never be able to ask her. I mean when just the two of us were together. But if Mrs. Dane had been my aunt I could have asked her.

CARVERSVILLE came down to the final week of that season, in September, in the lead all right, but only by a game and a half. It worked out that the championship would be settled in our final series with Coal City. Three games. Now, there is one rough town. They turned out in mobs at the games. The outfield was roped off and we played under ground rules. Everybody figured that Old George would start the Rube in the opening game so as to nail it down and have the big fellow on hand, in a pinch, for the fourth game. But George crossed them and put in a new pitcher he was trying out named Donovan. He knew that the Rube was in shape to pitch two games running if he had to. Donovan was good, mighty good, but through a series of unlucky breaks we lost the game three to two.

It was a pretty sober crowd that sat around the hotel that evening. Uncle Fred had come over, and quite a crowd of excited rooters from Carversville, and that didn't make it any easier for the team. Uncle Fred was so stirred up that he got Old George off into a corner and began telling him how to play the next day's game. It was a mistake, of course. Uncle Fred didn't usually do that kind of thing. But he had a lot of money up on the series with a Coal City syndicate and, well, he just couldn't hold himself in. Old George sat there without saying a word, just patiently listening. I watched them for a while. Nobody else wanted to talk. Most of the players were out on the long piazza, tipped back in the old yellow chairs, very quiet.

I LOOKED around and saw the Rube, his felt hat pulled down over his eyes, slipping off toward a door that opened on the side street. I knew in a second what it meant. He couldn't resist sneaking out for one or two drinks. I looked around toward Old George. But he hadn't seen. Nothing could have made plainer the bad break that Uncle Fred was guilty of than this. I thought of running over to him. There was just about half a second for me to think in, and it seemed to me I was carrying the whole world on my shoulders. George didn't look up. And then I dashed after the Rube.

He hesitated on the curb, took a look at the traffic, lit a cigaret, and then walked across the street toward a saloon on the farther corner. This was on the back street. Nobody at the front of the hotel could see him. I knew the place from hearing the talk of the players in the locker-room at home. On our last trip to Coal City Old George had followed him to this same saloon and dragged him out. I ran around a truck and followed. You could tell from the way he slouched along that he knew he oughtn't to be doing it. He didn't look back, but kept glancing sideways to see if anybody recognized him. He stood a minute or so in front of the saloon and then pushed in through the little swinging doors.

I was too excited to think clearly out what I could do about it. Of course I might have turned back right then and told George. But I don't think it was in my nature to do just that. I've always been pretty independent. It's no use trying to get around the fact that I was born red-headed. I stood outside there a little while trying to peek in, but couldn't see much. A man came out, brushing me aside, and then I made out the big figure of the Rube leaning on the bar and drinking something while a crowd of men stood around talking with him. And then I went in, I did. Marched in as if I belonged, and with a kind of excited prickly feeling all over my skin walked straight up to the group by the bar. One or two of those Coal City men looked at me as if they wondered what I could be doing there. You see, I was only fourteen and not particularly large for my age. The barkeeper, a huge fat man in a long apron scowled and said, "Here sonny, you run along out of here!"

Then the Rube saw me. It was funny, but the first thing he did was to turn red. And I saw then quickly enough what was on his mind. He didn't want to send me back for fear I'd tell. And he was ashamed. He must have had two or three drinks while I was waiting outside. All those men were urging him to it, and any way he never sipped anything, even water, but drank a glassful at a gulp. He caught hold of my sleeve and bent down to me.

"Look here, Sandy," he said, "don't you go talking."

"Come on back with me, Rube," I answered, "and I'll never say a word."

He believed me. No doubt about that. But he wanted his liquor. One of the Coal City men laughed and pushed over the bottle that said Old Kentucky on it, and the barkeeper set out some new glasses. Another man called out, "Everybody drink to the greatest pitcher in America!" And somebody else poured out a big half-glassful of the stuff. I could see that the Rube's big brown fingers were moving toward it and slowly reaching around it. The old boy wasn't any too happy just then. There was a quarter of a pint of whisky in that glass if there was a drop. The man hadn't put it in the little glass the barkeeper had set there, but right in the taller glass he'd been drinking from. Even the

Rube's cast-iron stomach would feel that much, especially after a couple of other big drinks had gone down. And once he got really started he'd go crazy. Nothing short of a straight-jacket could have stopped him. Before this he had gone down hotel fire-escapes for the stuff when George thought he was safely locked in.

Two of the men, and they were pretty big fellows, crowded in front of me then. Somebody began singing, "For he's a jolly good fellow." I slipped around to where there was a little opening in the crowd and saw the Rube raising his glass. I got kind of crazy myself then. I wasn't afraid. I couldn't think of anything but the three games ahead and the half-game that stood between Coal City and the championship. If the Rube couldn't pitch to them they'd wipe us out, that was all. I didn't even think about Uncle Fred's money that was up, didn't seem to care about that. I just wriggled through before they knew what was happening and grabbed the Rube's arm. The glass of booze went sailing out of his hand and spilled on the floor. He looked mad, but I didn't care about that either. I shouted right out:

"Can't you see what they're up to, Rube?"

Somebody said, "Shut that kid up!"

"Can't you see it, Rube? If they can get you started drinking, Coal City wins the pennant! They're out to get you, Rube!"

Somebody caught me by the arm and tried to drag me away. I hung on to the Rube. For a second there was a queer sort of scuffling around and some mixed-up talking. The fellow that had started the song kept right on with it, only louder. The Rube didn't do anything, didn't seem to know what to do, just stood there.

I have always been quick. I can think quickly and move quickly. I don't know, never did know, how I got free from those men for about a fifth of a second, but I managed it. I grabbed that glass right out from under the Rube's nose and threw it on the floor. I heard the broken glass tinkle around. Some of the liquor went on a man's clothes and he swore. Then they hustled me off, and half-way to the door one of them caught me a pretty stiff rap on the ear with the flat of his hand. It wasn't such a mean blow—oh, it staggered me for an instant, and then ached for a little while—but I knew about as soon as it hit me that it gave me something to work with. I was blazing mad by that time, of course, but when I'm mad I see into things more quickly and keenly than when I'm not. Always have. And as there was one thing nobody on earth could have accused the Rube of, and that was not being big-hearted, I knew I could fetch him in a rush. So I just hollered:

"Rube, he hit me! He hit me, Rube!"

I could hear him coming over, with some more of those confused scuffling sounds at the same time. He must have had to push one or two of those roughnecks out of the way. He was quick enough, too, you know. There was a lot of talk by now. The barkeeper was calling out something about not having any trouble. The men let go of me, but were crowding me toward those swinging doors.

"Which one hit you?" asked the Rube.

I pointed right up and said, "That one."

THE man started to say something. At least I think he did. His eyelids went up and down and his mouth opened. That was all he had time to do before the Rube hit him. It all came so quickly that even I didn't realize what he was up to. The blow didn't travel more than six inches. But it landed on the point of the chin, a little to the left, on what boxers call the button. It didn't knock the man over, it knocked him out. What I mean is, he didn't fall over sideways or backward, he just crumpled and sank. Then the Rube took my arm in his big hand and marched me out. He didn't say a word.

Old George and Uncle Fred were hurrying across the street. My excitement got the better of me then. I must have cried a little. I know I spilled the whole story of the fight as we walked back to the hotel. Old George and Uncle Fred just looked at each other; and then, when they'd got the Rube up in his room they talked very seriously.

"They'll arrest him in the morning," said George. "Sure to."

"But they won't have a shred of a case."

"Don't need a case. You know Coal City. Everybody's for their team—police, judges, everybody. We haven't a look-in. They'll likely wait until just before the game and then pinch him."

"I'll run him off in my car," said Uncle Fred, "to a hotel outside the county."

That was what was done. Uncle Fred brought him back, dressed in his uniform, just in time to warm up for the game. But they didn't try to arrest him. In fact we heard nothing more about it. That saloon-keeper didn't want trouble. Perhaps they had a little sense of shame, even in Coal City. I don't know.

On the road I always slept with Old George. He kind of took care of me. He said to me that night as we were undressing.

"I don't think you know just what you've done for us, Sandy. The New York Giants have sent old Jimmy Drury out to scout this series. John McGraw needs a good left-hander badly, and he is the one man in America that might be able to keep the Rube straight. He did the same thing for Bugs Raymond, you know. If Jimmy gives the right kind of report, McGraw'll pay almost anything for him—ten thousand—twenty thousand. It's a big chance for your uncle. You may be sure he'll never let the big fellow go cheap. He's been up before, you know, Pittsburgh had him for a while, and the Cardinals."

The Rube walked out on the field the next day looking pretty serious for him. The boys gave each other the look when he stepped out for the warm-up. You could see that he meant business. You could see, too, before the first inning was over that he was at his best. He stood those Coal City sluggers on their heads—thirteen strike outs, two hits, not a base on balls or a hit batsman. He accepted seven chances himself without an error, and nobody cracked behind him. You could feel his perfect lazy mastery of every situation that came up, always that slouching around, chewing on his big quid, pulling down his cap and squinting in for the sign and then straightening up for that easy, sure pitching motion. And we won, two to nothing.

That night the Giant scout, Mr. Drury, had dinner with Uncle Fred and George at the hotel. Then they called up New York on the long-distance. They were still hanging around the booth when I went up to bed. And that wasn't until I found myself falling asleep in my chair and some of the boys said I'd better go on up. But next day it was all over the place that John McGraw had paid twenty-five thousand dollars for the Rube. I learned later that the actual price was sixteen thousand. But Uncle Fred and the other owners weren't so sorry to get that sum. And besides, we had the pennant again.

It was a big time. The team made up a purse of $250 for me, all of which Uncle Fred made me put in with my savings. It was awfully good of them. Uncle Fred didn't give me any money. He didn't believe in doing that. But he bragged to everybody he saw about how I'd saved the pennant, and that pleased me. And what perhaps pleased me most of all was that the Rube gave me a jack-knife. It must have cost three or four dollars. There was a big blade and three smaller ones, a leather punch, a corkscrew, a screw-driver, a nail-file, and a little pair of scissors all folding into it. I used to have to get it out a lot to show it to boys I knew, especially as school commenced a few days after that. I oiled that knife every few days, and always kept it in its chamois skin case.

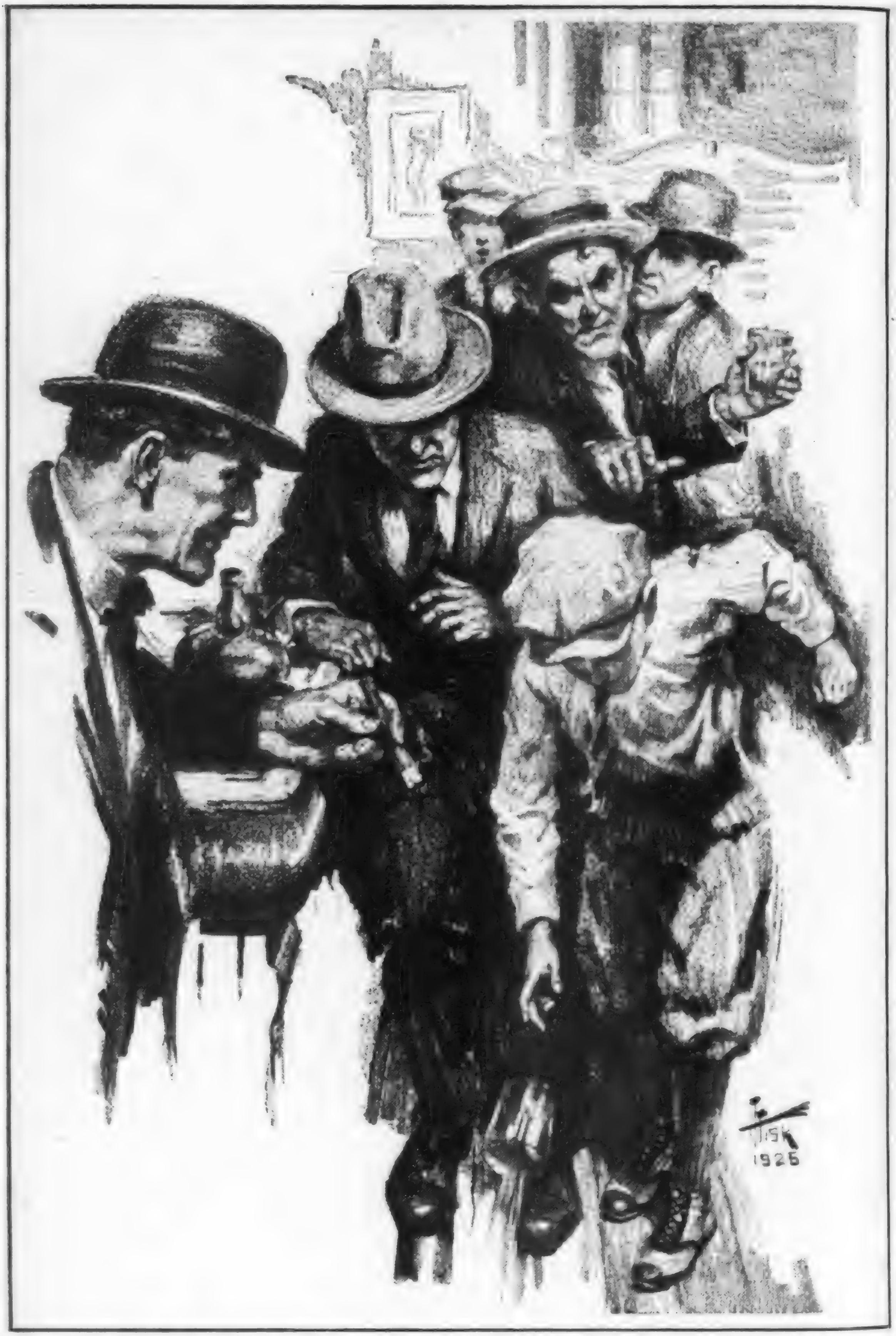
I KEPT on as bat-boy through the summer that I was sixteen. And all the time I was learning baseball. I didn't grow very tall, though I was fast and keen. I went on into high school and did fairly well in my studies. After my third summer at it they decided I was a little too old to continue as bat-boy, and gave the job to a smart little humpback boy whose father had died. I couldn't object to that. Uncle Fred, though he was kind enough to me, and went on giving me a home, began to feel that I was old enough to pay a little board, so I spent the next summer working in a garage.

I took good care of myself and didn't drink or smoke, thanks to the influence of Old George. I really loved that man. And one good thing I learned from the ball players was not to talk too much. Those real athletes seldom have much to say. They get into the habit of going out and doing it instead of talking about it. Some of them felt that I was good enough to be given a chance on the team as utility infielder, but nothing was done about it. Perhaps George thought I was still too young to stand the strain of a hard season. But I was hardening up all the time. Three months in the garage helped. I enjoyed that work, too. I liked motors. I was pretty smart and attentive, and before the summer was over they got another boy for the washing and greasing and let me help in taking down motors and overhauling and tuning up. And there were interesting chances to drive for people.

The next summer, when it came around, found me nearly seventeen. The war was on, and a lot of the fellows a little older than I were enlisting or being caught in the draft. It hit the ball teams, of course. Some of the players who weren't drafted saved themselves by going into the shipyards and other essential industries. On the day that high school finished, at dinner, Uncle Fred said that George Nelson wanted to see me, and I went right around to his house. I'd been wondering what I'd do during the summer. It looked like another garage job. Uncle Fred hadn't said anything, and I'd been kind of waiting for him to speak.

Well, they had decided to take me on the team. George said they probably wouldn't feel that they could pay me very much that first year, but that if I'd accept seventy-five a month the treasurer would give me a contract. It wasn't a fortune, and I knew Uncle Fred would make me pay board out of it, but it looked like an opening and I did it. George put me right in at short-stop, and it is only fair to say that I made good from the beginning. At any rate I held the job for three years and a part of the fourth. I worked my head off.

That first season I batted only .236, but I stole eighteen bases and scored as many runs as two of the men who batted more than .270. The next year, because I was small for a ball player, only five-foot-seven and a half, and was steadily learning new tricks, George put me in as lead-off man. That year I batted .248 and stole twenty-six bases. People around the circuit began to watch me and talk about me. The third season was my best. I batted .254



I grabbed the Rube's arm. The glass of booze went sailing and spilled on the floor. He looked mad, but I didn't care for that. I shouted right out: "Can't you see what they're up to, Rube?"

and stole thirty-seven bases. I made a specialty that year of picking the exact moment for a big lead-off from second and stealing third. It used to set the fans wild. I was now a real feature of the team and the circuit, and began to have dreams of climbing up into the American Association and perhaps some day into one of the big leagues. The crowds liked my nerve and my freckles and my red head. Everybody in Indiana, it began to seem, knew a little something about Sandy Burr. Around second base I believe it is fair to say that I was really good. My speed and quick thinking made me very snappy in double plays. And one big baseball man who watched us some during the two years that Art Engstrom played alongside me at second base told Uncle Fred that he had never been able to figure out which of us was going to cover. Art and I killed off a number of pennant prospects by our play around second. Indianapolis scouted me, but said nothing. And once Jim Drury spent a day at the park, but he too went away without a word. This was disappointing.

It was in May of the fourth summer that I broke my left leg sliding into third. That was a blow. During the two weeks that I lay in my room at Uncle Fred's with the plaster cast on I did a good deal of thinking. I had never before considered the risks of the game. And there were other things. I thought of the hundreds of men who played around the bush leagues until they became too old either to go on earning a living that way or to pick up any other trade. And I began for the first time to think about the big leaguers who drop back into the bushes. I had seen a lot of these. Most of them were quiet, sad men.

Old George dropped in to see me quite often —he was nice about those things, always thoughtful and always looking out for his men— and one evening I asked him what he really thought about my chances of getting on in the game. He sat turning this over in his mind for quite a long time. Finally he said:

"Well, Sandy, I don't know. It's pretty stiff work up there in the big leagues. You've got to be more than good, you've got to be awfully good. If there's any kind of fault in you they'll find it and play to it. It's a merciless game."

"Then you don't think I'm good enough?"

He considered this for a while. "Look here, Sandy," he finally remarked, in his grave way, "let's put it like this. You're young."

"Twenty-one in July."

"Hmm! Twenty-one! Have you been able to save any money?"

"About sixteen hundred dollars."

"Well, I don't know. I'd call you a ball player. But if you want my advice, Sandy—"

"I do, George."

"If I were you, I'd look around for a real job. Something there's a chance to advance in. There really isn't much use of making the fight in baseball unless you're sure you've got it in you to be a star."

"And there's another thing," said I, pretty gloomily. "A thing that's been on my mind a lot. . . . Oh, it's not a girl. It's a serious thing."

"You know I'll always wish you luck, Sandy," said George, as he took my hand. "And if there's ever anything I can do, just call on me."

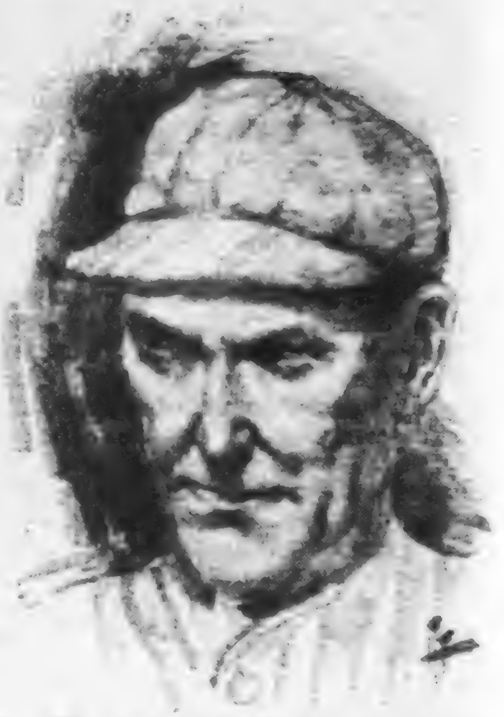
IT IS true that I hadn't paid much attention to girls. In fact I don't quite know how to explain what I was living through in those years. I was busy and active as could be. You have to be if you're a ball player. All the time I was thinking about the day's work, how to make myself more perfect in that most perfect of games. Nobody who hasn't played it as it is played in the leagues will ever know what a beautiful game it is. The college boys don't know. The fans never do. We were all of us pretty silent and shy, even a little resentful, when the fans were around. They never saw into the plays. They cheered the wrong things, and blamed you, likely as not, when you were doing exactly the right ones. They wanted to win all the time, of course. So did we. But they didn't love the game itself as we did. You'd have said that we talked, ate, lived, dreamed baseball. And we did.

And yet there were times when I felt that all this was a sort of outside shell. Something else was going on inside me. I saw plenty of girls and women. Most of them were a pretty rough lot. A ball player sees a great many rough things. All the cities we played in seemed to me to be wide open. Prohibition had come in by then, but it didn't make much difference that I could see except that the booze was bad and cost more. Almost everybody appeared to have an almost unlimited amount of money and to be throwing it around with a good deal of enthusiasm. Everybody had automobiles. Practically all the men we met were traders and salesmen, everybody selling things to the others. Money was the thing. You had to have it to be respected at all. Real money. I knew that I ought to be breaking into this money game if I was ever to get anywhere. But I didn't like it. Sometimes I fell to wondering if I wasn't just naturally soft. I was grateful, of course, to Uncle Fred, and admired his success, but can't say I liked the things he and his friends did. I was beginning to wonder if they were digging pretty deeply into the town. Wondering if there mightn't be a blow-off of some kind.

No, what I was thinking about was my mother. I didn't ask about her any more. Perhaps I was afraid of what the answers might be. Whatever the reason it was pretty completely shut up inside me. But I dreamed about her a lot. I looked for her in city streets. Those boyish pictures of her were always somewhere in the back of my head for me to think about in unguarded hours. I didn't see a girl or a woman that was as beautiful as my memories of her. One night when I was lying in bed all set to fall asleep this hunger came to me with unusual strenth. Funny thing, too. We had played a double-header that afternoon, and I'd hit really well. I came away feeling pretty well set up. At dinner I was full of good humor. In those days Aunt Ella's arthritis had got hold of her and she had a young girl who dressed her and helped her in and out of her wheeled chair and brought her things. I wheeled her in to dinner myself that night, and was so full of high spirits that once or twice she smiled at things I said. After dinner I wandered down to Larrabee's and shot pool for a couple of hours, and then walked home, read a while in the *Geographic Magazine*, and then went to bed. I'd have said myself that I'd had a great day and was about as happy as a young fellow could be.

And then that feeling came. I could see her drying her hair in the window and smiling at me in her lazy, lovely way. And then it became a restlessness. I wanted to go, travel, hunt up places where she might be, somehow to find her. I felt perfectly able to take care of myself. I could always play ball or pick up a job in a garage or drive somebody's car. I was a quiet, well-behaved fellow. I dressed well. What my thoughts seemed to be working around to in this rather crazy way was that she might be in trouble. I knew I could take care of her, along with myself. And I belonged with her. I had never belonged here at Uncle Fred's. It wasn't much more than a tavern to me.

Yes, I think I made my decision that night. I felt that perhaps it would be wiser to look around for a business opening and begin the long grind, one more long grind, but all the time knew that I didn't intend doing anything of the sort. And after that I grew more restless every day. This feeling must have come to me nearly a year before that talk with Old George. It wasn't that I made plans. I didn't. I walked around, met people, played ball, had plenty of fun, and yet all the time I was another fellow, too. The thing burned in me. And even then I began noticing other people in a new way, wondering what they were up to, really what deeper thoughts and schemes were burning in them. In the case of most of the young fellows I knew who played around and seemed normal enough, it was women. There's no denying that when a normal healthy chap is breaking out of the 'teens and into the twenties he has times of being so excited about women he hardly knows what he's doing. I wasn't that way, not to any great degree, but that, I think now, was just my good luck. Once in a while a fellow I knew well, or thought I knew well, a fellow who seemed as busy and active and open-minded as any of us, would say something that let you into some deep desperate thoughts he had to live with, and right away you'd see that he was somebody else, too. Perhaps I'm not making myself clear, but I know what I mean. And I'm right enough. I never meet a man, or even a woman, now, without keeping kind of quiet and watchful. You see, I can't help wondering what they're up to, behind the surface.



The minute I heard his name I knew who he was, George Nelson who used to play first base for the New York Giants.

DURING my last spring with the Carversville team a man turned up that interested me a lot. He was rather elderly, at least in his fifties. He was tall and remarkably thin, with a long, solemn face. He always wore black clothes, almost like an undertaker, and a black derby hat. Even in the dead of summer he wore that black derby hat. I first met him in Uncle Fred's office, one day when I happened in there. He was introduced as Mr. Green. And Uncle Fred called him Ben. They were cousins or something. And he had known Sunbury and my folks. The first thing he said to me was, "Well, well! So you're Sandy Burr. The last time I saw you I bounced you on my knee. You were a comic little red head. Takes after his mother, Fred."

I saw Uncle Fred's eyes turn on him. And then he switched the subject. But I made up my mind then and there to see more of him. I was too smart by this time to ask blunt questions. I wouldn't give myself away like that.

But here was a man who might tell me something. He was out at the park that afternoon, sitting alone in Uncle Fred's box, by the dugout. He nodded to me, and I went over and leaned on the front of the box before the game and we chatted. This was early in May, a few weeks before I broke my leg. He didn't seem to have any particular business. He would sit around Uncle Fred's office or on the hotel veranda, and go out to the ball game afternoons. He was around for weeks after that, and I found myself kind of hanging on to him. I took him down to Larrabee's one evening and we shot a little pool, or rather he did. I had just one chance to shoot, and that was on the first break. He was the cleverest man with the cue I had ever seen up to that time. He would have the boy frame up the balls and then pocket the whole fifteen, one after another. He did trick shots, sinking two or three balls at a time, calling all the pockets, and playing unbelievable combinations. And he did all of it in an easy, confident way, sometimes looking just a little amused. Everybody in the room crowded around to watch.

Later I walked over to the hotel with him, and he said,

"You're playing grand ball, Sandy. I never saw prettier work around second. Collins and Barry have nothing on you."

And then I surprized myself. I answered gloomily (I can hear my voice saying it now),

"Oh, I don't know. I'm thinking of giving it up."

"Giving it up? Really? Why?"

"I don't know, exactly. Guess I'd like to travel."

I caught myself then, and held my breath a minute. Why had I said it? I honestly didn't know I'd been thinking any such thing. Not so definitely. Even after the talk with Old George I didn't know that I was going to come down to stopping the whole thing. It was that other me breaking through. It frightened me a little. You see, later that summer, when I had the talk with George Nelson, I really believed I wanted to go right on playing baseball and win a place on one of the big circuits. But old Ben Green affected me that way from the first. He touched the deeper me. I suppose it was because he had spoken of my mother. Now do you see why I watch folks and keep my own counsel?

I asked Uncle Fred next day what Mr. Green did.

He replied, "Oh, I wouldn't have much to do with that old bird, Sandy."

"Why not? He seems rather interesting."

"He isn't our sort, that's why."

"But what does he do?"

"That would be a pretty hard question to answer right off. Something or other with the circus."

"The circus? You don't say. What one?"

"I don't know exactly. Last season he seemed to be with the Beals and Bundy show."

This was, now, interesting. Circuses traveled. Went everywhere. I liked that. And the Beals and Bundy show was one of the biggest. But I said nothing more to Uncle Fred about it.

While I was laid up he dropped in to see me one day after lunch and sat a while.

"Well, Sandy," said he, "caught making a slide for home, eh?"

"Caught good and plenty," said I.

For a little while then he sat smoking a corncob pipe and I could feel his eyes taking me in. "It is funny, my boy—how much you look like your mother."

I felt my heart jump. Queer about that, wasn't it! Just that soft side of me that I could never quite understand. But I wasn't going to let old Ben Green in on that. It was my affair, not his. After a little, I said:

"I couldn't tell that myself. I haven't seen her since I was twelve."

"You were twelve, eh? Hmm. Yes, I see just about. But haven't you heard from her?"

"Not a word."

"Hmm. Strange case. Naturally she couldn't go back to Sanbury."

I didn't meet this remark with anything. I couldn't trust my tongue. I felt pretty excited. There was no doubt at all that he could tell me something of what I was aching to know. But I wasn't going to let myself be stampeded. I'd work it around in time. So I just asked:

"How long are you going to be around here, Mr. Green?"

He went over to the window, lifted the screen, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. Then lowered the screen and came back, filling his pipe from a worn old pouch.

"Sounds kind of funny to hear any one call me 'Mr. Green.' Folks don't, as a rule."

"Well, I don't know as I—"

"May as well call me Ben, first as last."

"Why, sure! Glad to."

"As for sticking around here, why I rather guess I'll run over to Columbus about Sunday. I have a little business over there."

SO THERE wasn't going to be much time. I'd been thinking I'd just make a point of asking him to drop in again for a visit and see if I couldn't work the talk around, one day or another. But it was already Thursday.

"I've never been in Columbus," I said then, really just sparring for time to think how I'd go at it. I wished I knew him better. As it was, I had to admit to myself that I didn't, as we say, get him at all. After thinking some, and still just sparring, I said, "I'd like to travel."

"That's natural enough. Most young fellows

[*Continued on page 152*]

Card Sharps *on the* High Seas

Big games for huge stakes are the rule when internationally notorious crooks get their victims together for a session at bridge or poker. Sometimes the results have been highly dramatic

by William Moffat

THE ordinary game of cards as played in the smoking-room of the transatlantic liner does not attract the "aces" of the profession. A sitting where as much as fifty thousand dollars may be lost requires the privacy of a suite and the most skilful management on the part of the suave card professional. Nowadays he must be able to meet his prospective victim on equal terms socially, and his motto, like Napoleon's, must be "Audacity, always audacity."

THE annual exodus to Europe being now at its height, the ocean-going traveler, who, after settling down in his allotted cabin, wends his way to the smoking-room of the steamer may see, as he often has before, an official notice, "Warning! Gamblers are on board." He experiences a spasm of caution which may or may not last as long as an average New Year's resolution. The state of mind induced by such a notice as a rule doesn't last long.

The traveler looks on with growing interest as three or four persons, apparently strangers to each other, make up a quartette at "bridge" or start up a small game of poker, that pastime which the late J. Pierpont Morgan once so strenuously objected to being termed our national game. Fifty-cent limit, jacks to open the pot, strikes a certain type of traveler as exceedingly moderate. He is accustomed to a dollar or two dollar game at his club in his home town and makes no objection when next day some one in the party, which has now become quite chummy, suggests raising the limit to two dollars. If he will consent to a five dollar limit so much the better as poker is a slow game in comparison with other methods of relieving the unwary of superfluous lucre. It serves well as an introduction because nearly everybody is acquainted with the game and it is one of the average man's illusions that he can play it just a little bit better than his neighbor.

Bridge, with its bid raising, or even auction pinochle, presents greater possibilities to the professional gambler or "cheater." It was at three-handed bridge, for instance, that an internationally known steel magnate, who was very much in the public eye, lost $50,000 while en route from Europe back to the good old U. S. A.

This is on the authority of C. J. Scully, whose experience has brought him into contact with all the big seagoing card sharps. For seventeen years he was in charge of that branch of the Department of Justice which cooperates with the world famous Scotland Yard of London in the protection of the big transatlantic steamers of the Cunard, White Star, and United American lines, from the depredations of the international crooks and card sharps who ply their trade in this field of endeavor. When Mr. Scully resigned from the Department of Justice to take up his present work as Director of Criminal Investigations for the National Association of Credit Men, he was persuaded to recall some of the most interesting of the internationally notorious crooks and the methods they used to fleece their wealthy prey.

It was at that same game of three-handed bridge, he remembered, that a junior member of one of the best known banking houses in New York was relieved of $10,000. It was characteristic of the first mentioned of these two sufferers that when it was suggested to him by a friend that he should not pay, as he must have been cheated, he absolutely declined to entertain any such suggestion. "I didn't see anything wrong at the time and I'm not going to plead the baby act now," was his reply. But the experience is one that he is not likely to repeat. "Bridge was invented to get the suckers'

[*Continued on page 144*]

FOR seventeen years C. J. Scully was in charge of the branch of the Department of Justice that protects passengers on the big transatlantic liners from international crooks and card sharps. Bridge is a favorite game of the professional gambler who seeks his wealthy victims on board ship. The more prominent the victim the less likely he is to "squeal," so the superior crook cultivates all the social graces that enable him to mix on terms of equality with travelers of consequence.

JOHN McLAREN is chief of the Rocky Mountain District of the Forest Service, which is known as the Asbestos District because of its enviable record for fire suppression. Chief McLaren's aim is to prevent all man-made fires and to concentrate his highly trained forces on those caused by lightning.

A Veteran Fighter of Forest Fires

"Catch 'em young and treat 'em rough," is Chief John McLaren's prescription for the fire menace on the twenty-three million acres of forests under his supervision. Speed, skill and pluck are required of the minute-men of the fire patrol

by Arthur Hawthorne Carhart

IF JOHN McLAREN wore a uniform and brass buttons you would instinctively call him "Colonel." No matter what he wore you would naturally give him some kind of a title, anyway. But to his friends he is just plain "Mac" or "John," and because his acquaintances soon become his friends, everybody calls him by the friendly name.

THE most spectacular of the thirty-seven hundred forest fires that Chief McLaren has fought are those of the dreaded "running crown" variety, favorite of story writers and motion-picture directors, but dreaded by foresters and lumbermen. Massed flames jump hundreds of feet at a leap, and every minute counts in the effort to check a conflagration such as once laid waste a tract of eleven miles of valuable timberland between three in the afternoon and nightfall. Chief McLaren can put in action three hundred men, completely organized, within thirty minutes after an alarm is sounded.

Mac is a scrapper. He has to be to hold the position he fills. He is the head of an organization which is always ready to go over the top for eight months of each year. This army must be on its toes every minute of that time, for if it is slow in going into action when the enemy attacks, the advantage of a quick counter-attack is lost. McLaren's men have fought many hot battles; sometimes they have been desperate ones, and usually they have had in them some kind of a thrill. Many times John McLaren has been on the line personally facing the fight against the lurid enemy. That battle line is far flung, extending for hundreds of miles over the roughest country in America.

Mac is fire chief in the Rocky Mountain District of the Forest Service; fire chief for 23,000,000 acres of National Forest.

Altogether there are 157,000,000 acres in our National Forests. Most other districts average nearly the same size as the Rocky Mountain District., But most men familiar with the forest-fire work will concede that the Rocky Mountain District has a tip-top record in fire suppression—a reputation among the eight districts in the nation for the small number and the small size of its fires.

A good-natured smile was the first answer to a question shot over the desk where Mr. McLaren plans his campaigns against the army of the flames. He chuckled.

"Sure I can tell you how many fires we've had in this district since I came on the job."

He turned to the stack of filing ledgers of prodigious perimeters and varying thicknesses which were on his desk. Selecting one he turned to a page filled with columns of dates and figures and ran his forefinger down a column to the total.

"I've been on this job seven years," he remarked. "In that time, let me see— Here it is. There have been 3,746 recorded fires.

"If you are interested in figures, in Colorado in 1925 the fires burned over only 241 acres of forest land. There are thirteen and a quarter million acres of forest in this state, so you can see what this year's relationship of the areas burned is to the total. Almost negligible. But in the six states in this district there was considerably more acreage. It totaled 16,000. That was due to a helluva fire in Michigan."

The Michigan fire must have been actually responsible for this total. Quick figuring showed that this total acreage was only one-tenth of one per cent. burned in one year in spite of that very sizeable Michigan fire. McLaren noted this percentage and he chuckled again.

"They call this the 'Asbestos District,' " he said. "We manage to show such a low total that other fire fighters of the service try to figure out some atmospheric condition here that prevents forest fires."

"Anything to that idea?"

"Well, there might be," he agreed. "But we catch our fires when they are young and treat them rough. That is the secret of the comparatively low acreage. When a fire gets started our machinery starts operating and it isn't very long before some one gets to the fire and kills it while a few men can kill it. The old fires are the ones that are bad to handle. A little fire can be knocked cold in a few minutes if some one gets right after it.

"Want to see the way it works when a fire gets reported?" he asked.

"First of all, you know that we have lookouts on the high peaks at certain strategic points. These men are stationed in the lookouts sometimes as early as May, when the fire season often starts if the season opens early, and they may stay there until the middle of October if the fall is dry. These lookouts have fire finders in front of them that resemble in some features the range finders you see on big guns. When a column of smoke starts up from the forest, these lookouts train their instruments on the fire and they can locate about where it is burning. They telephone to forest headquarters or to the nearest ranger. Sometimes the report may come to the forest headquarters from some settler, tourist, or other party who sights the fire.

"This report sets the machinery going. Here, look," he said, and dived into a drawer of the desk bringing out a big impressive printed form. "Here is the fire plan brought down to a single sheet of paper.

"Up here in the top of the first column is a section ruled off for listing the regular, full-time forest-service personnel of the individual forest. Their rank in the organization, 'phone number and other information are given. Whoever may be in the ranger's office or the office of the supervisor when the fire call comes knows where the forest office nearest to the fire is located.

How Team-Work Licks a Fire

"THIS next is the list of key men. These men are settlers who have agreed to take charge of fighting a fire until a regular forest officer comes. They are some of the best citizens in or near the forest, active and interested in the welfare of the community. Time after time these men have taken charge and had a fire licked before a regular officer could get there. The minute a fire starts they automatically become forest officers with full power to act. They know their responsibility and they are ready to shoulder it.

"The next line in our army are the cooperators. They are also residents. Following that, crew foremen are listed. They know how to run a crew on the fire line. We are acquainted with these fellows from past performances and trust them not to lose men.

"Getting men into danger is no small crime when fighting a fire. It's bad business to take risks. We've singed a few and put the fear in a lot of others in this district, but the loss of life is remarkably low.

"Special men come next on the sheet as you see. These men fill places that require training or experience, and include cooks, packers, and timekeepers. And then comes a list of laborers. These are men available for fire fighting who do not have either special qualifications or personal interest in the community in which the fire is burning.

"There is the army. All the officers listed; all the non-coms and privates lined up. With a fire reported it is a matter of telephoning like sin for a few minutes and you have the whole machine in motion so far as the personnel is concerned. First you get the key men. All you have to say to those fellows is that a fire is popping on a certain creek and they are on the go. Nothing is left to chance. We are ready with a preorganized force of fighters any hour of the day or night. Sometimes there have been times when calls reporting a fire came into the supervisor's office while all the men were away. Everybody in this district is so filled with the idea that the instant a fire starts some one must start for the fire, that the girls in the office, the clerks and the stenos, have, on occasion, grabbed the 'phone, put the fire plan before the army and set the whole campaign against the fire going. That is only possible because we are fully organized beforehand.

"But getting back to this sheet which is the fire plan in brief. You find here other lists. There is a list of transportation under the head of 'Transportation, Government.' It is listed as motors, trucks, teams and wagons, motorboats, pack animals, saddle-horses, and canoes. With this sheet before him any forest officer or cooperator will know just where to get the kind of transportation needed when the time comes.

"Then there is this column titled, 'Transportation, Private.' The list following that shows equipment available from private sources. Another column shows where food supplies are to be had. These necessities are all lined up weeks before any fire pops."

Reference to food reminded me of an incident I witnessed in the office of the Superior National Forest of Minnesota. A fire call came in. The supervisor went hurriedly to a map on the wall, struck a pin where the fire was supposed to be, and called another lookout. The second lookout verified the fire. Then, with quick military-like orders he started a crew for that fire.

"Oscar," he cried, grabbing a ready-typed list of men with addresses, "take this and get a ten-man crew. Joe, you go down to the warehouse

Twenty minutes of ground fire has licked this forest for the next fifty years. To prevent such catastrophes, lookouts like old hawk-eye below crouch over the range finders on scores of high peaks at strategic points throughout the reserve from May well into October. Like scouts in No Man's Land, they watch for columns of smoke, sight them on the map, telephone forest headquarters or the nearest ranger, and put in motion an army of fire fighters.

and get four canoes ready. Denby, you help Joe with the canoes and then get out pack sacks, blankets, cooking kit, and tools for the crew."

The supervisor turned to the telephone again and gave a number.

"Hello," he called. "Miller's store? Fix up a bunch of grub for a ten-man fire crew."

That was all there was to ordering several days' supply for ten men. Part of those supplies were already put up in cloth sacks ready to go, and a list of additional food was tacked on the wall of that grocery store, so the owner could rush together the perishable foodstuffs not previously bundled and ready.

In less than two minutes after that fire was sighted the campaign against it had been launched. In less than twenty minutes there was a crew, fully equipped and provisioned, on the way to fight the flames. I had marveled then at the speed with which the organization functioned. Now, on one single sheet of paper, John McLaren was showing me the whole organization of the anti-forest-fire army. It is simple. But it is strong and effective in its simplicity.

It was in the Superior National Forest, by the way, that I first met the "spook" fire. Fernberg, lookout between fifteen and twenty miles east from Ely, the forest headquarters, sighted a fire to the northwest. Slim Lake, lookout west of Ely, sighted a fire answering about the same description to the northeast.

"Go get it," cried the forest supervisor.

A crew went out and looked all day for the fire at the point in the forest where the lines of sight crossed. For there, where the lines of sight from two lookouts cross, a fire which they both report is generally discovered.

"No fire there," said the ranger in charge of the crew the next morning after bringing in his men.

The supervisor called the lookouts.

"He's crazy," answered the lookouts. "There's a fire booming about there now; smoke column just piling up."

Out went the fire crew again. But there was no fire.

Then they found that Fernberg was sighting a fire miles and miles farther northwest of the point where the fire was supposed to be and Slim Lake was sighting a fire miles and more miles northeast, both far beyond the forest. But the point at which the lines of sight to those two independent fires had crossed had indicated a fire booming in the forest. The country being hazy neither lookout could tell how far they were sighting to the fire they saw. So the crew had, for two days, chased a "spook" fire.

Another column in John McLaren's organization chart bore the caption, "Law Enforcement." It had a threatening suggestion. Mac smiled a little as we came to it in his explanation of the fire-plan chart.

"We don't pull as many as we should maybe," he said. "You know there are Federal laws which make it go pretty hard with a person even if he sets a fire unintentionally. And if he has set the fire designedly—well that is what all that column is about. If we catch the lawbreaker we soak it to him. There is a heavy fine and if necessary a term in Federal prison attached to such a crime. And besides the Federal laws there are state statutes which cover the setting of forest fires."

Finally on this condensed chart for campaigns against fires there is a place for listing the distances between principal points. This completes the single-page outline which gives in brief the whole scheme of each ranger district for throwing a band of men against a fire no matter where it may break. Each forest has from five to a dozen ranger districts. So, at most, fifteen such sheets will cover the fire plan of a forest of a million acres. All that is necessary to launch fire fighters against a fire is to know the ranger district it is in and then use the telephone.

"Get That Fire—Now!"

THERE is an old story about Von Moltke, the general who won the Franco-Prussian War. He was awakened in the middle of the night by an officer from Bismarck to tell him war had been declared. He went to a wall safe, pulled out a drawer, took from it a bundle of documents containing the complete orders to every army unit for the plan of campaign and turned them over to his chief of staff. Then he went peacefully back to bed again. The army was on its way. Fire Chief McLaren has a system that seems to get even more immediate results, but no one can imagine him peacefully going back to bed while things are happening.

In addition to his paper plan of fire fighting there is a material side to the scheme. Trucks listed in transportation are actual available trucks, not theoretical pieces of equipment. The food supply listed is almost instantly available for transporting to a fire camp. Out in the forest on the network of roads and trails and at junction points there are fire caches. These are boxes covered with galvanized iron in which are stored picks, shovels, lanterns, water-buckets, and axes. Through the timber run telephone lines which are kept in repair during the fire season even if they are in working order no other time during the year. For they are the threads which hold together this widely separated army which fights fire. Any paper plan is worth only the paper itself if there is nothing material to back it up. Our Forest Service has the real materials back of its paper plan.

It is very much like looking at the well-planned scheme of military operations turned out by a first-class staff officer to see the fire plan of a forest. In the office it is but an outline. But as you go into the field you begin to find the equipment, the lookouts, the ranger stations, even the key men and the cooperators, every cog in the machinery in gear, men instructed as to the parts to be played, prepared to go into action at first call.

The man responsible for this anti-fire machine is Mac, who is the officer in charge of the organization which has fought over thirty-seven hundred fires. No wonder a person feels like calling McLaren "Colonel." He really is an old, tried, experienced campaigner.

"What starts these fires?" I asked.

"Up to three years ago forty-two per cent. of the fires in our forests were caused by railways. Now there are less than ten per cent. caused by railroads. Railways are no longer violators except in a very few instances. By putting on speeders, patrols, and getting crews to fires in a hurry they have killed those fires before they could be called fires.

"There's the point of our whole campaign. We are after every person who goes near the forest to get them to help us keep out fires. Our goal is pretty high I'll admit, but it is to have a season when every forest in the district will be a fireless forest and then keep up that record. I guess that is nigh impossible because of lightning, but at any rate we can make it a season when there are no man-caused fires. If we can do that we have reached our goal. It can be done. We have had a few fireless forests this year. They show up nearly every season. And when we get even more of the movement, the mass impulse to fight a fire as soon as it appears, spread around, we are going to have a forest fire licked as far as any one can lick it."

Generally there is nothing spectacular in this fire-fighting army. But there is a lot of romance back of it. The romance that is to be found in the old Northwest Mounted and the Texas Rangers is expressed in the words: "Get your

Chief McLaren makes many of his rounds behind the wheel of a kind of flivver used on the logging roads. Thanks to a highly trained organization of patrols and fire fighters, his Rocky Mountain District shows an enviable record for the suppression of fires such as destroyed the forest in the photograph.

man." With the forest organization, both among the salaried officers of the service and the volunteers who are the key men and cooperators, it is "Get that Fire—NOW!" And they do get it, NOW.

"You've probably run into a lot of dramatic situations in the fire camps," I suggested.

Mac puffed at his old black brier and looked a bit reminiscent.

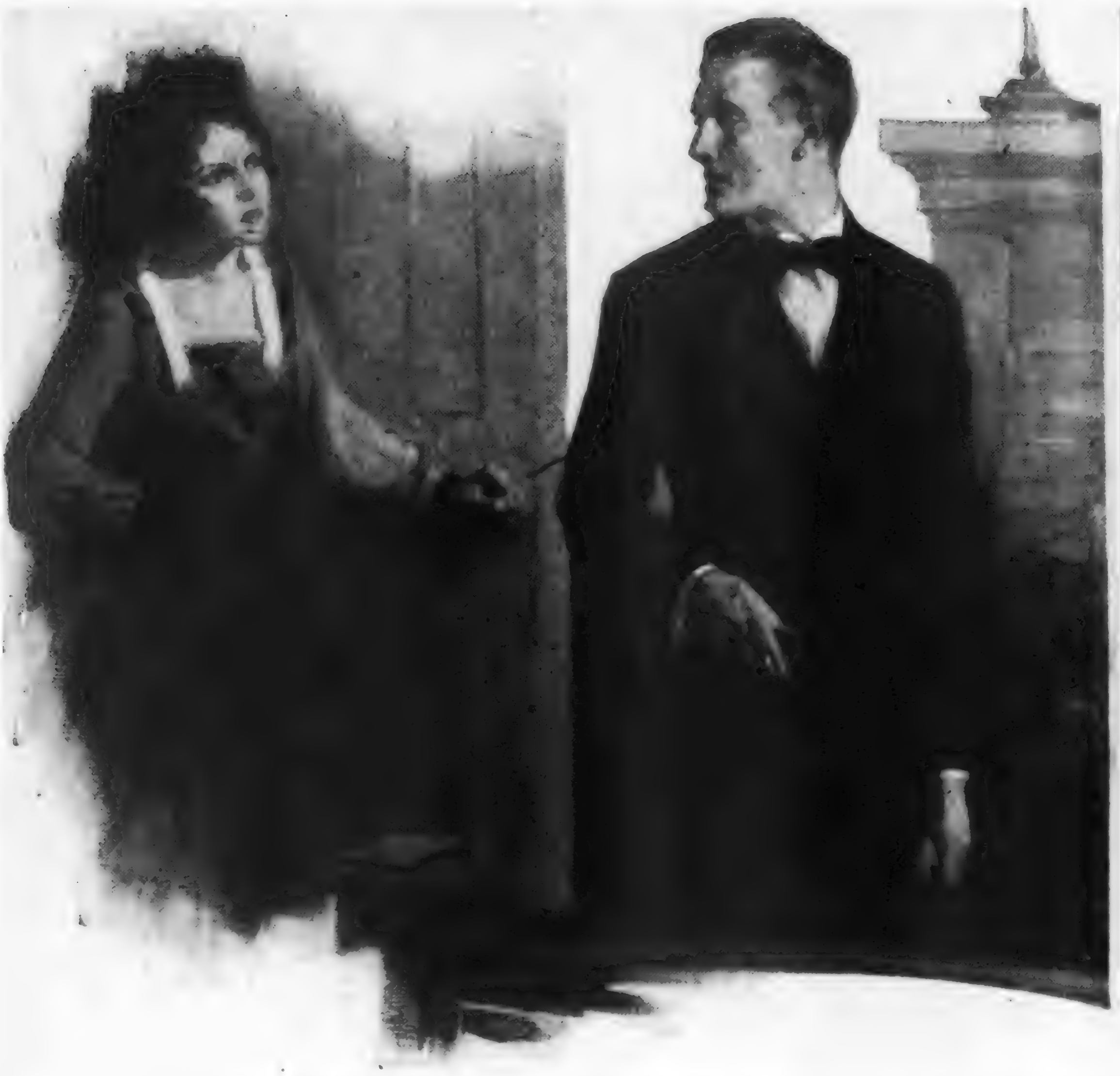
"Oh, yes," he admitted. "There is a lot of human interest around one of those camps. But there is nothing spectacular. You would see some grimy men moving around, seemingly aimlessly, but they are on the job jabbing away at the fire, taking a foot here and giving only an inch at another point, and finally they choke it inside of a tight fire line and the fire is licked."

"Then this idea that every forest fire is a great hurrying mass of flames that leap for hundreds of yards at a jump is all wrong?"

"No, not all wrong. We had a fire last season that burned eleven miles along the north shore of Lake Superior between three in the afternoon and nightfall. It was one of those running crown fires. And the West Portal fire last year was another spectacular fire.

"Maybe I better tell you something about different kinds of fires so you will know what I'm talking about. There are several kinds of

[*Continued on page 165*]



Lady Cazalet began screaming hysterically; then the door opened, and a young woman

Illustrated by
Stockton Mulford

Battle

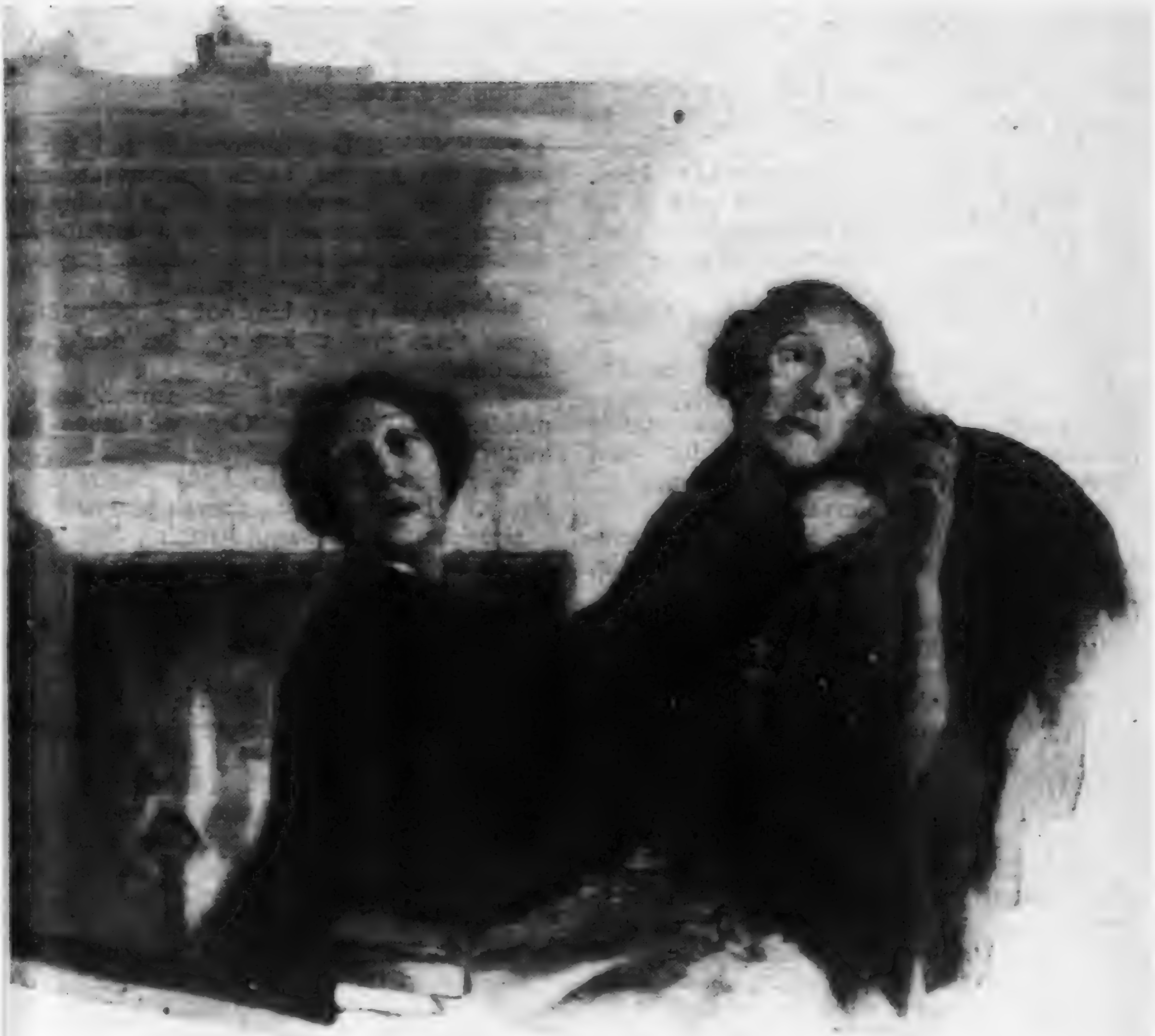
The story of a headstrong

ON A Sunday morning several people sat in unsociable silence in a waiting-room and were conducted one by one in to Doctor Platt. He was slender, tall, with a boyish face. None had guessed from his manner that he had been up all night nor suspected that the patients he was now seeing represented bad debts.

All of them didn't, it was true. Some kept him waiting about a year and a half, one or two paid cash—the cash they paid about covered the cost of the medicine for the lot. But that didn't matter. He fixed on a headlight and looked into their ears or lanced a felon or shoved a spoon down their throats, and said "Good morning," washed his hands and waited for the next.

And at last all were gone.

Then he washed his hands finally and said aloud:



seemingly furious appeared. "Doctor Platt, what are you doing to my aunt?" she asked.

Royal

By Guy Fletcher

girl who hated men

"There's no doubt, Doctor Platt, you've bought a pup."

That was pretty accurate. It was practice rather than a practice. It had been cheap, and damned expensive. As the lather creamed on his hands he saw himself walking the hospitals again. Jolly hard days; jolly days too. Fourteen next wrote itself in the soap-bubbles. Over the top and the best of luck—what a battalion! Passchendaele. He shivered to think of that shell which had exploded in the pill-box and carried to the winds the man he had been dressing. Leaving him untouched, that was the joke of it. The boils those poor devils had had. And he was here, and they were—all over the globe; some still out there, some smoking cigars, some selling matches. Well, he wasn't doing that yet.

He laughed, drying his hands, and looked out of the window. New houses — new houses everywhere. But none to let. And that was the joke of that. They'd be bought all right;

and Smith would move in there, his furniture on the hire-purchase, his salary mortgaged till kingdom come. But he'd dress for dinner—though it wasn't paid for; and the little Smiths—poor little wretches—would get the whooping-cough; and Smith would call in Dr. Platt. And they'd get better; and he'd send in his bill; and Smith would sell the house he couldn't afford—and go. And then Brown would buy; and Mrs. Brown, poor soul—

Yes, that was life in this expanding London suburb.

He dropped the towel in a basket, turned to his desk and thought: "Yes, Dr. Platt, you've bought a pup and it's got distemper and you'd better go out in your flivver and visit it." But he was looking at an application for rates.

And then the telephone rang.

"I know—little Annie Skinner's temperature's gone up;" but his secretary, coming in, answered it.

Gasped: "Do you know who wants you?"

"Buckingham Palace?"

She didn't smile—only said: "Nearly!"

"Good God!" said he.

And five minutes later was bumping the flivver up Rider hill.

"This is a joke, of course," he thought. "This is the best joke of all. Lady Agatha Cazalet—I wonder if she pays?"

And he breasted the hill. He was in a part of the suburb he never visited. Houses here were unseen from the road. Here, if you were lucky, you paid social as well as professional calls; played tennis with slim, blasé girls; sniffed the bouquet of papa's wines well knowing what he could afford to pay when he sent for you. Oh, a noble profession—sometimes!

The flivver got her second wind, as it were, as he moved a lever, and Dr. Platt spied two of the most hideous creatures he had ever seen: dolphins with toothache: no wonder when they were destined to ride cumbent on the top of a gate. Out went his arm, in went the car; into a drive of roses. Through his mind floated Arnold's Requiem. God knew why, unless he was intuitively aware that Lady Agatha was past his help.

He hoped not—for her sake and his own. The Lady Agatha might pay his rates.

The flivver stopped, he jumped out, a little bag in his hand; pressed a bell. The door opened, a girl in cap and apron looked out at him.

"Dr. Platt," he told her.

Then her mouth moved, but what she said was drowned in a great moaning from upstairs. She stepped back, he in; the Lady Agatha must be mortally ill.

The maid's lips worked again, and she pointed to the stairs. He threw down his hat and ran up. At the top a middle-aged woman dressed in black was wringing her hands; her red eyes matched her pale, haggard face. She opened a door.

"Oh, yes, a fat fee!"

HE ENTERED a bedroom, heated, though it was summer, to the temperature of a grape-house. The windows shut, a roaring fire. Before the fire an old lady in a flowered-silk dressing-gown, her face scorched, her gray hair awry, her feet in beaver slippers.

She looked up at him out of wide-staring eyes. "Are you a doctor? You don't look like one."

"I am, nevertheless." He turned to the middle-aged woman. "Can we move her away?"

"Move me away!" cried Lady Cazalet plaintively. "I ain't going to a nursing-home."

Her companion began coaxing her. "He means away from the fire, dear. Do what the doctor tells you."

"But I like the fire."

While she whined they drew back the chair.

Platt examined her.

"What makes you suspect potted-meat?" he asked, at last.

"Suspect!" echoed the excited lady. "I don't suspect, do I, Webster? I know it was bad. I've an iron band round my heart, and I'm seeing black specks like clouds of flies. I'm dying of botulism—"

"Don't talk of dying, dear!"

"Of botulism. Is that what you call it?"

"When did you eat this potted-meat?"

"Oh, how many more questions! One, was it, Webster?"

"About one, dear. Yes, about one, doctor."

"One—when?"

"This morning. Our darling couldn't sleep and—and fancied a sandwich."

"Yes, it's not botulism," said Platt.

Lady Cazalet peered at him suspiciously. "Then I'm dying—"

The companion cried with feeble anger: "How naughty of you to say that! I won't have it. We hope to have you with us many years yet."

"Oh, stop your chatter do, Webster. Young man, I'm dying of ptomaine poisoning. Is that your news?"

"No. You're dying of nothing. You're suffering from indigestion."

"Indigestion!" The old lady, her little red veins filling in her face, nearly lifted herself out of the chair. "Never had such a thing in my life."

"Now, dear, don't excite yourself."

"Excite myself! What will you suggest next?"

Platt looked at the windows, then back at his patient. "Lady Cazalet, what did you have for dinner last night?"

"Oh, a little soup, that's all."

"And a little salmon?"

"Just the smallest bit, doctor."

"And a wing of chicken?"

"She hardly touched it."

"What else?"

"Oh—oh, a little apple-pie," said the guilty lady; "and a pint of champagne."

Platt looked at her sternly, "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

She gaped.

"You know, Lady Cazalet, you're not a young woman."

"How dare you!"

Webster echoed: "Yes, how dare you, sir!"

"Indigestion! I've been poisoned, that's what's happened." She laughed shrilly. "Poisoned, Webster, and he can't diagnose it! Insults me. Send for Miss Olga and have him turned out."

Platt looked again at the windows. "You know the temperature of this room is enough to kill you." He flung them open.

The old lady screamed. "Pneumonia will kill me—that's what will kill me."

"Oh, hush, dear!"

"Now, Lady Cazalet," said Platt, "you've sent for me and you've got to obey me. I'll bring back some medicine—"

"I won't take it!"

"She won't take it, Doctor."

He said hotly: "Then she must go on having an iron band round her heart."

Said Webster over her shoulder, for her arms were round her ladyship who was weeping silently: "You cruel man!"

"No, my friend, you're killing her with kindness."

"She's not! She's not!" The beaver feet pattered on the floor with rage.

"That fire's killing her. Her diet's killing her. No air and no exercise—"

Lazy Cazalet began screaming hysterically; then the door burst open, and a young woman beautifully dressed and seemingly furious appeared.

"What's the matter? Dr. Platt, what are you doing to my aunt?"

"I've told her she's been overeating herself, and if she doesn't do what I tell her she'll die."

"There, I knew I was dying. I'll have Newman. Take him away."

"Dr. Platt, please come."

"Very good." He picked up his bag and passed out. She followed, closing the door behind her, and went down-stairs in silence.

AND going down after her, Platt gazed at her hair.

He thought of a squirrel in the sunshine, he thought of the flames in old amber held to the light: it was so red and alive and beautiful. She entered a room off the hall; he stood there, waiting.

"Then it's not dangerous?"

But her eyes were.

"No."

She said witheringly: "How stupid you've been! Newman would have handled her better."

He believed Laura had had hair like that; no wonder Petrarch had fallen for it. He said: "I'm sorry."

"Oh, it's no use being sorry. You've no tact whatever. We shall do nothing with her now."

"Rubbish!"

"I wish she had sent for Newman."

"Why didn't she?"

"Because she's fed up with him—thank God, she's fed up with all of you now."

He laughed. "I alone was left! Well, I'll bring back something to remove that 'iron band' from her heart."

"She won't take it."

He was enjoying himself. "You'll make her."

"*I* shall!" Her red-specked dark irises blazed with fire.

He went on, coolly: "Then I'd take her for a stroll round the garden. And can't you get rid of that idiot Webster?"

"No."

"All right. But I think it's my duty to tell you this, Miss—er—"

"Neate."

"Neate," he repeated. "If your aunt doesn't change her manner of living she's heading for a stroke."

"That doesn't frighten me."

"No, but the stroke will."

She said: "You'll send in your bill?"

"Naturally."

"*Most* naturally."

He moved to the door. "Good morning. I'll bring back the medicine."

He did. She wouldn't take it; well, he had done his best.

As Platt left prosperity for the second time and now made for the new houses and sickness and bad debts, he was haunted by that girl with very red hair. Girls so colored were often plain; not that it made much difference. Cleopatra was said to be plain—that hadn't stopped Antony. No, men fell for red hair; and when its owner was beautiful, as for instance Helen of Troy or Miss Olga Neate—

Oh, hell! he had ridden by the first house of call. He reversed the flivver.

It was night; he sat over a pipe and had put dreams behind him. For that girl was the kind one never meets twice. And after all by rejecting the hill he had rejected her. No, he was thinking of facts. His rates immediately worried him. And if Lady Cazalet was fed up with doctors he was fed up with the incessant struggle to make ends meet.

He felt damnably inclined to write up the pup he had bought and sell it to another fool. All these people in the new houses which war-profiteers had erected in a tax-ridden land, Jones and Clark and Jenkins—poor devils who couldn't find a house to let but were forced to buy: poor devils with their hopeless fight, too, against odds; with their families and snobberies; what was it to him that they were likeable? For they were. They might leave their blinds up for dinner, they might steal away as silently as the Arabs owing the milkman and the butcher and Doctor Platt. But it wasn't their fault.

It was the faults of their human nature and the war. But he was fed up with the faults of human nature and the war. He was fed up with himself.

He rose, stretched his arms and yawned. God, he was sleepy. Switching the telephone to his bedroom, he went upstairs.

And while he was making up last night's sleep a wind blew in his ear; blew again and woke him. He groaned, leaned to the speaking-tube.

"Please, please, Doctor, I'm Blanche Williams. Daddy's not come home. And mother —I'm sure she wants you."

Now—what were these people to him? Yet his voice trembled as he said: "Hold on, darling."

Daddy hadn't come home; Daddy was trying to forget too; Daddy was bluffing on "a pair" while mother—human beings. Weak, brave; the victims of their humanity. Dressed, he rushed down, let in Blanche Williams; filled his bag, ran round to the garage, brought back the flivver. And a little girl and he were tearing through the night.

No payment, no sleep—what did it matter? That kid's eyes shone up into his like stars. She trusted him. He felt a god riding through the night to help her mother.

ON RETURNING to lunch a few days later Platt was told that Lady Cazalet had sent for him. Funny that he thought of a red squirrel in the sunshine.

"But I can't go," he said. "She's Newman's patient. Ring up and tell her."

While his secretary 'phoned he ate his lunch.

"She says she won't have Newman."

"Get on to him then."

What the devil was behind it?—and how his heart was kicking! He had sent her into hysterics, her companion and her niece would both persuade her not to call him in again. Yet she had done so.

"Doctor Newman on the line."

"Platt speaking. I say—I was called in to Lady Cazalet the other day—didn't know she was your patient. She's sent for me again."

"She's a damned old hussy. You go."

So that was that.

But, by the lights in amber, it made a world of difference. Those rates. Perhaps there were other "old hussies" up on Rider hill. His spirits rose as he mounted it. Hang it, perhaps she liked being bullied—perhaps she had never been bullied in her life.

And then he thought again of Olga Neate. She wouldn't like being bullied, she wouldn't cave in. Not with that hair, not with that gorgeous red-gold hair.

He found Lady Cazalet in no stifling room with closed windows and fire ablaze. No, the old lady received him in the garden in an almond-blossom satin dress and a sunbonnet. He was amazed. Webster was there in black, her face looking pasty; but Lady Cazalet's bloomed with health.

"I'm glad you're better."

"Better? I'm more than better, ain't I, Webster?"

"You are indeed, dear."

"Oh, don't fuss over me! Young fellow, you whack Newman and all the rest of 'em with your filthy medicine."

"You took it?"

"Of course, I took it. That iron band went five minutes after."

"And that night," trilled the companion, "that very night our darling slept like a child."

"Webster, don't be a damned fool!"

Said Platt: "I'm flattered."

"Then don't be. I didn't take it on your account—didn't believe in you. I took it because of Olga."

"Ah, she persuaded you," he said, delighted.

"Did she, Mr. Clever? She persuaded me not to take it, if you want to know. Said it was piffle and you were an ass."

"Oh, darling!"

"That's why I took it. To get my own back."

He waited.

"She's mad," said the rich lady. "Madder than any hare you ever saw in March.

"D'you know what she does? Oh, do go in, Webster. You get on my nerves! Young man, sit down and I'll tell you. She's my only relative and I ain't hard up. Goes out to work."

"To work!" No, that was ridiculous.

"Fact. Runs Honeyben and Bouillon's—flies to Paris—sells frocks—to prove she's the equal of a man."

"Really?"

"Calls herself a feminist, when she ought to have babies. Head's stuffed with platitudes. Won't have a man on the place," she gesticulated. "The chauffeur's a woman, the gardeners are women—nice mess they make of it." She lowered her voice. "She's all energy, no brain, you know. Tragedy of her life that she was at school when women were hurling themselves into the Derby field and smashing windows and chaining 'emselves to railings." She coquetted him. "Oh, she makes me tired.

I never have a man to talk to. She snubs men." She winked. "She wouldn't snub you a second time."

"Oh, wouldn't she!"

"I wish you'd marry her."

He gasped. She wished he'd marry Olga Neate—but not as much as he did; for that young woman allured him. The old one gazed at him, her purpose clear. He was to be the means of freeing her from the beautiful tyrant who set such value on her own freedom.

A MAID, coming silently over the lawn, placed a salver on a table.

"Drink some of that," said Lady Cazalet, pointing to a cut-glass decanter.

"No, thanks."

"Why not?"

"Principle—I have very few."

"Oh, don't be a prig. That ain't alcoholic—only chablis-cup."

He smiled, but rose. Sunshine played on the old lady and summer flowers, sparkled her brooch and rings and the glass-diamonds on the silver, but he had only thoughts for an idea, a temptation.

"When you coming again?"

He said, knowing it didn't matter: "You look another woman. No need for doctors."

She rolled her head to one side and shut an eye. "You ain't mad, too, are you? You've not got all those patients that you can be so high and mighty?"

"No, by Jove!"

"Then by Jove I'll have a man to talk to. You'll look in every other day, do you understand?—and always on Sunday morning."

"Why?"

She chuckled. "Innocent!"

But he wasn't. No, by Jupiter the lord of heaven, he wasn't.

A month went by. Four times he had glimpsed the girl he was to vanquish; once she had cut him. But the idea grew. It amused him to think his patroness was to blame. For without her he had never dreamed of it. Now Olga took on such beauty in his eyes that he ached to marry her. And what urged him, he knew, was the world-old longing of the male to conquer the female he found fair—a longing a hundred times stronger since she resisted him.

He became foolish. Learning that on Sundays she walked before breakfast on the heath, he walked there, too, and felt dizzy to see her approaching. She was different from all other women, a creature of loveliness made for him. He knew now how he was in love with her. She came on, nor turned from her course.

He raised his hat saying: "Good morning."

She replied mockingly: "Yes, isn't it good?"

He laughed inwardly at the snub in her voice, but gazed at her. Green frock, paler than the grass, hatless, the sun lighting her flame. "So I'm not forgiven?"

"For what?"

"For Spartanising your aunt, I suppose."

"She likes you."

"You don't?"

She colored. "My hobby isn't men," she said.

"No. No—so I gather."

The corners of her mouth quivered.

"What's amusing?" he asked.

"Guess."

"I've a sort of idea you think I'm like the mistletoe."

"A parasite. How odd you should think that."

"Do you?"

"I've never given you a thought."

"So absorbed in your business?" he said.

"Why not?"

"What men lost when you renounced them for your sex."

"Yes, didn't they?"

"And what women gained."

She said: "A satirical doctor!"

"Still we've had a delightful chat."

She walked on, then flung back at him: "Don't be late for my aunt. She might have a stroke."

He gave her that. God, she was beautiful, but a minx. Not cold. No, she only supposed she detested men. One would win her. Why not Doctor Platt? So he thought gazing after her as she walked away.

And she was thinking what a fool her aunt was. What a fool. For she could find nothing to despise in this man who had kept her talking. She had despised all men until now—and one woman. But she could no longer despise her because he had changed her.

It was so annoying.

Unlike Newman and the others he had been so completely successful. Aunt Agatha not only liked but obeyed him. She was going without dinner, sleeping with windows open, rising at nine, taking tepid baths—she who had come out of them all her life at midday her skin like a cooked lobster. The result was apparent. The aged, footling hypochondriac had gone, a healthy woman marvelously agile for her age had replaced her. And it was all Platt's doing.

Damn Platt. She was sick of his name. Webster sang his praises, so did the maids. He was owed more money, it seemed, than any doctor round about; never pressed for payment; never refused to turn out. That's what made her so angry—she couldn't fault him. He upset her scheme of life in which she had given over Olympus to women and turned out the gods—the male gods who had reigned there for so long.

She resisted a temptation to look back, for she felt sure he was hoping she would. But she would get rid of him somehow. Somehow she would get rid of him. So that he no longer came to the house. But how? There must be a way.

SUMMER went. It was October—leaves falling, temperatures rising: measles epidemic, scarlet fever here, diphtheria there—thank God for that anti-toxin.

In a spanking new car Doctor Platt dashed about. Sometimes the small fame which had so suddenly increased his income made him laugh. He owed it, it seemed, to a chauffeur on the hill who, unknown to his master and Miss Neate, walked and rode out with an under-housemaid employed at the house of the dolphins. The three children of the chauffeur's master had eaten tinned fruit and shown symptoms of botulism. Newman had wanted a second opinion—and there you are! Platt had been sent for—Platt who, according to the chauffeur, had cured Lady Cazalet of this very poisoning; and none of the three had died.

That was luck, though Platt had met botulism before; he had never mentioned that Lady Cazalet had but suffered from indigestion. He was in demand on the hill now. He liked playing the game; still Newman, often of necessity, confessed to many more "old huzzies."

Hence the new car.

On a certain Saturday—a day he never usually visited the house of the dolphins—he was sent for. He was sorry to find the old lady seedy. He had grown to like her; she amused him, she thought the world of him, she had founded his fortunes.

Coming out of her bedroom, he ran to his surprise into Olga Neate. He had not seen much of her lately. She had given up her walks on the heath and avoided him on Sundays; other days she was in Hanover Square.

"Good morning—I thought you were at business."

She said nothing.

He added: "I've just ordered your aunt to bed."

"What in the world for?"

"She has a temperature—only a feverish cold, I hope. Still we must take no risks."

"We!" Her eyebrows lifted. "She is entirely in your hands. Please leave me out of it."

"Certainly."

But he didn't move. Both were standing on the stairs, he about to go down, she waiting to come up. This sudden, unexpected meeting and propinquity sent his blood rioting and his pulses leaping; he had tried to put her from his mind, to forget her in work. How fatuous. Her aunt's scheme for her own freedom, the fulfillment of which meant his happiness, rose up as fresh and inviting as her coloring—this girl's: the flower-white skin, the powder of freckles, the magpie cloche on her squirrel-red hair.

She said: "I wish to go up."

And he: "Will you first tell me something that's rather puzzling me?"

"Why? What is it?"

"You're the equal of a hundred men. Why fly to Paris—sell frocks—to prove you're the equal of one?"

She laughed; and perfumes of Paris, sailing from her in minute and invisible airships, reached and maddened him. She must have known it; the knowledge must have amused her.

"I don't," she said. "You've got that from my aunt. Well, it's piffle. Please make way."

As a fact, as she ran up the stairs her heart was galloping. She entered her bedroom. Yes, the emotion she scorned was propelling hot blood through her veins. She looked for a reason—she liked reasons. Platt distracted her because he attracted her—it was a ghastly revelation. She remembered how back in the summer she had sworn to get rid of him. Well, he was still here. That fact and his success and assurance, and far more his magnetism, irritated her. If only she could prove him a fool, if only she could convince her aunt that her tepid baths were a direct cause of her feverish cold. But no—the old lady had given them up last month.

How could she get rid of him?

The days passed; he "lived" in the house—her aunt would have him. He was there when she left in the morning, there when she got back at night. Or he had just been, or he was just coming. She loathed him—loathed him because he won all the time.

Her aunt had once said to her: "Why don't you marry him?" Fancy being a doctor's wife, fancy being his wife, fancy being a wife at all. Not much. She rated her independence a sight too high. She mattered. She mattered to herself, and to Honeyben and Bouillon, and to the mannequins, and to the women of London. Why a third of society, half the theaters were wearing her frocks; she was a personality; she was interviewed. Was she to sacrifice all she had won to be at the mercy of a man's liver?

LADY CAZALET'S feverish cold developed to slight influenza. She was confined to her bedroom for a fortnight. One Sunday Platt found her fretful.

"Am I my own mistress, young fellow?" she demanded peevishly. "Tell me that. I can't do anything with the girl. You must."

"Miss Olga?"

"She goes too far. Don't she, Webster? You tell her she might as well order the undertaker as a woman doctor. I won't have either."

"A woman doctor!" he echoed.

"That's the latest. Wants to cut me off from the only man I see—and the only one I like, young fellow."

She nodded. Platt remarked quickly: "You know it won't do for me to tell her. She doesn't like me."

"Fiddle-de-dee! Then why does she want to get rid of you?"

He hadn't thought of that.

"You bully her as you bullied me. We like being bullied."

And presently Olga Neate appeared.

Ignoring Platt, she demanded of her aunt: "Aren't you better?"

"Can't you see I am?"

Then he interposed: "Miss Neate, I must quash your proposal to call in another doctor."

"You must!"

"I'm afraid so. Unfortunately for you she likes me—I've become a habit. If you upset her in any way I won't be answerable for the consequences."

Lightning played over her. "You threaten me! My word, when your bank balances are at stake you men are pretty spineless cads!"

He kept his temper. "But I must forbid you to swap doctors."

"You must forbid me"—her teeth flashed white—"you little tin god! I'll call in whomever I choose."

"I can well believe that. You who keep a man out of a job who has a wife and children to feed would stop short at nothing."

"Go on," chuckled the old lady. "Rub it in!"

Cried Olga to him: "Your opinion doesn't matter a flip to me."

He said rather seriously: "Your intention matters a good many to me;" and paused. "You wish to deprive me of a patient. Why?"

"I'll tell you. Because you're not the first doctor by a long chalk to batten on my aunt—to take advantage of her hypochondria by coming here several times a week when she has been perfectly well—to pile up fees." Her look flayed him. "But you've gone further. You've undermined her strength: she was as strong as an ox; and now, as the result, the first cold she gets turns to 'flu'." She laughed. "Well, it's all in the male medical game, I suppose. But I'm calling in Dr. Blanche Wilson, whom my aunt can consult when she is in need of advice."

Lady Cazalet screamed.

His face was pale. "You accuse me of incompetence then, Miss Neate?"

"Of bungling like a man and lining your pockets like one."

"Right." It was very quiet, that Right. "You really believe I have battened on your aunt?"

She said sweetly: "Well, you have a new car, haven't you?"

He moved to the door.

"There, you've done it now!" wailed the old lady. "Put the fat properly in the fire."

Said Olga: "We'll soon build you up."

"Miss Neate, I sha'n't be coming again, but I want to warn you once more that excitement may be fatal to your aunt."

She looked at him suddenly.

"Good-by, Lady Cazalet. I'm most awfully sorry about this. Yes, awfully sorry."

Olga laughed loud; as her aunt shrieked, "I want him! I want him!" Webster pushed past Platt into the room.

"What is she doing to my darling?"

The rich lady's nose crinkled as she sobbed: "I won't have a woman doctor!"

At first the scene amused Olga mightily. She listened from the drawing-room, playing the piano at intervals to drown the noise. And then it rather frightened her—and then it terrified her. Had she gone too far? Head held up, fingers motionless on the keys, she heard the continuous screeching from upstairs. It was contemptible—but was her action more contemptible? From the months ago came the warning: "Heading for a stroke;" from the minutes ago: "Excitement may be fatal." Oh, damn. Twenty thousand damns. Why hadn't she swallowed Platt? Why had she cared?

Presently, when the lamentations had died down, a humbled Olga crept upstairs to meet Webster—Webster, husky-voiced, face smeared with crying.

"I gave her sal-volatile."

"She's all right?"

"She's sleeping."

Thank God! At that moment Olga only remembered the best of her aunt—the big-hearted woman who had given a parentless child love and luxury. She was sleeping. All might still be well.

BUT after sunset, as if from peafowl scenting the rain in the gathering dusk, cries rose again from Lady Cazalet's bedroom and increased in violence.

Platt had just finished dinner and was lighting a pipe when the 'phone rang.

"Hallo?"

"Is that Dr. Platt?"

"Speaking."

"Can you come up to Lady Cazalet?"

"No."

The sound of swallowing. "But I'm Olga Neate."

He knew that.

"Can you hear me? My aunt—we can do nothing with her. Come at once, please."

"You said I was incompetent."

"I didn't."

"Well, bungled."

"I didn't mean it."

"Call in Dr. Wilson."

"She wants you."

"Sorry."

Swallowing again. "You will be if you don't come."

"Not a bit of it. My pockets are full. And I've paid the last instalment on my car."

"Dr. Platt—"

"Yes?"

"I—I apologize. I withdraw everything."

"Oh?"

"You were right. I'm terrified of a seizure."

"Isn't Wilson qualified? Hallo. Isn't Wilson qualified?"

"I shouldn't think so."

"Well, send for Newman."

Angrily: "You must come—you shall!"

Platt said three words, and there was a pause between each. "I'm—not—coming."

And that was that.

So she came to fetch him. He received her in the surgery, without rising. Sat there at his desk, his back to her, unnoticing the sharp, rough odor of iodine that hung on the air, but smelling at once the unaccustomed perfume of Paris that had gone to his head before. She was there in his presence—the woman he loved, the woman who had reviled him. It was a vital fact.

She said again: "We can do nothing with her."

His body was immobile though his hand shook. "Wilson's qualified."

He heard the indrawing of her breath. "You don't refuse to come?"

Silently and swiftly he revolved his chair. "Why not?"

"Why not?" A sudden warmth added to the loveliness of her skin as the upturned collar of her ermine coat increased the beauty of her hair. "Surely your humanity as a doctor overrides any grudge you bear me?"

He said, passionless as a judge: "You refer to my humanity as a doctor. Don't you think, when I had warned you against exciting your aunt, that your humanity as a woman might have restrained you from threatening her life?"

Her conscience said, "I was wrong"; but her pride silenced that. She cried: "It is you who are threatening it—you! You sit here arguing when—when anything may happen!"

He observed indifferently, swinging his chair back: "You can't play fast and loose, you know. You dismissed me for a woman doctor. Call her in."

She replied autocratically: "Well, I've changed my mind. I've called you in, Dr. Platt. Will you kindly come?"

"No."

"Then your name will be erased from the register if my aunt dies."

"The person to be censured will be you, Miss Neate. Please go. I'm busy."

She moved to the fireplace. "Men! I've no time for them. They're not worth the tip of one woman's finger."

He remarked, amused: "Then why on earth set such store by me?"

"I don't," she returned hotly. "It's my aunt who does." But he didn't respond, only sat there writing. Her heart rose to her throat. "She wants you."

He glanced over his shoulder. "You don't really think I'll come?"

"I do."

"But you accused me of battening on her!"

"Haven't I apologized?"

"Oh, you can't wipe things out like that." He watched her—she was dropping her beautiful head like a child; and while he went on coldly, his heart smote him. "I resent injustice. I have charged her the ordinary fees for visits on which she insisted. Doctors, you know, must live. The most 'spineless cads' must pay their rates."

Her face came up crimson. "You're taking advantage of my humiliating position. How like a man! You have me at your mercy—you have none—"

He saw her hands like white flowers in the wind.

"—that's why I've despised men, and shall go on despising them all my life. I wish to God I'd been old enough to fight for their emancipation—"

And she would have done! God, the passion of her. And he had looked on women of her views as ugly, disappointed, or intellectual. She stood over him like a flame.

"—The women's cause would have been my stunt," she breathed; and repeated: "My stunt. Men crushed them on every occasion. Men sweated them. Men—"

He sprang up, drawn by her fire. "Stop talking about men," he thundered. "Talk about me."

Her expression was contemptuous. "You! Why in the world should I talk about you?"

"Because I'm sick of hearing what men have done and left undone. Complain about me."

Her eyes glittered. "About you? I hate you!"

IT WAS win or lose: he caught her arms. "No, you don't."

She knew she didn't—had known it all along: knew she only hated him because he won all the time. She wrenched back and cried: "I do. I loathe you!"

He said, holding her: "Rot! What's your grievance? Women have been your stunt—is that it? Well, where do we differ? Men, women, and children have been mine."

He was winning again; but she wouldn't let him. She knew now what he wanted to win. Knew how near he was to winning it. If he only knew!

She said indifferently: "I daresay they have."

"Have I crushed women? Have I sweated them?"

She didn't answer, could think of no answer. His fingers bit into her arm.

"Have I?"

"Let go. You're hurting me."

"Hurting you!" he echoed, releasing her. "I wish to God I could hurt your heart. But you're sexless."

"Sexless!" He'd scored a bull there, for if there was one thing she prided herself on it was her womanliness. "I'm sexless!" She was stung to the quick. "How dare you say such a thing?"

He knew—yet didn't. For she was all woman, perfect woman, not alone her hair. That white throat, only tinted because of the snow-white fur— He turned away. "Women like you have no place in the world except as workers," he gave back carelessly. "If the sexes were equal you would still be superfluous."

She was speechless, furious—then rent. "Sexless!" Tears of rage and mortification swam in her eyes. "Sexless!" Her voice came throbbing, sobbing: "If you only knew! You fool, I've despised you because you're wholly admirable."

He stared at his desk. "Oh, come. You don't expect me to believe that?"

She had sunk to a chair. Her humiliation was complete. What did it matter what she confessed to him now? "You can believe it or not, but it's true. You were up against the whole of my philosophy. It was that or you. I sacrificed you."

And still he didn't turn.

"Sexless! I've hated you because I love you. There, now you know."

He was looking at her. She knew she had surrendered, knew he had won. Dr. Platt—just a tall, slim man with a boyish face. That was how she saw him. Up through her emotion rose interest; she was curious. It all seemed so incredible. She Olga Neate had capitulated to a man—to this man.

And then, startling as a rifle-shot, the 'phone rang. Both gazed at it. It rang again. He went to it, took off the receiver. "Yes?" Held it out to her. "It's for you."

She rose, her heart jerked horribly. "Bad news?"

He said nothing. O God, if her aunt had had a seizure—if she were dying—or dead. She would never forgive herself—nor would he. His face was pale: she took the receiver in a shaking hand, put her mouth to the transmitter. Her voice was a whisper.

"Yes, yes?" she said into the 'phone.

And then Aunt Agatha said: "Hasn't he proposed yet?"

Good God!

She stared at him, tried to hook up the receiver, dropped it so that it rolled and rushed toward the floor to the length of its cord. She had been had!

"So she's been acting a part?"

"Do you suppose I should have stayed here arguing if she hadn't been?"

"You—you staged it!"

"I didn't stage my feelings."

She tossed that away. "Her bawling, howling—it was a fake, a plant?"

"An idea," he corrected.

"To bring me to my senses, to make me your obedient wife?"

"No—loving."

"Loving!"

His voice was husky. "It mattered desperately."

"Did it!" She moved to the door. "You can go to the devil, you and my aunt!"

Yes, he had known she would take some winning. He reached the handle first. She recoiled. He gazed round at her.

"It mattered desperately," he repeated. "You did. God, it was a rotten trick. I fell for it. She suggested it."

She threw with irony: "The woman tempted him!"

"Yes. You did. You do."

"Oh, don't talk bosh!" But her voice and her limbs were trembling.

"Bosh, but it's true. From the day you first snubbed me—Jove, haven't you just?" His eyes sparkled. "Your hair—I saw your hair like a squirrel in the sunshine."

She said nervously: "You're being blatantly absurd!"

"I know. And, my dear, I don't care a hang."

She was shaking like a fool. She saw the contradictions of his face, the eyes and mouth that were a boy's, the silvered hair at the sides of his head that were a man's. He had made an idiot of her out of his love; but somehow it seemed to her that marriage with him might be more thrilling than impressing herself, and Honeyben and Bouillon, and the mannequins, and the women of London. For they no longer mattered, nor did feminism, nor did she really. To be a doctor's wife, to be his wife, to be a wife at all! It just made her gasp. That she should want to be. That he should like her hideous, flamboyant hair.

"You love me, Olga."

She said, "No," not knowing what she said or meant or felt. Her world had capsized.

"But you do—you've said you do."

Her eyes filled. "No, I'm sexless!"

His arms were around her. She tried to push him away, tried to hate him, but she couldn't! He was hers, she was proud of him. His stunt had been men, women, and children—he was bigger than she.

He whispered, kissing her hair: "It's been a battle royal."

She said, "Yes;" then went limp in his arms. "But you win all the time!"

Hollywood Has a House Mother

Thousands of girls who set out with high hopes to make their mark in the movies eventually bring their troubles to Miss Marjorie Williams. For years she has been the confidante of would-be screen stars

by Helen Louise Walker

WHAT a disappointment it is when a movie-struck girl is finally convinced that she must give up her dream! Then of all times she needs the advice and encouragement of a friendly counselor. Miss Williams tells what really becomes of the thousands of rejected applicants, how many of them actually do succeed, what happens when disillusionment comes to the others—the old, old story of the helpless girl who is unprepared to support herself.

THOUSANDS of girls set out every year for Hollywood to make their fortunes in the movies. Some of them are talented and earnest—endowed with the qualities that make for success. Many of them are shallow youngsters whose only qualification is a certain amount of beauty and the fact that some one has told them they look like Mary Pickford or Gloria Swanson. They are discontented with the humdrum life at home. They feel they are not appreciated. They long for adventure, romance, glamour. So they set out for Hollywood.

What becomes of them? How many of them achieve success? What happens when disillusion comes? Parents and guardians, teachers and ministers all over the country are asking these anxious questions every day.

Miss Marjorie Williams, head of the Studio Club, the Young Women's Christian Association home for girls of the motion picture profession in Hollywood, can answer many such questions. Miss Williams is a national field secretary of the Y. W. C. A. and has been director of the Studio Club for three years.

But Miss Williams is more than just an executor who looks after the material needs of the girls who live at the club. She is a confidante and advisor, young enough to understand their viewpoint, experienced enough to appreciate their problems. Best of all she is wise enough to advise and guide and help them without arousing their antagonism by preaching.

"If the Studio Club were merely a place for girls to live," she says, "if it did not have more to offer than rooms and meals, I should feel that we had failed."

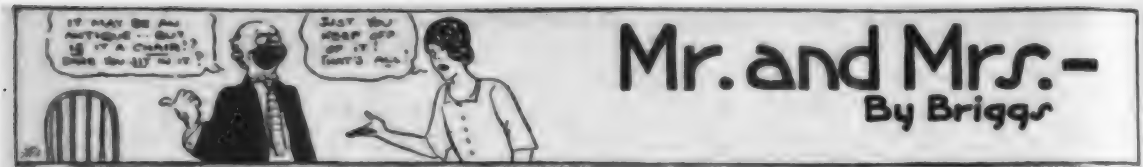
The club itself is a residence and club center for girls employed primarily in the motion picture industry. Hollywood women first brought to the attention of the Y. W. C. A. the fact that groups of girls employed in the industry spent much of their spare time in the library for lack of any other general meeting place. As a result the club was organized and classes were started. It so happened that about the same time several motion picture directors appealed to the Y. W. C. A. on behalf of the hundreds of girls who were coming from all over the country to go into pictures. So they leased a house big enough to furnish living quarters for twenty girls and to serve as a recreation center that would bring the director in touch with many, many more.

Now the club is partly self-supporting. The national board of the Y. W. C. A. pays the salaries of two secretaries as well as taking care of the taxes, insurance and upkeep costs. The girls pay $10.50 a week for room, breakfast and dinner, and the running expenses are met by receipts and an occasional contribution. A new building which will accommodate eighty girls is now under construction and it is expected that this larger establishment will be entirely self-supporting.

Miss Williams is a thoroughly charming young woman. Her beautiful, prematurely gray hair frames a youthful face whose character is emphasized by black brows and lashes, shading eyes which shine with enthusiasm.

[*Continued on page 147*]

MISS MARJORIE WILLIAMS is a national field secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association. For the past three years she has been director of the Studio Club, a home for girls of the motion picture profession in Hollywood, California. The club house has living quarters for twenty girls and serves as a recreation center where the director keeps in touch with many more.


IT MAY BE AN ANTIQUE -- BUT IS IT A CHAIR!? DARE YOU SIT IN IT?
JUST YOU KEEP OFF OF IT! THAT'S ALL!
Mr. and Mrs.-
By Briggs

*C*LARE BRIGGS, comic strip artist, was born in Reedsburg, Wisconsin, fifty-one years ago. He met Ruth Owen, now Mrs. Briggs, while visiting in Lincoln, Nebraska.

When Mr. and Mrs. Bury the Hatchet

Although the funniest cartoons of Clare Briggs picture the squabbles of married life, Mr. and Mrs. Briggs continue to enjoy a youthful romance begun twenty six years ago. Briggs was a country-bred boy who never attended art school

by Mary Stewart Cutting

CLARE BRIGGS is one of those rare grandfathers who has never lost the sympathetic interest in human relations that inspired his pen as a young man. The story of his own career, his happy home life and his observations of the daily problems of married folks account for the kind of humorous drawing in which he excels. He has a happy gift for hitting upon the situation that brings a smile of recognition to your face when you see one of his whimsical pictures of a domestic spat, his wistful boys with their faithful dogs, or his reminiscent glimpses of the days of real sport.

WHO should know more about married life than the real "Mr. and Mrs."? Here is a couple whose romance began twenty-six and a half years ago and who have proved that the so-called trials of married life may become decided assets. Much has been written in blame of marital haste and the danger of picking the wrong partners. Probably in many cases it has proved true. But this couple married when they were twenty-three and seventeen years old, respectively, and few marriages have been more of a success.

"Mr.", of course is Clare A. Briggs, the distinguished cartoonist, originator of the far-famed "Mr. and Mrs." No one needs to be told that the creator of this famous couple whose troubles entertain ten million people a week through a hundred and seventy newspapers, must have a rare insight into the married life he portrays. His never failing power to make his point one that many millions recognize as belonging to their own lives and homes ought to make him a unique authority in American life on the little problems that make marriage universally interesting as well as amusing.

"What!" you say. "A cartoonist an authority on marriage?" Yes, indeed—this cartoonist at any rate. And you will see very presently why.

Clare Briggs was busy at his drawing board in a little office at the top of the *Herald-Tribune* Building when I asked him, as the sponsor of "Mr. and Mrs." to discuss the subject of marriage. It was evident at once that he was going to consider the subject from a serious and not a flippant angle. He has a boyish way of smiling, but there is a gravity about him not to be associated with his cartoons.

"I'd like you to come out to the house," said he after a minute or two, "and meet Mrs. Briggs." It was a happy circumstance that was to include Mrs. Briggs in our discussion of marriage. For the best possible argument for Mr. Briggs' own idea of marriage is Mrs. Briggs herself.

"We've been married twenty-six years," he explained. "Since 1900." And when I saw them together I began to realize what a successful twenty-six years it had been. The thing that was to impress me most strongly in these two people was their dual relationship, not only as husband and wife, but also as friends.

Clare Briggs is an extremely busy artist as the author of "The Days of Real Sport," "When a Feller Needs a Friend," "Ain't it a Grand and Glorious Feeling," "Second Honeymoons," and many other well-known comics in addition to the famous "Mr. and Mrs." It had been a difficult thing to get near him at all. When he is not making cartoons, he is playing golf—he is a golf fan. He had been very definite over the telephone, saying that he had no time to be interviewed, but he is far from the obdurate person this would appear to make him. One is inclined to think, after meeting him, that he hedges himself in, not so much because of his work, as that he really dislikes to refuse, and therefore protects himself from the many calls upon his good nature. Friendliness is written all over him. Mrs. Briggs later remarked that he reminded her of a fox terrier, the way he makes friends with every one.

Clare Briggs was born in Reedsburg, Wisconsin, in 1875.

"But I've lived all over the Middle West," he explained. "When I was nine years old, we moved to Dixon, Illinois, and then to Lincoln, Nebraska, and after that to St. Louis. Mrs. Briggs comes from Lincoln, but I didn't know her when I lived there. The Ringling Brothers—they had one elephant when I first knew them—opened their first circus in Baraboo, near Reedsburg, when I was a boy. Incidentally, Webster the cartoonist and I were invited to join the Ringling Brothers' present circus about five years ago as their guests. We played as clowns, Webster and I, every day for three weeks, but we traveled as clowns de luxe!" In his school-days young Briggs was a newsboy.

"From school," he said, "I went to the University of Nebraska. Dorothy Canfield was one of my classmates, also Colonel William Heyward, and Herbert Johnson, the cartoonist. General Pershing was one of my instructors. He was Lieutenant Pershing then, just out of West Point, and he taught mathematics and military tactics."

Later, after college, Clare Briggs was for a time secretary to a politician before he became a cartoonist.

"Where did you study art?" I asked.

"I never went to art school," he replied. "I had just the school drawing lessons. I did a lot of map drawing in school. I was very proficient at it. I used to work day and night on maps for the glory of the school," he laughed, "—so the school could get the blue ribbon. The teachers always passed me in my other studies because they kept me so busy with the maps. I still love to draw them.

Becoming a Cartoonist

"I NEVER advocated a long art education for any one who wants to become a cartoonist," he continued. "A long art education destroys individuality, and that, after all, is the secret of any success. I've just written a book on how to draw cartoons, and I advocate all this in it. Anybody can learn to draw. If you want to be a cartoonist, a school can not impart brains. Some people think to be able to draw a face, a dog, or a house equips them to become cartoonists."

He went on to tell how "Mr. and Mrs." came into being.

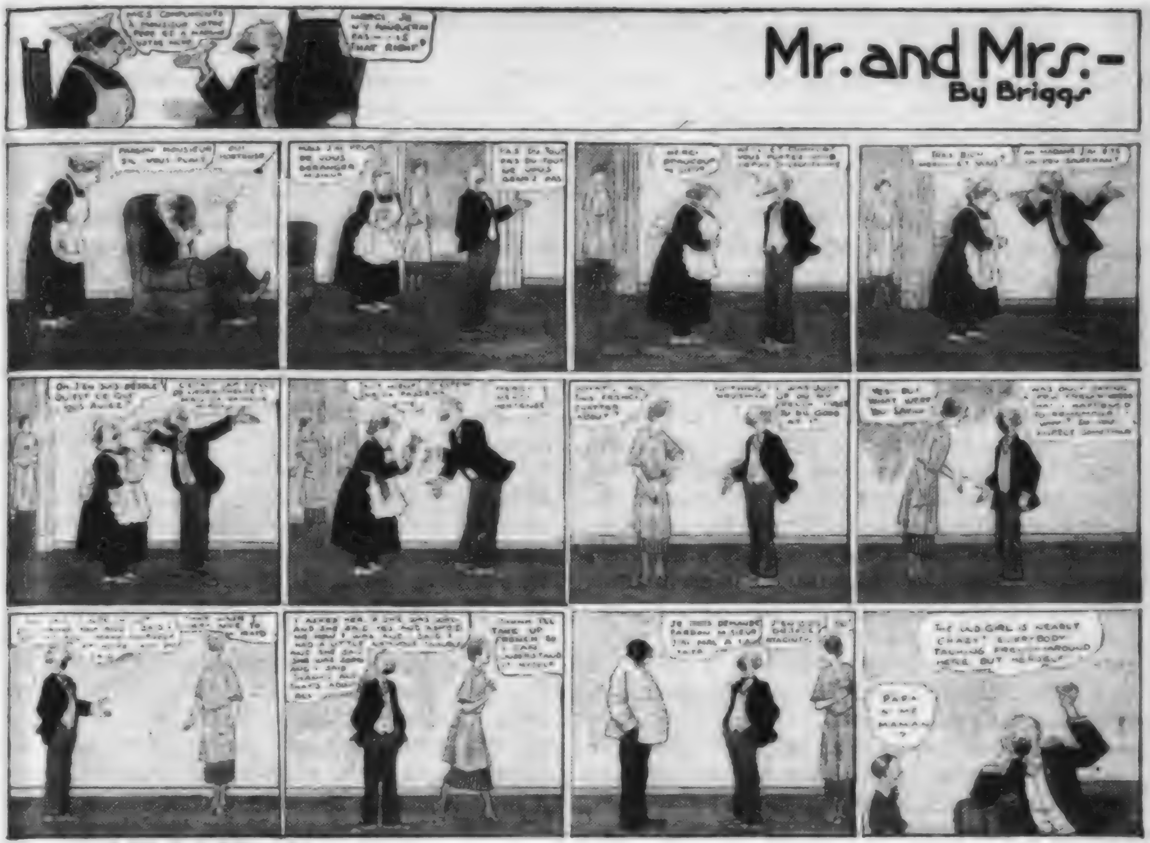
"I did married-life cartoons in Chicago—'Friend Wife,' 'The Days of Real Sport,' and 'When a Feller Needs a Friend' began there, too. When I got the offer to come to New York, I was tremendously stimulated." He spoke with amusement. "They gave me beautiful presents, among them a chest of silver. After a couple of weeks in a New York hotel, we came to New Rochelle, and took a small house. By that time I was worried—afraid the people in New York wouldn't like the married-life stuff or understand it as they did in Chicago. When I presented my ideas they were met with silence. I was under an awful strain, over eager to make good. But nothing I could think of seemed good enough—and that silence! I had a feeling they were thinking, 'So *this* is what I've purchased!' I felt terribly guilty. When we reached the house, I was so sick that I sat as close to the stove in the kitchen as I could get, with little cold shivers running up my back!"

It was entirely fitting that the interview should have been continued in the attractive suburban home that Clare Briggs' subsequent success made possible for the courageous couple. No one needs to be told that his married-life cartoons were even more successful in the East than in the West. As a matter of fact, they remained in the West, too, through the medium of a syndicate and now pretty well cover the whole country. They have been likened to the O. Henry stories in pictured form. Each tells its tale of the little struggles that crop up every day, the kind of thing that made O. Henry famous. Clare Briggs' talent lies very much in that direction. In "Mr. and Mrs." there is a recognition that married life is not dull even in its small details, when the sense of humor is kindly, and deals with the individuality of two persons, and not solely with their faults.

The Briggs' home, a fine example of old English house, is in New Rochelle. Mrs. Briggs was a revelation, tall, beautiful, and looking much too young to be a grandmother. For that matter, it seems an anachronism to put Mr. Briggs in the category of grandfather. They are both not only unlike grandparents, but it is impossible to associate them with twenty-five years of married life. You might credit them with ten, perhaps, but it is difficult to see them as the father and mother of married children, a daughter of twenty-four and a son of nineteen. They are rather more like the parents of their eight-year-old granddaughter named Ruth Clare after both of them.

When I exclaimed over this lengthy period of wedded existence, Mrs. Briggs laughed. "I can't remember the time," she said, "that I haven't had Mr. Briggs on my mind!"

We sat in the big living-room before the deep-set fireplace in which huge logs burned, lighting up the rich dark tones of the walls. In this room with its little old-fashioned minstrel gallery there is a wonderful atmosphere of hospitality and friendship. It is not only the friendship that reaches out, but that which exists within. Its quiet dignity, cheerfulness, and comfort were a harmonious setting for the


Mr. and Mrs.-
By Briggs
MERCI JE N'Y MANQUERAI PAS—IS THAT RIGHT?
PARDON MONSIEUR SI VOUS PLAIT
OUI HORTENSE
THE OLD GIRL IS NEARLY CRAZY! EVERYBODY TALKING FRENCH AROUND HERE BUT HERSELF
PAPA ET MAMAN?

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This variation in the never-ending series of quarrels between "Mr. and Mrs." is one of Briggs' own favorites. In several ways it is a departure from the rules that the comic strip artist has usually been very careful to observe. For once the laugh is on the wife, much of the conversation is in French—very idiomatic French at that—and one of the characters is a Negro.

ideas of success in marriage which I was to hear from the real "Mr. and Mrs."

There is a story connected with the meeting of Mr. and Mrs. Briggs and of their early wedded life—a story more vital for many things it leaves untold—that explodes much of the theory concerning bad luck in youthful marriages. Of course it is possible that only a genius and a wife who understood him could have succeeded as they did. But it should be encouraging to all young people.

"How did I meet Mrs. Briggs?" asked her husband. "It happened one vacation when I went to Lincoln, Nebraska, from St. Louis to visit some of my people there. Her name was Ruth Owen, and I thought it was a marvelous name!"

"I'd always heard of him," said Mrs. Briggs, "and that he was quite successful, and I wanted to meet him. I did meet him, and he took me about a little for the ten days of his stay. I was seventeen."

"About as far advanced as a girl of ten is nowadays." Mr. Briggs suggested parenthetically.

"This will show you," Mrs. Briggs went on, smiling. "I wore mittens. I had kid gloves for Sunday, but I wasn't allowed to wear them week-days. Clare was twenty-three, grown up, and I just couldn't go out with him with mittens on, so I'd steal out my gloves and wear them after I left the house. When it was time to go home, I'd put on the mittens again. The last day of his vacation came, and he took me driving in an old surrey with a horse. I'd taken the gloves so that I could shake hands with him for the last time with them on. We said good-by—then he was gone. I felt so terribly, that I forgot all about taking the gloves off, and walked right into the house. My mother scolded me, but I scarcely heard her, for all I could think of was that Clare had gone, and would probably meet older girls and wouldn't like me. But he came back in a year and a half, and he wrote to me every day."

"Sometimes twice a day." Mr. Briggs took up the story. "During that time I came to New York, and lived in a Brooklyn boarding-house. I started to work on *The World*, probably because it was the first paper I came to across the Brooklyn Bridge, and I didn't look any further! After awhile, I got a position on the *Morning Journal* at twenty-five dollars a week. Then of course, we could be married."

"We didn't have any engagement ring," interpolated Mrs. Briggs, "but that didn't matter."

"Charles Edward Russel was my boss on the *Journal*," Mr. Briggs continued, "and he gave me leave of absence. I had the leave to get married, but I didn't have any money for the trip—I'd been supporting the family on free lance work—we lived on One Hundred and Twelfth Street and St. Nicholas Avenue then. But the boys in the art department were interested and they took up a collection. The father of the head of it was a clergyman, and the son got me his father's pass, so I could travel as a clergyman on half fare! I got as far as Buffalo, where I received news of my own father's death. He was a traveling salesman, and he had died suddenly in Oklahoma. That made it very hard. I knew it was now or never to get married. The money had been scraped up, borrowed from the boys in the art department. It was tough to have to bring a bride back to a funeral, but as fast as we moved, it wasn't fast enough. I thought we could get back in time, but we arrived the day after it was over."

Married Life on $25.00 a Week

AS TO her own sensations on this occasion, Mrs. Briggs explained. "I said I'd marry him, though I'd only seen him for those ten days. He hadn't even kissed me, I'd only shaken hands with him with the kid gloves on, but I had a feeling that bridged over the situation. I'm naturally sympathetic, and there is something of the motherly in all women. He said, 'If I ever needed you, I need you now.' It appealed to the motherliness in me, and there wasn't any question of my going. I went right away. We didn't have any honeymoon."

"It was difficult for two months after that," Mr. Briggs went on, "but we tried to do what was right. We rented a little apartment on One Hundred and Nineteenth Street and Manhattan Avenue, and gave about all there was of the twenty-five-dollar salary to mother—we were all living together. One day the landlord tried to bully Mrs. Briggs, we didn't have the rent on the day it was due. But the Lord was good, for soon after that I was offered a job in Chicago with the Hearst papers at a raise of ten dollars a week. The paper paid our expenses to Chicago, and things looks pretty rosy to us. We never sat around glooming, anyway. When our baby girl was born, the salary was raised to fifty dollars a week. I used to get more thrill out of a raise then. We were living pretty close, and every five dollars counted."

During the period before he became so well known as a cartoonist, Clare Briggs was first employed by the Hearst papers in Chicago, from 1900 to 1907. Then, as the value of his work began to make itself felt, the Chicago *Tribune* invited him to join their staff. Later, the Chicago *Tribune* started the syndication of his cartoons, though in a small way. He remained with them until 1914, when the offer came from the New York *Herald-Tribune*. It is since his connection with the latter newspaper that his widest fame and tremendous circulation have come, for through their syndication, his work is represented in a hundred and seventy newspapers, and reaches a reading public of ten million people.

"Mr. and Mrs.", for instance, runs as a full page feature in Sunday newspapers and in shorter strips on week days. Things like that don't just happen. Such a widespread demand for the feature must mean that the author of it has some kind of rare insight into the married life he portrays.

"People write to me," said Mr. Briggs in answer to a question about married life in general, "and ask why 'Mr. and Mrs.' are always quarreling. It doesn't mean that love flies out the window because people disagree. I've often ended their quarrels with laughter. Any one who always agrees with you is awfully tiresome. Besides you can't have cloying sugar in a comic situation."

"Disagreement," put in Mrs. Briggs, "makes light or shadow on a situation. The woman who thinks everything her husband does is right is a terrible bore; and the man who just accepts it, is likely to be the kind who is having a little affair on the side. There is one thing about my husband, he always sees the laugh on himself."

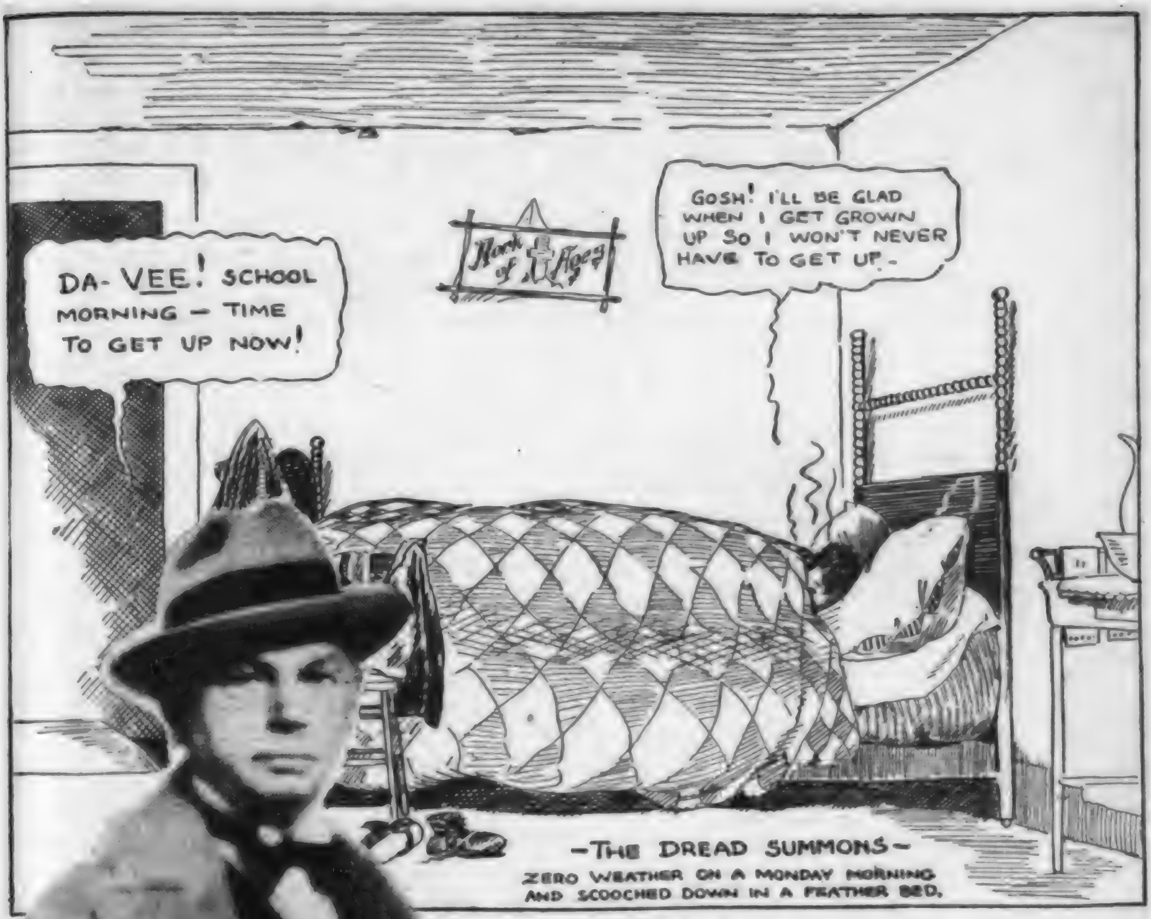
Mr. Briggs smiled. "Many men have asked me why I never make the laugh on the wife. They ought to know from their own experiences that the laugh is mostly on themselves."

"The secret of our happiness," said Mrs. Briggs, "our intimacy, is because we've experienced so many things together. The tragedies we went through in making important decisions! Like the time the week came when men begin to wear straw hats, and we had to decide whether the money should go for a Panama hat for Clare or for a bassinet for the baby. We finally decided that the baby could wait—sleep in her carriage another week, but that Clare must have his hat!

When you stop to think about it, that's the great point in all of Clare Briggs' work, his knowledge of the little tragedies that beset daily life, and his power to present them in terms of real human sympathy.

And he understands what is back of it all, too. To him the secret of married happiness seems to lie in understanding relative values. "We don't always agree on little things," said he, "but on the fundamental ones, we always do."

As to what constitutes a successful husband, he suggested mildly, "Some women require one kind, some another. A man might be a success to some women, and not to others. There are women who want a husband who has money and position; others like a more sporting type. One woman we know of feels that she has wasted her life because her husband hasn't been


DA-VEE! SCHOOL MORNING – TIME TO GET UP NOW!
Rock of Ages
GOSH! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN I GET GROWN UP SO I WON'T NEVER HAVE TO GET UP.–
–THE DREAD SUMMONS–
ZERO WEATHER ON A MONDAY MORNING AND SCOOCHED DOWN IN A FEATHER BED.

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There is no suggestion of the world-weary grandad in this up-to-date photograph of the comic strip artist who still has a lively fellow-feeling for the small tragedies of boyhood. All of Briggs' pictures tell a story. Some of the most appealing ones are sympathetic as well as humorous glimpses of the troubles of the male urchin in "When a Feller Needs a Friend", "Ain't it a Grand and Glorious Feeling" and "The Days of Real Sport."

able to give her the social position she wanted. Her case is one of extreme egotism."

"Do you think a wife should dress to please her husband?" I asked.

Mrs. Briggs replied promptly. "No, to please herself. My husband *never* says anything nice about my clothes, except that something is a little too short, or a little too tight. The other night I had on a new dress, and I hoped he would say something nice about it. I asked him if I looked all right, and all he said was, 'You always look all right.' But let some one come into his office in New York, and ask him to make a cartoon for the Armenians, and he comes home and says, 'She was a beautiful girl, beautifully gowned!'"

There is, of course, an implied compliment in a man's always thinking his wife is "all right," but Mr. Briggs refused to be caught by this cheerful challenge, and agreed seriously with his wife's assertion.

"No," he said, "to please herself. A man does. If she dresses the best she can with the money that she has, that's all you can ask."

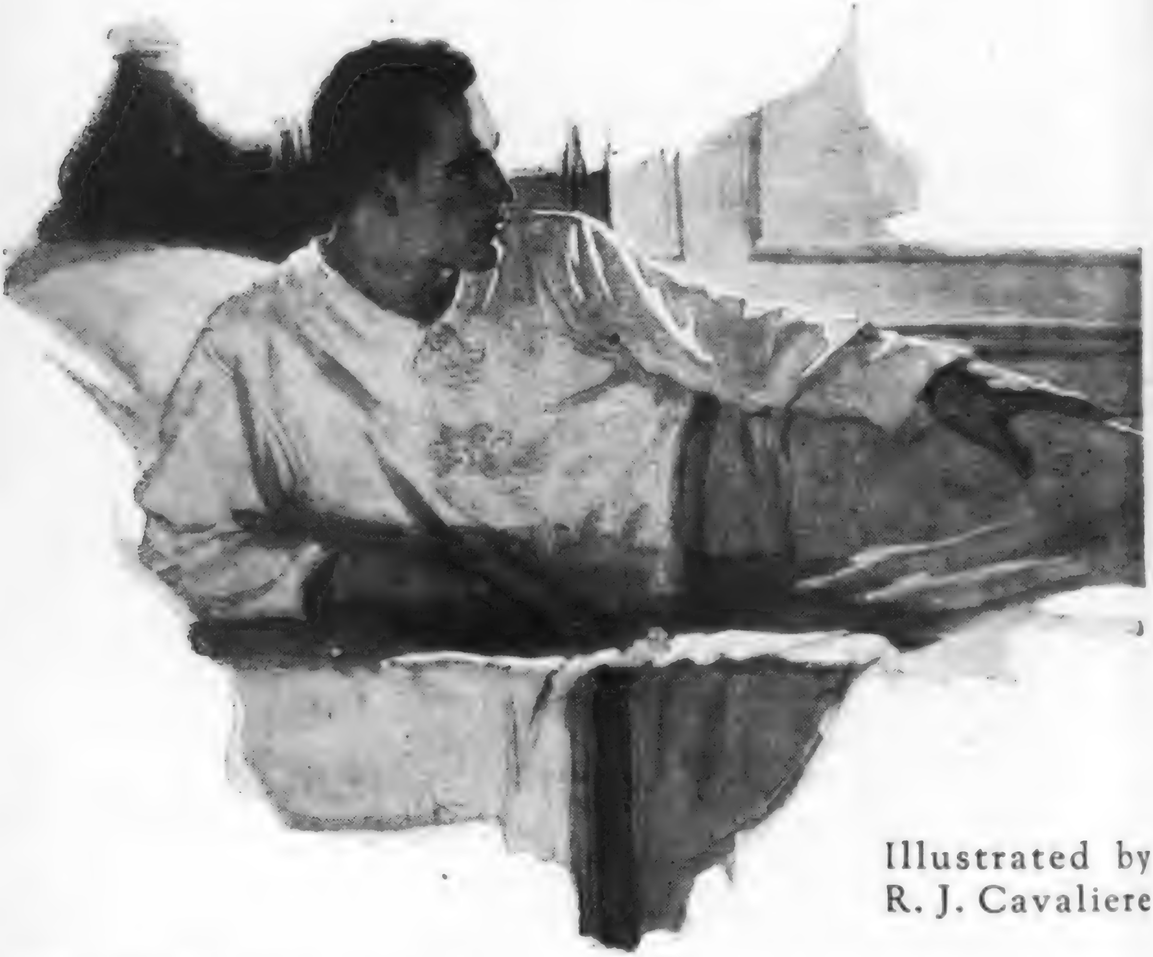
"How about separate vacations, what do you think of them?"

"It all depends on how congenial a husband and wife are," he replied. "We've never taken many vacations apart, but I think it's a good thing. We've been to Europe together, and to

[*Continued on page 151*]

Harvey Garrard's

A romance of London and the Riviera in which a sportsman gambles for love and recognition

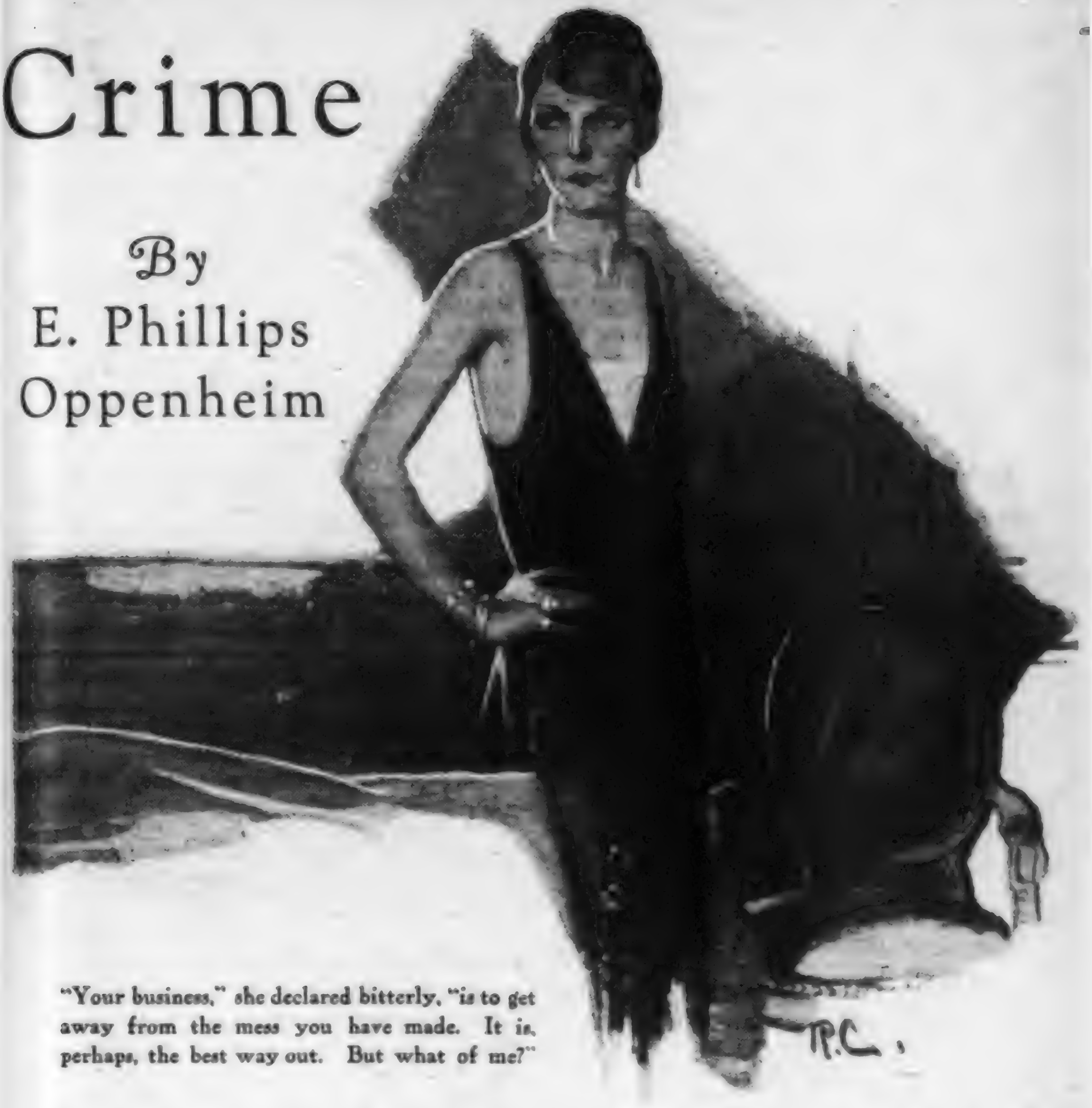


Illustrated by
R. J. Cavaliere

HARVEY GARRARD, British sportsman and favorite of the Riviera, is summoned to London following the death of Mr. Armitage, senior partner in the firm of Garrard and Garrard, leather manufacturers, to find the company's financial affairs in desperate straits. Harvey also learns that unless obligations amounting to one hundred and eighty thousand pounds are met within forty-eight hours, the firm faces bankruptcy. When all means of raising the necessary securities fail, he confronts his wife, Mildred, who refuses to raise money on either the house or her jewels. That night, while making a round of the warehouse, Harvey discovers in the waiting-room the body of old Ebenezer B. Swayle, a wealthy American dealer in hides. In searching his brief case to discover his identity Harvey comes upon United States securities amounting to one million dollars. These he deposits in his private safe, leaving the body to be discovered by his employees. Realizing that the securities found on the dead man would tide him through the financial crisis and preserve the firm's reputable name, he determines to appropriate them for his own use, although he knows that to do so is criminal. He believes his actions justified, however, especially since he vows to return the securities to the rightful heirs later on. Almost immediately, following the firm's financial readjustment, a wave of prosperity sweeps over the organization

Crime

By
E. Phillips Oppenheim



"Your business," she declared bitterly, "is to get away from the mess you have made. It is, perhaps, the best way out. But what of me?"

and Harvey begins to create a stir in the business world. Mildred, in the meanwhile, a selfish beautiful woman, is accepting the attentions of Herbert Fardale, a wealthy banker whom Harvey has already ordered from his house. One night while working at the office Harvey is startled by the appearance of a young woman whom he finds to be the dead man's granddaughter, just returned from Paris. She had agreed to meet Swayle in London and, believing him to be wealthy, is amazed to learn that he left barely enough to defray funeral expenses.

Confused and embarrassed, Harvey decides that he must make a place for her.

This Month's Instalment

"WE WILL find you a post with the firm, at any rate," he promised. "I thought you said that you were going abroad, though?"

"I shall go to America but I shall come back almost at once," she explained. "I do not wish to stay there. I am sure that the people where my grandfather used to live are very narrow, because they were all so cruel to my father when he came over to France and would have nothing to do with business. And thank you very much for offering me a post in your firm, but I wish to be your private secretary."

He hesitated for a moment. He had a sudden impulse of doubt concerning her, a queer, uncomfortable feeling that there was perhaps some motive at the back of her mind in making this unusual visit at this unusual hour, an instinct of investigation—or was it accusation? He lacked the boldness, however, to put his suspicion into words.

"We can discuss this again when you get back from America," he suggested. "Personally I feel confident that before that time arrives, your grandfather's missing estate will have come to light."

She sat a little forward so that her face came out of the shadow.

"I shall know better when I come back from America," she said, "what my actual position is. If the money is found and there is a great deal of it, then I shall enjoy myself and I shall not work. If there is only a little, why then I will work, and if I do that I will be your secretary."

"I hope for your sake that there will be a great deal," he declared, standing up and beginning to arrange his papers in the small attaché case which he had borrowed from the office below.

"That is not very gallant," she replied, "but then you are English, are you not? They say what they mean always. I will remember that I am American and I will admit that I hope so too."

"How did you manage to get in and hide yourself in the waiting-room without being questioned?" he asked curiously.

"Every one was too busy to take any notice of me," she explained. "I just came up the stairs to the first floor and found the waiting-room from the description in the newspapers. I sat there and pretended to be waiting for some one and no one took any notice. Then it got quieter and quieter and just as I had made up my mind to knock at your door, I heard you come out—and *voilà!*"

"You frightened me to death," he confessed.

"I, too, was getting very scared," she admitted. "I had that feeling when I remembered that I was probably sitting in the chair where my grandfather died. I was frightened, too, when I saw you come out of your office into that great pool of darkness. When I am your secretary, if we have to stay late, there must be more lights."

He closed his bag and fetched his hat and stick from the rail.

"Very well, then," he said, "it is arranged that as soon as you return from America I shall expect to see you again. Meanwhile can I take you anywhere?"

"Well, you must not leave me here," she laughed. "I return to the Savoy. I cannot afford it but it is for one night more only."

"I will drop you there if you like," he suggested.

On the winding stairs her fingers clutched for a moment at his arm as though she felt herself in danger of falling. The small heel of her shoe did, in fact, catch in the iron interstices, and her pale face, with its mocking mouth and scarlet lips, was close to his as he held her up. He was conscious of an odor subtler and more penetrating than the smell of some crushed exotic. Her fingers still held upon his arm as they crossed the floor of the warehouse toward the outside doors. He threw them open and stepped out into the street with an odd little feeling of relief.

"I suppose I shall have to get used to it if I sit there all day with you," she remarked, as she walked by his side, "but I do not think that I like the smell of leather. Do you?"

"Not much," he confessed. "I am like you, though, I have to get used to it. Do you mind walking as far as London Bridge Station? We can get a taxi there."

"Of course not," she acquiesced.

They made their way through the deserted streets, lined with dark, empty warehouses, streets wide but dimly lit, from which the roar of traffic had long since departed. In the station yard at London Bridge they found plenty of taxis. The girl sank into her place with a little sigh of relief.

"You are tired?" he remarked.

"I suppose so," she admitted. "It has been a very troublesome day."

A street lamp shone into the taxi, and he was conscious of the faint violet lines under her eyes and the weary droop of her mouth.

"Have you had any dinner?" he asked her.

"Dinner? No. I was in your warehouse at six o'clock."

"And what did you have for lunch?"

She reflected for a moment.

"A cup of coffee and what they call here a roll. It was terrible."

"Ridiculous!" he exclaimed. "As it happens I have had no dinner myself. I will come into the Savoy with you and we will have something in the Grill Room."

She sat up with an exclamation of delight.

"But that is wonderful!" she exclaimed. "I know now that I am starving, but I should never have had the courage to enter that place alone. You are being a very good friend to me, Mr. Garrard."

Her grateful little glance, this time not without its spice of coquetry, stabbed him. In his earnestness he became almost sententious.

"My dear—young lady," he said. "I hope you will always appreciate the fact that I wish to remain so."

IN THE grill-room where Harvey was a rare but valued client they found a secluded table and attentive, almost eager service. The girl sipped her cocktail, critically at first, but afterward with appreciation. She set down her empty glass with a sigh of content. Her little wave of the hand toward the courtyard outside, where many guests were arriving for supper in the restaurant, was expressive—almost eloquent.

"You cannot imagine how much I have been looking forward to all this sort of thing," she confessed simply. "I love to be gay, to wear nice clothes and to go out to supper where there is music and dancing. It is very hard to be so disappointed."

"But my dear Miss Swayle," Harvey protested eagerly, "you are not going to be disappointed. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that your grandfather was a rich man, and I am absolutely certain that his property will sooner or later materialize. I am so confident of this that I should be perfectly willing—my firm would be perfectly willing," he corrected himself—"to advance you any reasonable sum you might wish, to be repaid only when you came into possession of your grandfather's estate."

"And supposing I never came into it?" she demanded. "Supposing the money is never found? Then I should owe you a great deal and have no means of paying the debt."

"The risk would be mine and I am willing to take it," he announced confidently.

She looked across at him with the enigmatic expression in her eyes which had once before puzzled him; an expression half of doubt, half of mockery.

"May I think about this, please?" she begged. "I am certain to accept your offer sooner or later and you must not think that I am ungrateful, but there are reasons why I hesitate. They tell me in Paris," she went on, after a moment's pause, "that I have inherited only one American trait—I am very independent. You can perhaps understand that. There can be no one in the world who wants money as I do, but I want it my own way and I want it to be my own. If it does not come to me so—well, that is another problem. Then I may change my views. Just at present I am clinging to the forlorn hope that you or some one equally kind will discover for me my grandfather's fortune."

The simple meal which Harvey had ordered was presently served and for a time they ate almost in silence. It was nearly eleven o'clock and Harvey himself had lunched lightly. His companion was frankly but gracefully ravenous. She gave a little cry of delight when the champagne was opened and her enthusiasm seemed to reach its limit with the arrival of a dish of asparagus.

"You must not think, please, that I am always as greedy as this," she explained, "but I have been too worried and disappointed to eat anything for days, and in any case I hate ordering things. In Paris I know the little places where I would slip in and they would bring me what I wanted without my saying a word, but here it is all different. Being quite alone, too, is not pleasant in London."

Looking across at her without immediate apprehension of her meaning, Harvey was suddenly surprised. He was unexpectedly conscious that his companion was a most attractive, not to say alluring, person. The paleness of her complexion, which had seemed a little ghastly in the dim lights of the warehouse and in those almost tragic moments of their first meeting, revealed itself now to be something far removed from the pallor of ill-health. Under those gently shaded lights he realized the delicate creaminess of it, the fine silky eyebrows, the deep setting of her dark, vivid eyes, in which there seemed to be some fleck of Italian red, her mouth, soft and full—the mouth of a woman of sentiment and feeling. Women had counted for so little among the interests of his life that to be supping *tête-à-tête* like this was almost a novelty. He was aware of an unanalyzable pleasure in her obvious content, in realizing the small perfections of her person which appealed to his fastidious taste, the delicately manicured finger-nails, the smoothly brushed hair, the absence of jewelry, the almost elegant simplicity of her black clothes, which even to his ignorance pronounced themselves inexpensive. He ordered coffee reluctantly and accepted her choice of liqueurs—green *crême de menthe*—without a shudder. He was curiously content, unwilling to leave her and make his way back to Curzon Street.

"Tell me about your life in Paris," he invited.

SHE accepted a cigaret and leaned a little across the table toward him in a perfectly natural attitude, yet one which he found delightfully confidential.

"It has been very unromantic," she confided, "and lately very dreary. My mother was at one time quite successful, but not lately. My father came to Paris to study art, against his father's will, of course. He never succeeded, and ever since I can remember we have been always poor. Then he tried to go into business, but if ever he had had any ability—I mean commercial ability—he had lost it in the studios. My mother was often angry with him. She found life, I fancy, very hard. Then five years ago he died. My mother was getting too old for the parts she liked to play and very often she had no engagements at all."

"And you," he inquired, "did you never want to go on the stage?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh la, la," she murmured reminiscently, "it was not that I was anxious, but there were managers who used to come to the house who were continually begging that I should. Mother always refused, though."

"Why?"

She hesitated for a moment and flicked the ash from her cigaret.

"Well," she confided, "mother always used to declare that the life was far too dangerous for a young girl. She knew that I loved luxury and beautiful things and everything was so sordid with us. I think, however, that she had another reason. We were rather alike and she knew that they wanted me to play the parts she had been used to playing. The very idea of that seemed to make her angry. After all, why not? It is natural."

He nodded.

"I, too, can understand it," he admitted briefly.

"It was, I believe," she went on, "my mother's fear that I might have to go on the stage to keep us alive that made her persuade my uncle to write to my grandfather. After that he made us a small allowance and I was taught shorthand and typewriting. Then my mother died. I wrote to my grandfather and heard from him that he was coming to Europe, that I need have no further anxiety for that he was going to take care of me. For weeks I could scarcely sleep I was so excited. Then came the letter telling me to get ready, and after that nothing till I got the cable from America. That is the history of my life, Mr. Garrard."

"No love affairs?" he ventured.

"What Frenchman would dare to ask such a question so bluntly?" she laughed. "Shall I make them a confession to you, Mr. Garrard?"

He was suddenly grave. His face seemed almost stern and anxious through the little cloud of thin cigaret smoke which hung between them.

"What is it?" he demanded.

HER eyebrows were slightly raised. She noticed with something like amazement the change in him. Then as though realizing its import she laughed softly and with satisfaction.

"My confession is humiliating but not compromising," she confided. "It is only lately that I have made the discovery but it is undoubtedly the truth. For some reason or other I am not attractive to men—not to the general run of men, at any rate—especially Frenchmen. Can you tell me why, Mr. Garrard? It begins to trouble me."

He did not answer for a moment. Seeking for an excuse to look away, he turned and ordered a liqueur brandy from an attendant maître d'hôtel. When he leaned across the table again, the tenseness had gone from his expression.

"I certainly can not," he admitted. "I know less about your sex, I think, than most men, so I suppose I am not an authority, but if I were asked my opinion—"

"Please go on," she begged, as he hesitated.

"Well, I should say that the men who did not find you attractive were men of very poor taste," he said deliberately.

"It is not exactly the compliment of a Frenchman," she reflected. "It lacks the personal touch. May I hope, though, that what it lacks in floweriness it makes up in sincerity?"

"I believe," he complained, looking across at her with mock severity, "that you are making fun of me. Try to remember that I am old enough to be your—by the by, how old are you?"

"Younger perhaps than you would think," she replied. "In Paris where youth now is the rage I am considered passée. I am twenty-two."

"You don't look older," he told her. "It is just your manner. I gather that you are not engaged, then, or anything of that sort?"

"Are you appointing yourself my guardian?" she laughed.

"I am perfectly content to do so and to take up my duties on the spot," he answered unexpectedly.

She was silent and for a moment he felt that he had taken a risk. Under a mask of indifference he knew quite well that she was studying him closely. What she saw, however, could scarcely fail to be reassuring. Harvey's good looks were the good looks of a well-bred and well-living Englishman.

"I have told you my age, how old are you?" she asked abruptly.

"I am thirty-seven. Old enough to be—"

"Why, nothing at all," she laughed.

"Old enough if I may venture to say so," he rejoined, "to be what you say these Frenchmen are not—to be your very sincere admirer."

Her eyes held his for a moment. The little smile which played about her lips was sweet but indefinable. He was conscious of a sudden quickening of the pulses. It was his inexperience with women, he told himself, his long immunity from their charm, which had made him unduly susceptible.

"I am very content with my evening and to have met you," she confided a little shyly. "I came down to Bermondsey miserable and full of vague and unpleasant suspicions. Now they have all gone and I am very happy."

"Suspicions?" he repeated with a sudden stab at his heart.

She nodded.

"Let me explain. A week ago I went to a new play at one of our small theaters. A man who had come in for a great fortune, on the day of his arrival in Paris from abroad went to see a banker who had been a school friend of his. The banker was supposed to be a very rich man but he was in fact on the point of bankruptcy. He needed a large sum of money by the next morning and had no means of raising it. He suggested to his friend that as the hour was late he hand over to him his bonds and securities and some bagfuls of diamonds for safe keeping. His manner, however, had made the friend suspicious, and he refused. The banker murdered his friend, dragged his body into the safe-deposit vault, of which no one but he had a key, helped himself to the bonds and met his engagements. I forget the end. It really doesn't matter, anyhow. I hate melodrama even at the Grand

Guignol. Somehow or other that play came into my mind on my way down to Bermondsey. I even wondered whether my grandfather had really died in your waiting-room of heart disease, whether he had been carrying his money with him, whether perhaps he had confided the fact to some one in your place, and whether they had murdered him and stolen it. I thought of that after the lights had gone out—while I sat in your waiting-room. You will laugh at me but there seemed something almost tragical in the atmosphere."

He showed no signs of laughing at her. On the contrary he was looking at her now through what seemed to be a mist, cursing himself for the moisture on his forehead, for the draining of color from his cheeks, for the terror in his eyes which he was powerless to move from hers, and yet in which it seemed to him that she must be able to read the truth.

"A damnable idea!" he muttered.

She looked at him for a moment strangely. For the life of him he could not determine what thoughts were in her brain. When she leaned forward, however, her tone was full of concern.

"Why, you don't suppose that I was in earnest?" she protested.

"Of course not," he answered, feeling for a cigaret in his case.

"I begin to think," she laughed, "that I must have some of my mother's histrionic gifts. You appeared quite upset."

"I was," he admitted frankly. "I have only come back to the business very lately, and I began to wonder whether among my staff there might not be one of those secret criminals one reads about. The doctor's certificate, however, rather robs us of our possible thrill—the doctor's certificate and the fact that your grandfather had a heart attack at the Savoy only two days before."

She dismissed the whole subject with a little wave of her hand.

"I am sorry I spoke of this," she said. "I am afraid you did not like it and you have been very kind to me."

"I wish," he insisted, "to be kinder still. You have been very frank to me about your circumstances, I want you to allow me to be your banker until you come into your inheritance."

"Why should you do that?" she asked.

He paused while he lit a cigaret which he had been holding for some time between his fingers.

"It seems to me that you have no closer friend, that no one has a better right to offer you this assistance. Your grandfather was a valued business connection of my firm."

Her expression remained inscrutable.

"My grandfather had other business connections in London," she observed. "Some of them have written me letters of sympathy. None of them have made any offer of this sort."

"They do not perhaps know your circumstances," he rejoined.

She finished her coffee and to his surprise rose to her feet.

"We will speak of this again," she said. "It is even possible that I may accept your offer."

"But I am going to America tomorrow morning. Let me at least leave word with my cashier to see that you have what you want."

"It will be quite time enough when we meet again," she assured him. "Thank you so much for this wonderful supper. I shall not forget. You have given me a great deal to think about. Do not disturb yourself, please. My room is on this side. The lift is quite near."

She nodded a farewell, kindly, almost provocative, yet with some quality in her expression the nature of which he could not fully grasp. He watched her pass with her half-foreign, graceful walk, through the swing doors held open by an attentive maître d'hôtel. Then he resumed his seat. Mechanically he asked for his bill. He had the feeling of a man who has passed through one of the rare experiences of life.

HARVEY, after an hour's profound slumber, was awakened by a peremptory knock at the door of his bedroom and the sudden flooding of the room with light. He sat up and blinked.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "Who the devil—"

He stopped short. It was Mildred who had entered, resplendent in court costume, a phantasy of waving feathers and jewels. From amidst it all her cold blue eyes were fixed upon him full of angry suspicion.

"What does this mean, Harvey?" she demanded.

"What does what mean?" he rejoined bewildered. "You don't mind my being in bed, do you?"

"You know well enough what I mean," she insisted, "or perhaps you didn't want me to know. If you didn't you weren't clever enough. Perhaps you'll explain those two trunks down-stairs with the New York labels upon them."

"That's all right," he answered still sleepily. "I didn't know anything about the labels, and it was silly of Andrews to leave the trunks in the hall, but I'm off to New York in the morning. There's no secret about that."

"New York!" she repeated scornfully. "Of what use is that? I thought South America was the fashionable place nowadays."

"My business does not happen to lie in South America," he ventured.

"Your business, I suppose," she declared bitterly, "is to get away from the mess you have made of things. I don't know that I blame you. It is perhaps the best way out. But what about me?"

"What about you?" he echoed, a little puzzled. "I shall only be away about three weeks. If there is anything you want in the meanwhile—"

"Don't be a damned fool, Harvey," she interrupted, "or worse still don't treat me as though I were one. You know very well that you are absconding, and I'm not sure that it isn't the best thing—but what about me? Are you going to leave me penniless?"

"I'm glad you've reminded me," he yawned, "but anyhow I should have thought of it in the morning. I have brought you home another five hundred pounds. You will find it in an envelope on the mantelpiece in your room."

"Five hundred pounds," she repeated indignantly, "and I expect you're taking fifty thousand at least."

"Taking fifty thousand where?" he demanded.

"THE mistake of your life, Harvey," she pronounced, "is that you continually take me for a fool. When I say absconding, I mean absconding. You and I both know that you are sneaking off to avoid your creditors."

"Oh, am I?" he murmured, feeling suddenly bereft of words.

"You have been in the business about a fortnight," she continued, "and you have no brains for figures at all. How on earth could you go to New York on business for the firm? What use would you be? The very idea of it is absurd. You are simply making New York your first getting-off place. Well, I'm resigned. Perhaps I'd rather you went than to be continually reading of you in the Bankruptcy Court. The brutal part of it all is, though, that you were trying to sneak away without leaving me a penny."

He sat up in bed, thoroughly awake now.

"Don't talk such nonsense, Mildred," he enjoined sharply. "In the first place you have all the money you need in the bank for household necessities, you have your own income coming in quarterly, and I have brought you home five hundred pounds, so that you have a little money in hand. In the second place I shall be home in less than three weeks."

"Tell me how much you are taking with you," she persisted.

"Two millions," he replied irritably, "and I shall need it all."

"Now you're becoming ridiculous. Mr. Fardale told me last night—"

"If you mention that fellow's name I'll go to sleep again," he threatened.

"You happen not to like Mr. Fardale," she observed, "and Mr. Fardale doesn't like you, but I find him a very useful friend."

"Well, I'm ashamed to think that you make use of such a fellow," Harvey declared scornfully. "You can continue your acquaintance with him, if you will, although it is against my wishes, but don't quote him to me; don't mention his name."

"Very well," she replied. "It was suggested to me then, last night, that within the next few days you would probably find a trip abroad for your health. I see that you are going to take it. I shall do nothing to hinder you. I am not thinking of ringing up the Official Receiver or any of those unpleasant personages. What I demand is that you give me a share of the money you must have collected from somewhere or other."

He looked at her curiously. On her first entrance into the room she had seemed almost a dazzling vision. The change during the last few minutes was incredible. Her features appeared to have become sharpened with anxiety the rouge on her cheeks was more apparent against the background of her pallid anger. Her lips were indrawn until her mouth seemed like a thin line.

"You are under a completely wrong impression, Mildred," he assured her. "So far from absconding, I am making a big effort not only to save the firm but to reestablish it absolutely. Fortune has been on my side, and although in one particular direction, I am taking a big risk, I think that there is every chance that I may succeed. This visit of mine to New York is undertaken solely in connection with some speculations I have entered into and my passage back on the same steamer is already booked."

"That is your last word, Harvey?" she demanded, without the least sign of relenting.

"There is nothing to add to it," he replied, "because it is the truth—and I am very sleepy."

Without a word of farewell she left the room, closing the door firmly behind her. He sank back among his pillows, stirred more deeply than ever from his nonchalant acceptance of Mildred as a somewhat selfish woman who had become an inevitable part of his life. The whole matter of their relations seemed suddenly to demand a new quality of reflection. For year after year of their easy-going life he had accepted his wife as a matter of course, giving all the time with both hands and receiving—what? He asked himself fervently, almost passionately—what? Occasionally a cold caress, a grudging tenderness, the habit-bound yielding of an unwilling consort. There was nothing more—there had never been more. His eyes were opened that night with a new clearness. At the first vital test she had failed him utterly and completely. He thought of his journey tomorrow with infinite relief. With the new effort which fate had demanded of him came a new standard of requirements from life—a new vision. It seemed to him as he lay there through the long hours, struggling for sleep, that with the closing of his bedroom door

Mildred had passed forever outside this altered life of his into which he had thrown himself so vigorously—this life of passionate endeavor and strange sensations.

THE whole events of the next morning seemed full of interest, even excitement. Greatorex, accompanied by a shorthand typist, was at the station at Waterloo, and in the reserved compartment which had been engaged for him to Southampton Harvey glanced through masses of correspondence, gave instructions, dictated letters with incredible haste, and without even a momentary hesitation. He seemed in some queer way to have suddenly developed a certain gift of critical insight, an amazing facility for separating the wheat from the chaff in matters of doubtful moment. Greatorex, from being an adviser, played now more often the part of approving listener. And with it all, Harvey was finding, as he realized during those breathless moments, a keen and unexpected pleasure in this new pursuit of his. He was full of enthusiasm as he finally shook hands with Greatorex.

"Send one of the men who can best be spared," he directed, "to Paris and Switzerland early next week. Don't force sales, but see that every scrap of the old stock is disposed of. Weed out the accounts. These times will try all but the strongest manufacturers. Send me a wireless twice a day and keep the counting house up to the mark. We ought to have a big balance at the end of the month, but I can't tell what I may have to pay out in cash if this deal comes off."

Harvey threw himself back in his seat as the train left the station, exhausted but content. An attendant brought him some badly needed breakfast. Afterward he sat and smoked until they glided into the dock station at Southampton. He looked with genuine admiration at the giant liner, and stepped out of his carriage with the joyous feeling of a man of adventurous spirit embarked upon a wholly new and fascinating undertaking. The one overshadowing fear which had made life sometimes during the last few days almost unbearable he swore should never pass with him up that narrow gangway. He would step on to the steamer in search of his new experiences free at least for the six days of the voyage from that constant dread. He walked on board and was escorted by an attentive steward to the very luxurious stateroom which had been engaged for him, light-footed and light-hearted. He had the feeling, as he leaned over the side of the vessel a short time later and watched the disappearing shores, that he was passing into a blessed period of respite.

On the second day out Harvey, ensconced in a steamer chair and thoroughly enjoying himself, received his first batch of wireless messages. He opened and read them eagerly. All the news was of the best. Markets were still adamant, inquiries for merchandise constant, sales prodigious. Bennet had cabled, too, that McDermott's had consented to keep their offer open until the arrival of the steamer. With the sheaf of messages clutched together in his hand, he felt about in his pocket for his cigaret case. Suddenly a voice from the muffled-up figure in the chair next to his startled him.

"You really do seem to me to be needing a secretary very badly. It is well that I am here."

It was partly, without a doubt, the disordered condition of mind into which he had lapsed during this first cycle in the amazing upheaval of his daily life which gave him the sensation of having been awakened by these words from those few hours of troubled sleep in Curzon Street. The hasty dressing, the drive to the station, the eager conference with Greatorex, the boarding of the steamer, the settling down in his stateroom—all seemed like a dream, as though indeed they were incidents belonging to some other person's life, of which he had only a secondary knowledge. The phantasy, however, passed in a moment as he turned to look at his companion who had sunk into the adjoining chair so noiselessly that, absorbed in his task, he had been utterly unaware of her coming.

"Another moment," she continued, "and half those papers would have flown away. You are really very helpless. Give them to me and I will fasten them with a clip. I have one here."

"But what on earth are you doing here?" he exclaimed pointlessly enough, but still indeed almost stupefied with surprise.

"I am a fellow passenger," she announced. "I told you yesterday that I, too, was coming to America."

"But you didn't tell me that you were coming by this steamer. You didn't give me the least idea that we were likely to meet again so soon."

She completed the fastening together of the wireless messages, which he had mechanically handed to her, by means of a clip which she had taken from a small attaché case on her knee.

"Well," she explained, "I thought I would let my coming remain a pleasant surprise for you. It is a pleasant surprise, I hope."

"Naturally," he assured her, "but—didn't you tell me that you were going second class?"

"I meant to," she agreed. "When I found, however, that you were coming on this boat, I went to the purser and asked him to change me. I have not paid him yet. If I do not earn some money from you going over, I do not know what will become of me. He is a very amiable man, that purser, but he has already reminded me twice that I owe him twenty-three pound ten."

He had recovered his presence of mind by now, but the situation, in spite of the peculiar and unanalyzable pleasure with which it inspired him, presented its sinister suggestions.

"There will be no trouble about that," he promised. "I will arrange the matter with him this evening. At the same time—"

He hesitated, frowning.

"I do not like people who do not finish their sentences," she observed. "Continue, if you please!"

"I do not quite understand why you are so anxious to act as my secretary," he confessed.

She drew her rug a little closer around her. There was a slight mist riding upon the waters, a moisture upon the deck.

"Well," she confided, "it is a humiliating admission, but you seem to be the only person who takes any interest in me. You assured me that my grandfather was a valued client of your firm and that you were anxious to be of service to me. If the money does not arrive then I must work. I have been trained for a secretary, why should I not be yours?"

HER very method of reasoning seemed to make the substance of it all reasonable. He was half inclined to consider himself a suspicious idiot, but he awoke at the same time to a sudden pugnacity. If, by any chance, this was a feint of hers to be near him and watch, she should have her chance.

"You are engaged," he told her briefly. "I will give you three hundred a year and all your expenses, including, of course, your passage on the steamer. Get me a dozen Marconigram forms, please, and I will dictate some cables."

She slipped out of her rugs and rose to her feet, with an easy and effortless grace of movement which, from its perfect naturalness, was a pleasure to watch. She was half-way down the deck, before he had realized that she had gone. His eyes followed her until she turned into the companionway. She returned with the briefest possible delay.

"I had to go to the purser's office," she explained, "I told him that I was your secretary, and that you would arrange with him for my room this evening. He seemed relieved."

"I won't forget," he promised. "Now then, please!"

She altered the slant of her chair and sat upright by his side. With the back of her attaché case arranged as a desk, she waited for his dictation, pencil in hand. One by one she took down a dozen messages in shorthand.

"Go and write these out in ink," he directed. "Afterward bring them to me and, if they are correct, I will give you the code book."

"They will be correct," she assured him, with a shade of irritation in her tone."

"I hope so," he answered. "You must remember that your proficiency is one of the things I have to discover."

She bit her lip but made no reply. In less than a quarter of an hour she brought him the little sheaf of cablegrams. He read them through carefully, altered a couple of words and nodded approval.

"You were right," he admitted shortly. "They are absolutely correct. The altered words are improvements of my own. Here is the code book," he added, drawing it from his pocket. "Please make as much use of it as possible without risk of misunderstanding, and dispatch them all."

"Unless you have made an arrangement with the Marconi man," she said, "can I have some money, please?"

He handed her a ten-pound note and stretched himself out more comfortably in his chair.

"You had better," he suggested, "go down to the barber's shop and buy a small note-book. You can then keep an account. I will give you some money and I shall look to you to make all these minor disbursements."

She accepted the money with a little smile.

"I love keeping accounts," she confided. "I hope that you will have some more work for me when I come back."

He watched her disappear, and then leaned back in his chair looking out at the gray, comfortless sea over which phantom wisps of mist were hovering. His thoughts were unanalyzable, discarded each time they crept into shape, yet bringing with them a queer sensation of pleasurable content. It was almost a day dream into which he had lapsed and from which he was awakened by the arrival of the deck steward.

"A message for you, sir," the latter announced, presenting it.

Harvey tore open the envelope mechanically and read the few words. He read them twice and waved the steward away. The message had been handed in at Bermondsey earlier in the day—

> Scotland Yard have telephoned and sent a messenger here. They are anxious to discover the address of Miss Grace Swayle, granddaughter of Ebenezer Swayle, who, they believe, visited warehouse Friday and had interview with you. If address known please cable. GREATOREX.

He tore the sheet of paper in small pieces and, moving to the side of the vessel, let them flutter away. He had barely resumed his seat when Grace returned, carrying a book in her hand.

"I have put everything down," she said. "There is a balance of four pounds nineteen and threepence."

He nodded.

"I want to send another Marconigram," he told her.

"You can't send many for four pounds nineteen and threepence," she warned him.

"This one will not be expensive," he promised.

She took one of the forms from her attaché case and sharpened her pencil.

"To Greatorex, Care of Garrard's, London," he dictated. "Address unknown."

"Is that all?" she asked.

He nodded.

"There will be nothing more this evening. I shall go down to the purser now and arrange the balance of your passage money."

"That is very kind of you and it will make him very happy," she said. "I have not many words just now, Mr. Garrard," she added, after a moment's hesitation, "but you are very kind to me and I am very grateful."

They walked the length of the deck together. In the companionway they parted.

"I hope that you will find some more work for me later," she said.

THE siren drowned his reply. They heard the sounding of the bell for half speed. They had made their way into a bank of fog. She shivered.

"If this continues, I shall go to my stateroom," she declared. "It is the only thing of which I am afraid. It makes me ill to feel it all around."

He hesitated, curiously anxious to offer her the shelter of his little sitting-room. Then he remembered the cablegram which he had torn into fragments.

"There is nothing to fear," he assured her, turning away, "but do stay in your room if you prefer it. So far as the work is concerned, I shall not need you any more today."

It was not until the following evening at dinner-time that Grace made her reappearance. Harvey had just seated himself at his solitary table by the side of an open porthole after a day of inexplicable restlessness, when he looked up to see a familiar figure crossing the saloon toward him. And yet, after the first flash of pleased recognition, he asked himself whether he were not mistaken. The girl who was making her way between the tables, graceful and self-possessed, a faint, deprecating smile parting her lips as her eyes caught his, seemed to have no kinship with the tragical figure who had come to him like a ghost through the shadows of the great warehouse. Her black evening dress was simply enough fashioned, but it clung to her figure as though the mere fact of a beautiful body beneath had rendered the complex art of the dressmaker superfluous. So far as he knew she had not left her stateroom since the previous evening, yet the vermilion of her unbecarmined lips, the sheen of her smoothly brushed hair, the swing of her vigorous movements, all seemed to speak of complete and joyous health. He rose to his feet to greet her and she at once framed her request.

"Am I doing a very terrible thing, I wonder," she ventured, "if I ask to come and sit at your table? For this meal only, if you will. There are no women at mine, and the men—well, I do not like them very much."

He motioned to a steward and gave rapid orders.

"I wonder I did not think of it before," he said. "You must please make this your permanent place."

"I shall not compromise you, shall I?" she asked, taking her seat.

"There is no one to whom such things could matter," he replied. "Apart from which," he added, after a moment's reflection, "you are with me, are you not, in an official capacity?"

"I am," she admitted with a smile, looking down the menu, "but on the other hand I need not dine with you in an official capacity."

With the habits of her adopted country asserting themselves, she gave an intelligent and carefully chosen order, and afterward accepted a glass of her companion's wine. Together they looked out of the porthole at the smooth sea, blue now and free from the mists of the day before.

"This is heavenly," she murmured. "Now that the fog has gone I wish that the voyage could last twice as long."

"I wish it could too," he agreed, "and yet I am thankful that it cannot. You see I have only just become a man of action and this journey is rather a set-back for me. There is nothing like life on a steamer to make one feel thoroughly idle."

"Why have you suddenly taken to business with such zest?" she enquired.

"Because the last surviving partner of the firm has just died and there was no one else," he replied.

"Why did you not sell your business then? Every one says that you are enormously wealthy."

"An idle life is bad for any one," he declared.

She smiled.

"It has taken you a great many years to find that out."

"It has taken me a great many years to find out other and even more important things," he confessed gravely. "I suppose we all have to face a crisis some time or other during our lives. Mine caught me unprepared and very ignorant. I feel somehow that I am only now on the threshold of knowledge."

"Of life?"

"Of life and the things that crowd themselves into it."

THEY were silent for a few moments during the service of a course. It was she who next took up the burden of conversation.

"I wonder how long you will want me for a secretary?" she speculated.

"Probably as long as you want to stay."

"Why only probably?" she demanded swiftly.

He attempted the solemn, almost senatorial air becoming to the relations which he had firmly decided must continue between them. Yet in the face of the mockery in her eyes he wavered almost at once.

"You see," he confided, "I have never had a secretary before. Our relations might become a little puzzling."

"Why and how?" she insisted.

He hesitated. After all, why not candor? It was perhaps less dangerous than to keep unspoken thoughts in his brain.

"You are very attractive," he reminded her.

"You flatter me," she murmured sedately. "But of what moment is that? You have the reputation of being insensible to women, and you are married to a very beautiful woman."

"Who told you that?"

"The society journals and a little gossip. I heard of you remotely in Paris. They have been speaking of you on the steamer, too."

"My wife is, I suppose, a beautiful woman," he acknowledged thoughtfully. "We have not, however, made a great success of married life together. She is very dissatisfied with me."

"You are an unfaithful husband?"

"Good gracious, no," he answered hastily. "It is not that at all."

"Then why is she dissatisfied?"

He considered for a moment.

"She is very ambitious," he confided, "and she desires things in life which are out of my reach."

"BUT you are wealthy. You can give her everything she wants."

He remembered one of Mildred's old peevish ambitions, and clutched at the memory.

"She wants a title. She would like me to go into Parliament or give a hundred thousand pounds to the party funds and be made a baronet. She would much prefer a peerage."

"So your wife is that sort of woman," Grace murmured.

"I do not think that I do her an injustice," he declared deliberately, "if I say, as I can say truthfully, that I have never heard her express any concern for or interest in anything except the material things of life. Her clothes, jewels, social position, are the things she worships. I," he went on quickly, "have been as bad in my way. Up till this last month or so, sport, gambling, the open air, the excitement of games, have been the things I have lived for. From the point of view of any one taking life seriously, there is little enough to choose between the two."

"I should nevertheless," she told him, "prefer your weaknesses. Tell me more about your wife. Is she still fond of you?"

"It is my conscientious belief," he replied, "that she has no affection for me at all."

"Then who is fond of you?" she persisted.

"I am afraid I must confess that I know of no one who is," he sighed. "You see that is what one misses by leading a selfish life. Such happiness as pleasure may bring, we have, but affection we miss."

"You must not think me impolite," she continued, "if I ask you something else, but remember that I am half French and that I have lived in a somewhat Bohemian atmosphere. I am also of an inquisitive turn of mind. You have lived in the center of a very gay life. Have you no mistress?"

He started. It seemed an odd question for this girl with the untroubled eyes to ask him so gravely. Then he remembered her upbringing.

"I most certainly have not," he assured her. "Not, I suppose," he went on, after a moment's pause, "from any conscientious scruples. I am no better than other men. I suppose the real reason is that I have only a certain capacity for interest and amusement and other things have attracted me more than feminine society."

"Tell me again how old you are."

"Thirty-seven."

She gazed out of the porthole for several moments, watching the gliding of a sea-gull. When she looked back a fresh course of her dinner was awaiting her. She seemed suddenly incurious.

"Tell me, my lady inquisitor," he asked, "What about your own future? To be my secretary can be only a little rung in the ladder for you. You must have an idea of something beyond. What would bring you happiness?"

"To love and be loved," she answered without hesitation.

He felt almost embarrassed. Such directness of speech from one who was still only a girl seemed incomprehensible to him.

"And has that or any premonition of it yet arrived?" he ventured.

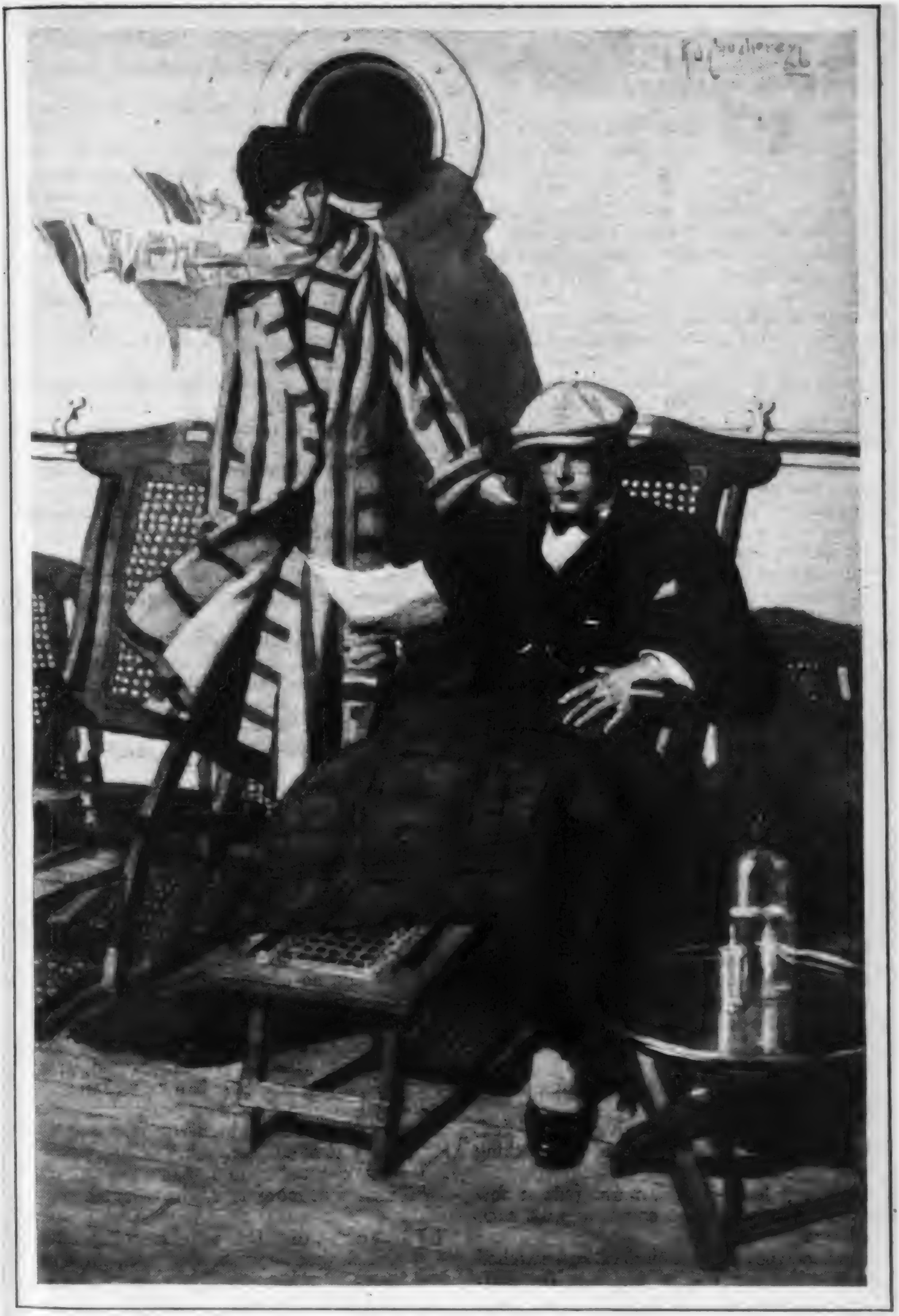
"Not yet. I have amused myself by small flirtations in which I have given nothing, not even the touch of my fingers, and accepted what came my way."

"That sounds a little selfish."

"If it does," she declared, "believe me that in the great account between men and women the balance is still very much on the debit side so far as we are concerned. Men, as a rule, are over-greedy to take, and women—especially stupid women, and most women are stupid—are over-eager to give. If I am born with a brain and with a gift of restraint, if I give less and take more, I still remain very much in the minority."

"For a young person of your age," he remarked, "you seem to have given a great deal of thought to life."

"It has been of necessity," she told him a little sadly. "I think that I was wise from the cradle, wise with the sense of self-preservation which was born with me. Yet even now I am wise



"Go and write these out in ink. I will give you the code book. You must remember," he said, "that your proficiency is one of the things I have to discover." She bit her lip but made no reply.

enough to know that I should be capable of the great folly if it came my way."

OUT on the deck the second ship's orchestra had begun to play dance music, and the melody of an old-fashioned waltz drifted pleasantly in through the open porthole. For some reason or other Harvey became gradually conscious of an increasing restlessness. He thought of the solitude of the bows where he had smoked his after-dinner cigaret the night before, and he fidgeted in his place. She leaned over and patted him on the hand.

"Please do not think of leaving me, although I came late," she begged. "Besides, I have more to say to you. I have not been quite honest. I have told you what would be, what surely will be, the great crown of my life, but there are other things. I, too, am material in my way. I want money. I want above all things that money which I know my grandfather was going to give me."

"You wish to be independent?"

"It isn't independence exactly," she objected. "I simply want the things that a girl of my age with tastes, brought up as I have been brought up, naturally wants. Only because I have stronger feelings than most girls, I want them that much more. I want the luster of pearls on my neck, and the cling of silk to my body. I want the joy of thinking out new frocks—and I can assure you that I am quite clever at it. I like, too, the respect from every one that wealth commands. Look at them on this boat, how they bow down to you simply because you have wealth."

"I haven't noticed any particular obsequiousness," he assured her.

"Pooh!" she scoffed. "That is because you are like all the men of your race. You take the homage of others for granted. Now I am ready, if you would like to go."

They made their way out on to the deck, where the red and gold of the sunset still stained the clouds and the electric light shone palely round the dancing space.

"If we sit out," he said, "you ought to have a wrap."

She shook her head. She was looking a little wistfully at the dancers.

"You wouldn't care to dance?" she suggested.

He suddenly realized that there was nothing he wanted to do so much.

"How wonderful," she murmured, a few minutes later, "to find an employer with such versatile gifts."

Presently, they sat out on deck and watched the stars flash out one by one into the deep blue sky. A steward served them with cool drinks and a clerk from the wireless office brought down half-a-dozen messages. Grace was at once a different person. She rose promptly to her feet.

"I have the code-book downstairs," she said. "One minute."

She hurried off and presently returned with her satchel. Side by side they made sense out of the jumble of words. Harvey's mouth had grown tighter as he had read, and the new look of power in his face brought lines into his forehead. Nevertheless, when the last message was deciphered, he smiled.

"It is what you wished for—these higher prices?" she asked anxiously.

"Entirely," he answered. "Another month like this and my mission to New York successfully completed, and I shall be free of every obligation in the world."

"What sort of obligations are you under?" she asked curiously.

He twirled a piece of paper between his fingers.

"Scarcely obligations. It is my ambition—the ambition of a great many business men, but seldom realized—to own all my merchandise, to have great sums due in my ledgers, and to owe nothing."

"So that is the ambition of your life," she murmured, after a moment's pause. "Have you no other?"

He moved a little uneasily in his place. The restlessness was back again, driving him toward action. His thoughts in repose troubled him. His nerves seemed tingling with unfamiliar forces.

"Let us dance again," he suggested, "or walk."

She looked at him and he fancied that he read the light of understanding in her eyes and the smile of her mocking lips.

"Why should we? I am very happy here."

"I must write out the replies to these messages," he explained, in a voice which he scarcely recognized as his own. "I can't see here. I'll do them inside and then you can have them for coding."

She made no effort to detain him, but the smile lingered upon her lips. He strode away into the smoking-room, threw himself into an easy chair and ordered a whisky and soda. He sat there with his precious Marconigrams crumpled into a shapeless ball in his hand.

"When are we due in, steward?" he asked the man who brought him his drink.

"Friday at five o'clock, sir."

Harvey counted up in despair.

"Nearly four more days," he groaned.

HARVEY woke the next morning telling himself that he was a sane man, cured of a few hours of midsummer lunacy. A blazing sun had burned its way through the mists and the whole Atlantic was a changed place. The sea was blue with little crests of white. A soft westerly breeze kept the air fresh and invigorating. He found a retired spot in the ship's bows early in the morning and remained there until after midday. It was only just before luncheon that he made his way to the deck where Grace's chair was situated to find it vacant. He walked up and down for a quarter of an hour, visited the lounge for his cocktail, and promenaded the deck once more. There was no sign of Grace, although she had evidently been there, for her rug had been used and her book was lying on the chair. Presently he obeyed the luncheon summons and descended to the saloon. Her place was laid at his table but she did not appear. When he returned on deck he found her seated in her chair lunching, with the deck steward in attendance.

"Nothing the matter, I hope," he asked anxiously, as soon as the latter had taken his departure.

"There is nothing the matter with me," she assured him. "Only as you kept out of my way all the morning, I thought that it would please you if I followed suit. When I saw you coming I went in to the ladies' writing-room and stayed there until you went down to lunch."

"What nonsense," he exclaimed with attempted brusqueness. "I simply chose to sit in the bows this morning because I wanted to be perfectly quiet and think out one or two of the details of my business affairs."

"I see," she murmured. "And I suppose you thought that I should chatter and disturb you."

"Not at all," he replied, relenting a little. "I was afraid that you might prove too distracting."

She smiled.

"Now I come to think of it," she reflected, "that is, I believe, the first speech of its sort you have ever made to me. I am rather sorry."

"Why sorry?"

"Because," she confided, "it seems to make you more like other men. You have never up till now paid me a compliment, and that I think is one reason why I have liked you. When a man does not say a thing there is just a chance that he may feel it."

"If you have a fault," he remarked, lighting a cigaret and seating himself, "I should say that you were a little too introspective for the ordinary, rather stupid man like myself."

She finished some stewed fruit and handed the plate to the deck steward who had been hovering in the background.

"It is true that I have a small amount of brains," she confessed. "Whether it is a good thing to have or not, I do not know. I think that it rather handicaps a woman like me."

"We do rather like to be on a pedestal," Harvey acknowledged, "especially with our womenkind."

"Give me a cigaret, please," she begged, holding out her hand.

He passed her his case. She selected one, lit it, and leaned a little further back in her chair.

"Any work for me?" she inquired.

"The messages haven't begun to arrive yet," he answered. "The difference in time may have something to do with it. We shall probably get a sheaf about four o'clock."

"Bring them to me directly they arrive, will you not?" she suggested, picking up her book. "Just now I wish to read but I must try to earn my money."

HE STROLLED off naturally enough, although he was conscious of having been gracefully dismissed. He spent a restless afternoon, ignoring fellow passengers, trying to banish one particular subject from his thoughts, and zealously avoiding the portion of the deck where Grace sat. At about four o'clock as he had expected, the Marconigrams began to arrive. He made his way back to his place. Grace laid down her book and produced her code, pencil and paper, all of which were in readiness.

"The news is still good, I hope?" she asked politely.

"Excellent," he assured her. "Some of these will need very long replies, though."

"The longer the better," she told him. "I like very much to practice my shorthand."

The work, interrupted now and then by the arrival of other messages, was absorbing and complicated. It was seven o'clock before the last coded reply had been dispatched. Grace leaned back in her chair with a little sigh, half of satisfaction, half of weariness.

"I think," he suggested, "that we have earned a cocktail."

She rose with alacrity. They made their way to the little lounge and sat in basket chairs looking down at the sea. Grace sipped her Martini thoughtfully.

"I am quite sure," she said, breaking a somewhat prolonged silence, "that I shall enjoy very much being your secretary, but I wish I understood a little more clearly what all this excitement is about."

"It must seem a trifle involved," he admitted. "The conditions just now are exceptional."

He explained the position to her. She listened attentively.

"It sounds interesting," she acknowledged. "I suppose that you are making a great deal of money."

"We have made a great deal, and on paper we are making a great deal more. It depends upon how long the boom in prices lasts. For instance, everything our agents bought yesterday is five percent. dearer today. The manufacturers with whom I am going over to close a very large deal have given my agent in New York an option, but they are already making efforts to evade it. That is why I am praying that the ship is not late."

"By which boat are you returning?" she enquired.

"By this one on its homeward trip."

She was thoughtful, making apparently a little calculation.

"I shall just be able to manage it," she decided. "You must tell the purser that I shall be returning with you."

"You don't mean to say that you will be ready to come back within a week," he exclaimed.

"I intend to," she assured him. "Now that you have once realized the luxury of having a private secretary, I do not wish to leave you dissatisfied. You might engage some one else in New York and bring her along with you."

"I certainly should not do that," he promised. "I scarcely see, however, how you can get down to Connecticut, and look into your grandfather's affairs thoroughly within a week."

"I am not sure that I shall go to Connecticut, I have sent a Marconigram on my own account to the lawyer who wrote me, asking him to meet me in New York. I sent it out of your money. I hope you do not mind. And please will you advance me some of my salary?"

He drew out his pocketbook at once.

"I am frightfully sorry," he apologized. "I meant to give you some before you left the steamer, though. Will five hundred dollars be enough? I will take care of your return passage."

"Five hundred dollars is more than I have ever possessed in my life. I am not sure that I ought to take as much."

"You ought to take a great deal more," he declared earnestly. "I am perfectly serious when I assure you that if you will accept it I will gladly advance any money you require."

"Why?"

"Because," he explained, "I am perfectly certain that your grandfather's fortune will be discovered, and that you will be a rich woman."

She looked across at him, leaning forward, her head resting upon her intertwined fingers, her elbows upon the table. He was suddenly furious with himself for the little thrill of pleasure he felt watching the delicate lines of her throat and the faint curve of her bosom.

"I wonder why you are so perfectly certain about that money?" she speculated. "And why, too," she went on, "you always look like a guilty schoolboy when you allude to it."

"I must have a very ingenuous countenance," he rejoined. "As for the money, your grandfather is known to have been a wealthy man. The money must be somewhere, and when it is discovered it belongs to you. Besides, I feel a certain amount of responsibility about the matter. If my manager, Greatorex, had not forgotten to let me know that your grandfather was waiting, he might have been alive today."

She shook her head.

"I do not think so," she said gravely. "The doctor who attended him at the hotel told me that he did not think he would recover from the first attack!"

They were silent for a moment. Presently she rose to her feet.

"I think, perhaps," she suggested, "I had better go and change. It does not take me long, as I have no choice of dinner gowns, but the bugle has sounded some time ago."

"You are not going to desert me this evening, then?" he asked, angry a second later for the eagerness of his question.

She laughed as she rose to her feet and turned towards the door.

"The desertion," she repeated, "was it of my choice?"

AGAIN as he changed his clothes, Harvey made an effort to face a situation which certainly savored of the fantastic. He knew perfectly well where he stood as regards his wife. They had drifted slowly apart through the years, neither of them apparently regretting their estrangement; he, on the other hand, finding it a relief. Her utter lack of sympathy with the troubles which had overtaken him had only put the finishing touch to their gradual but complete alienation. At the same time the idea of replacing her had never occurred to him. A natural inclination towards righteous living, a somewhat esthetic taste as regards women and possible relations with them, had kept him from even the merest flirtation in the center of a social life which might certainly be described as the arena of more or less promiscuous love-making. He had been tolerant always with many of his friends whose little affairs were notorious, but he had never felt any desire to emulate them. That sort of thing simply did not appeal to him. He knew now why, and he was afraid of the realization. He was a man as other men, but with instincts perhaps somewhat finer than his every-day life would seem to suggest; instincts which required that the avenue towards any possible love-making should lead through the pleasance of sentiment. The flamboyant beauties who were his wife's society friends had interested him as little as the slangy young sportswomen with whom he was brought continually into contact. He had remained immune because he had never been tempted. As he tied his tie and stood for a moment before his looking-glass he realized that this was almost the first time in his life that he had felt the sweetness of disturbing emotions. He was ridiculously elated because he was going to spend the whole evening with her. He was conscious of an amazing new interest in the hours and days spent in her company, conscious, too, with a sense of marvelous exhilaration, that he was standing upon the threshold of a new and undiscovered world.

He tried to tell himself as he sat and waited for her in the dining-saloon that he had let his fancy play tricks with him, that she was after all a very ordinary person whose attractions he had probably greatly exaggerated. Yet when at last she made her appearance he was obliged to admit that she did indeed possess that rare gift among her sex—the gift of personality. Her composure was as natural as the actual grace of her physical movements. Her unassuming gown seemed to gain distinction from the surely perfect body round which it was draped. He realized as he rose to welcome her that at least so far as his taste was concerned he had made no mistake. This girl who, if she knew the truth about him, would without a doubt be planning to have him arrested on their arrival in New York, attracted him as no other woman had done in his whole life. The irony of it brought a certain bitterness into his smile as he stood and waited while she was seated.

"Why so glum, dear employer?" she asked. "Are you regretting that you asked me to your table? Perhaps you have a return of the fit which took you to the bows for the whole of the morning?"

He ordered, a little recklessly, a bottle of champagne. After all, he told himself, there was no reason why he should play the part of St. Anthony to the extent of wearing the hair shirt.

"On the contrary," he rejoined, "I am suffering a great deal more from a return of the feeling which drove me there."

"The desire for solitude?"

"No. Apprehensions concerning you."

She laughed softly and with the menu in her hand made no reply until she had carefully ordered her dinner. When the steward had departed she leaned a little forward.

"An explanation, if you please," she demanded.

"The explanation is simple enough," he confessed. "I have made a ridiculous discovery. I am one of those absurd figures who provide humor for the comic papers and pathos for the novelists—the susceptible middle-aged man."

"Middle-aged you certainly are not," she declared emphatically. "You are younger than any of the young men I have ever met. If you are susceptible in a general way I am surprised to hear it."

"In a general way, no," he admitted. "My proclivities, I think, guard me against that. My trouble is that I find myself thinking a great deal too much about you."

For a moment the directness of his statement shook her insouciance. A slight and unexpected tinge of color crept into her cheeks. Her eyes which had met his so frankly a minute or two before, drooped.

"But I can not imagine," she protested, "why you should find that disagreeable. You ought to have come and told me at once. To have heard it would have given me much pleasure. I hope you are still in the same condition. I like to think that you mean it."

He struggled away from the note of seriousness into which he had almost lapsed. Hers was the proper tone and it was for him to match it.

"I am seriously considering the question," he confided, "of whether you are not too attractive to be my secretary."

She gave a little sigh of content.

"You are restoring my waning confidence," she murmured. "To tell you the truth I did not like myself in the looking-glass tonight. That is why I was so late."

"I can't imagine why."

She took a sip of her champagne.

"I shall have to be careful," she sighed. "My head is getting turned. Flattery is the most dangerous weapon and this wine is very insidious."

THE moment of peril had passed. They dined light-heartedly but without further serious speech. Afterward they took their coffee in the lounge and listened to the music. The orchestra was playing an almost irresistible waltz. She looked at him inquiringly.

"Tonight," he declared, "in my present state, I think that I shall not venture to dance with you."

She rose very slowly to her feet. Her arms went out toward him, white and delicately shaped arms without bracelets or rings on her fingers.

"Mine is the risk," she said softly. "I challenge you. Please come."

She looked at him curiously as the music at last gave them a little respite. He had been silent for some time. His eyes were troubled and his feet had certainly lagged in the rhythm of that last waltz.

"You are tired?" she asked.

The idea brought a faint smile to his lips. He was in perfect physical condition, now as in the days of more constant exercise. Nevertheless he hesitated to promptly disclaim the suggestion. He could scarcely confess that it was the cling of her soft body, the delight of feeling her unrestrainedly in his arms which had caused his heart to beat so fast, his breath to shorten and his footsteps to grow unsteady. A thing which comes to most men and had hitherto passed him by had him now in its grip. Instinct had warned him against dancing at all that night. It warned him now as he checked her movement toward the exit against their nightly promenade in the darker spaces of the ship.

"I am not tired," he assured her, "but I'd like to sit down for a few minutes. You really must dance with the next of these ship's officers who asks you," he went on, piloting her toward the chairs. "I can't monopolize you like this."

"Why can you not," she asked petulantly. "I do not wish to dance with any one else. I dislike new acquaintances and having to make conversation."

They sat down for a few minutes and Grace, as soon as the music struck up again refused several invitations to dance.

"You are a self-willed young person," he sighed.

"You should be flattered," she rejoined. "I do not like sitting here, though. If you do not wish to dance we will walk outside."

He elected to dance and they moved away again as soon as the music started. Presently she patted him on the shoulder.

"Why are you so strange tonight?" she demanded. "You are holding me now as though I were a dancing mistress and you were having your first lesson. Hold me properly at once."

A moment's desperation seized him. He drew her into his arms and they glided away together, moving once more in perfect unison—both, as a matter of fact, exceptionally good dancers.

"This is better," she murmured ecstatically. "It is better than Paris even. You dance so well, Mr. Employer. Why did you want to hand me over to some one else? Are you afraid that I shall not be so good a secretary if you spoil me like this? You need not be."

"With whom did you dance in Paris?" he asked, as they paused.

It was his first little spasm of jealousy—almost the first he had ever known in his life. She leaned back and reflected.

"There were not many," she confided. "There was a young Italian—Guiseppe Matrini. He was the friend of a girl who took lessons in typing and shorthand where I did. And there was her brother—Sidney Marsham—and another girl's brother—Paul Henault. They were all good but not so good as you."

"Which was your special friend?" he persisted.

"Sidney Marsham was supposed to be," she answered. "He asked me to marry him several times. Guiseppe and Paul used to pretend that they were in love with me, but they neither of them asked me to marry them."

"Do you regret any of your friends?"

"Not now, for a moment. I felt very lonely and miserable when I got to the Savoy and heard what had happened. I was very miserable the first evening I saw you. Now I regret nothing—except not seeing my grandfather before he died."

"And the temporary loss of your money," he ventured.

"That," she assured him confidently, "I am going to recover. As soon as I have seen this lawyer from Connecticut and discovered where his property was, I shall know what to do. Every one says that the English police are wonderful. We shall see. At present they have nothing to go on. When I come back it will be different."

"It is not absolutely necessary to assume theft," he pointed out. "Your uncle may have deposited his property or securities somewhere."

"In that case," she replied, "there should have been a receipt among his belongings. However, just now these things do not distress me. I have lost all that miserable sense of being alone in the world. You have been very good to me, Monsieur Garrard," she added softly

Every one had moved over to the windows to watch the blaze of lights from a passing steamer. She thrust her arm through his.

"Let us go on deck," she begged.

She led him out. They leaned over the ship's side, watching the curiously impressive sight—a huge liner, whose shape was vaguely to be discerned with its vast stretch of flaming lights throwing pathways of fire across the sea. When it had passed and they could no longer hear the rhythmical beating of its engines she drew herself up.

"After all," she declared, "I think it was rather stuffy in there. They had played all the best music, too. Let us go in the bows."

"Too late," he answered gruffly.

"But why?" she demanded.

"The officers don't like people wandering about there at this time of night."

"You are very ridiculous," she scoffed, holding his arm more insistently. "Besides, you do not know what you are talking about. The first officer asked me to go in the bows with him last night later than this, and the purser wanted me to go aft with him on that funny little part of the deck to watch the phosphorus."

"The devil they did!" Harvey exclaimed. "Did you go?"

"Of course I didn't."

"Why not?"

He felt her fingers tightening once more on his arm.

"You know quite well," she whispered.

STEAMER madness, he told himself, as they threaded their way forward; the sort of thing he had read about but never believed in, had put into the same category as the lure of the desert and the music of a Honolulu dancing-hall. Something cheap about it all, the meretricious flaunt of circumstance, whose pitfalls were for those who sought them. He raised his head and patted her hand kindly.

He would indicate to her precisely during the next few minutes, he decided, the nature of their relations. He forgot, however, that he was playing a part, that there was nothing genuine about the rôle he was assuming, that he was, in fact, a poseur.

"You are rather spoiling me, you know," he said. "I think you ought to amuse yourself with some of these younger people. After tonight I shall insist upon it. I feel very selfish keeping you to myself."

"When you know me better," she rejoined, "you will discover that selfishness is my particular weakness. I do not consider other people sufficiently. I do the thing which appeals most to me. That is what I am doing now."

He paused in a sheltered place to light a cigaret. She, too, accepted one without enthusiasm. As they drew nearer their destination they met the increasing force of the wind booming through the darkness, heard the crash of the sea as it spent itself and parted against the bows. Her hair was blown into confusion, her dress flung one moment around her limbs, twisted the next into fantastic shapes. She clung all the closer to her companion. As they neared the bows they leaned over the rails and looked below. Once a shower of spray leaped over them.

"I do not feel very safe," she confided. "Please put your arm around me."

He looked down to meet the full delight of that slow, sweet smile, the caress of her eyes, curiously bright in the little pool of darkness into which they had stepped. He drew her close to him and smoothed her hair for a moment, ignoring the tremulous invitation of her parted lips.

"GRACE," he said—he had slipped very early into the habit of calling her Grace—"I am very nearly forty years old, and married. You are twenty-two and still a child. If I were a beast I should kiss you. As I hope I am not I am going to take you in."

"I do not want to be taken in," she objected. "You are so droll. The first officer is a married man, and I am quite sure that he would have kissed me."

"Damn the first officer!" Harvey exclaimed. "If you want—"

"But I do not. I would not come with him. I have brought you instead. That is very different."

"Grace dear," he pleaded, "please be sensible. Don't you know that everything between us could be so easily spoiled? Boy and girl kisses are all very well, but you know—they don't belong here. Your real lips should be kept for the person you care about. This is only the feeling of a moment."

"It is a true feeling and that is all that counts," she answered. "I am not an idealist but I know this. I have spent many embarrassing hours, preventing men from kissing me. Now I want to be kissed—and I will be."

Her lips, of their own accord, hovered upon his—almost rested there. He took her into his arms and enough remained of his resolutions to bring a touch of reverence even into the passion with which he held her to him and the thrill of his lips as they clung to hers. When at last she drew away it was with an exquisite little sigh of joy.

"I think, dear employer," she murmured, "that you are the most wonderful thing on earth. You are not angry with me because I made you kiss me?"

He struggled against the enchantment of the minute. Neither to her nor to himself would he recognize its possibilities, though he saw the dawn of unconscious passion in her glowing eyes and had felt her heart beating against his.

"Dear child," he said, "how could I be angry! We all have our moments of folly, I suppose, and I have to be allowed mine. You made those moments divine."

She laughed musically, as he drew her reluctantly away and they retraced their steps.

"And you," she confided, "you have made me very happy. If I were clever I could tell you why. As it is I can only tell you that you seem to have made my thoughts of men nicer. I think that if we never met again after this voyage I should be grateful to you for that all my life. You see, Paris—the things one hears about among one's friends—even those boys—sometimes they frighten me. Not one of them has ever kissed me, but they have tried, and sometimes there was an atmosphere I rather hated. I suppose in some ways I am old for my years, and in others I am ignorant, but—I cannot tell how you did it—you seem tonight to have made me feel much happier about everything, besides being rather ridiculously happy myself."

"Then all is as it should be and I sha'n't kick myself at all," he declared light-heartedly. "Listen, the orchestra is playing still. We'll have one more dance, a little drink in the smoking-room and then bed."

"Lovely!" she cried. "What a dear you are! Do you know," she added, clutching his arm tighter than ever for a moment, "I think that this has been the happiest evening of my life."

They danced again and afterward she drank a lemon squash while he had a whisky and soda. They parted in the companion-way and she pressed her fingers to his lips.

"Tomorrow," she said gayly, "I hope that there will be plenty of work and that markets—is not that what you say?—will still be going up and up and up. And I hope, too," she went on, looking at him with shining eyes, "that you will be as sweet to me as you have been today."

"Tomorrow and always," he promised.

NEVERTHELESS he had his battle to fight as he sat alone in the easy chair of his luxurious stateroom before commencing to undress. His first determination as to the nature of his relations with Grace remained unshaken, and his remorse at his one lapse was bitter and sincere, but although he took himself severely to task for the whole events of the evening his common sense stopped him from anything morbid in the way of self-accusation. He had been perhaps wrong to have drifted into such intimate terms with her, but on the other hand his self-confidence was unabated. He knew very well, although he would never have confessed himself an idealist, that when she had lain in his arms and her fingers had stolen round his neck, she had seemed to him just a precious and wonderful gift from somewhere beyond the every-day world, whose affection was a thing to be accepted and returned with scrupulous and tender care that nothing, even a thought, should for a moment soil its beauty. Then there was that other justification, which as yet he scarcely admitted even to himself—the strange, impossible but overwhelming fact that for the first time in his life he was learning what it was to care for a woman. The madness of it all was such that it remained only a subconsciousness in his mind, but it was there—a veritable if an unacknowledged justification. The real remorse, the definite agony of those minutes was of another nature. Markets were to go "up, up, up," on the morrow, she had wished him joyfully. Her words had brought back to him like a flash the nightmare which the joy of being with her had driven from his mind. Supposing they went down, down, down, it would not be ruin only he had to face, but dishonor. She would know the truth about him then. She would no longer look upon him as her kindly protector. He was the thief who had robbed her of her fortune, the felon whom her word could send into the dock.

The great deal was completed at last. The setting of the final act Harvey long remembered. He, with Bennet, his agent, Andrew McDermott, the manufacturer, and two advisers, met in the wonderful offices of the New York lawyer; offices on the seventeenth floor of a great public building, from the windows of which was a panoramic view of much of the city and the harbor. With the ink scarcely dry upon the check for a million dollars which he had just paid over, Harvey found himself engaged in a breathless drive to the docks. Bennet sat with his watch in his hand.

"We'll make it sure if they hold her for the few minutes they promised," he declared. "It's only five minutes past the hour now and the chief agent of the company has gone down to the docks himself to see the captain. There are her masts, over the sheds yonder. She hasn't got a move on yet. Your luggage all on board?"

"Everything," Harvey replied. "I have only my walking-stick here and this attaché case for the papers."

"Gee, it'll be tough luck if you get left behind!" Bennet exclaimed, as he watched the smoke pouring now from the funnels.

"I sha'n't get left behind." Harvey asserted confidently. "They know we're on our way."

"It's the biggest deal that's ever been made in the trade to my knowledge," the agent pronounced in a tone half of triumph and half of awe. "They were laying odds in the Swamp against us bringing it off. I guess they know by now."

"You'd better cable to England directly after you leave me," Harvey instructed. "Tell them to begin selling on a fifteen per cent. basis, and to send me wireless reports of progress."

The agent nodded.

"It sure is a great commitment even for Garrard & Garrard," he observed.

"One must use one's capital and one's opportunities," was the cool rejoinder. "But remember this, Bennet—these are my last instructions to you. We were in with the first moment of this boom. We've got to be out with the first moment of the slump. The instant there are the slightest signs of a break in any market you are to stop all fresh purchases and even resell, if you can do so quietly. Don't try any bolstering up. Keep cool, but sell. Watch the markets like a cat, not only for any signs of weakening, but for any increase in the quantity offered of hides or goatskins. The first weakness of prices will come with larger offerings."

"And that won't be yet, Mr. Garrard," the other declared confidently.

"I hope not," Harvey replied. "When it does come, though, it will come at the moment we least expect it. By Jove, it's going to be touch and go, Bennet. The gangway's up."

Their automobile was brought to a standstill with shrieking of brakes inside the covered shed. Bennet's shout was echoed and reechoed by men on the watch. A way was cleared for them through the crowd of loiterers and sightseers.

"There's the agent on the bridge, arguing with the captain," Bennet panted. "Nicholson's such an obstinate devil."

THE promenade deck of the great liner was thronged with passengers who had become spectators. On the farther side the tugs were shrieking and the steamer was already quivering with the release of her ropes from the dock. Suddenly an order was given. The gangway was once more lowered. Harvey, after a farewell shake of the hand with Bennet, ran lightly up it. He was welcomed with a grin by the officer at the other end.

"Touch and go, sir," he remarked. "Another sixty seconds and we should have been in the stream."

They were already moving and the gangplank was drawn in. Harvey made his way below through a line of interested passengers. In his stateroom the steward was busy unpacking his suitcases.

"Close shave, sir," the man observed, with a smile. "I was watching from this deck, but I'd almost given you up."

"I didn't finish the business which brought me over until twenty minutes ago," Harvey explained.

He threw himself into an easy chair for a moment and wiped his forehead. The atmosphere in the sheds had been poisonous.

"Not in such good condition as I was," he continued. "Where did those flowers come from?" he added, pointing to some carnations upon the table.

"There's a note with them, sir," the man replied.

Harvey broke the seal and read the few lines, dated from a hotel in New York:

> MY DEAR—I can scarcely believe that tomorrow I shall see you again, that from tomorrow there will be six more perfect days. Will you be just as sweet to me going back, please, as you were coming, and believe me that although my visit has been so successful—I have discovered all that I came to learn—my chief happiness, at the present moment, is that before twenty-four hours have passed I shall see you again. GRACE.

He thrust the note—the first he had ever received from her—into his pocketbook, rose to his feet and bent over the carnations.

"The bar will be opened in an hour, sir," the man informed him. "They are lining up outside already."

"I sha'n't need to be in such a hurry," Harvey observed. "You will find a bottle of cocktails ready mixed in that other bag. You might put it on the table with the shaker and some ice and glasses."

"Very good, sir."

Harvey made his way out on to the upper deck. He found Grace almost at once leaning over the side, her eyes fixed upon the dwindling vista of the city. She turned at the sound of his footsteps and held out her left hand. There was nothing to distinguish their meeting from the meeting of any other two chance passengers. Her tone was quiet, almost shy. Nevertheless he was satisfied.

"I haven't got over the shock of fearing that you were going to miss the boat yet," she confided. "It was terrible to see the gangway go up and know that you had not arrived."

"How did you know that I hadn't?" he asked.

"I had been watching for an hour," she confessed. "Before that I had gone down to your stateroom and put your flowers in water, and the steward told me at the time that you had not arrived."

"It was rather closer than I liked," he admitted. "These lawyers in New York are almost as bad as our fellows in London for putting you off. However, I am here and able to thank you for your flowers."

"And what am I to say to you?" she laughed. "Why, my stateroom is like a bower, and whenever do you suppose I am going to eat all that fruit?"

"I'll help you with some of it," he promised. "Come down and have a cocktail."

They turned around together to be met by a little flash. A man looked up from behind a tripod with an ingratiating smile.

"Thank you very much, sir," he said.

"What the devil do you think you're doing?" Harvey demanded.

"Picture for the *Evening Globe*, sir," the man explained. "Here's Mr. Herriot to see you from the editorial department."

MR. HERIOT bustled forward; a young man, bespectacled and sallow of complexion, but brisk in manner.

"Herriot of the *Evening Globe*, Mr. Garrard," he announced. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Garrard."

Harvey shook hands mechanically.

"My secretary, Miss Swayle."

"The Miss Swayle whose grandfather died suddenly in London and in connection with whose death a large sum of money is missing?"

"He was my grandfather," Grace acknowledged.

"Say, this is fine!" the journalist declared. "Can I have a word with you two somewhere?"

"What do you want?" Harvey asked coldly.

"Just a few words about your American visit for my paper, Mr. Garrard. A word or two, also, from the young lady, if she doesn't mind. The business men of New York would like to have seen more of you, Mr. Garrard."

"Would they?" Harvey rejoined. "I don't see how they could have managed it. They gave me three banquets and two luncheons, and made me a member of twenty-five clubs. We don't seem to understand much about hospitality over on our side."

The young man smiled.

"They got something out of it, too, Mr. Garrard," he ventured. "Rightly or wrongly you have the reputation of being the man who started this boom, and they want to get at your attitude. I'd like to ask you just one of two questions, sir."

"I haven't much of interest to say," Harvey assured him, "but come downstairs if you want to."

[*Continued on page 174*]

Would You Marry on Nothing a Year?

Letters describing personal experiences of our readers answer a question as old as marriage itself. In their opinion much depends on the kind of living conditions newlyweds are to face in the future

THESE letters are the prize winners in a contest conducted by EVERYBODY'S for the most interesting letter of opinion based on a personal experience and answering the question: "Would You Marry on Nothing a Year?" Since the experiences reported are of an intimate confidential nature, awards were made by letter and the names of the successful writers are withheld.

"WOULD I marry on nothing a year? You bet I would! In fact I did once and I've never regretted it!" That sums up three-quarters of the letters which were sent in by men and women in answer to EVERYBODY'S prize contest. Many more such letters, however, came from women than from men. The other quarter insists that a nest egg of some kind is a necessary precaution. Their estimate of the proper nest egg varies from $200 to $1,000. After their experiences, they say, this is the only way to avoid an increasing burden of debt, or worry, or misunderstanding that may lead to disaster. Some of these letters are rather tragic. Judging from them, the minority who vote for caution tend to belong to the professional class, and the most enthusiastic advocates of taking a chance are outdoor people—ranchers, farmers, etc. It is interesting to see that the people who "took a chance" have apparently been financially more successful than those who waited for their nest egg.

Many of the contestants agree on one thing—early marriages are the most successful and happiest. As one woman put it, "if you wait for just the 'right' environment among just the 'right' people you are likely to wait too long." "Marry," they all say, "while the bloom is on youth."

But as to just what constitutes "nothing a year" there is considerable difference of opinion. To the professional or business man or his wife, "nothing" means an income of from twenty to fifty dollars a week that is all taken up by rent, food and similar necessities. To the husky couple starting in the country "nothing" seems to mean exactly that, but it presupposes a little farm or ranch even if it is mortgaged or leased on credit or run on shares.

To the professional man, the mechanic, the clerk, or their wives, starting and keeping out of debt appears to be the prime requisite. To the farmer or the small business man and his wife, debt does not seem so dreadful. Many such regard it as a proper incentive to saving if it constitutes an obligation that is systematically met. But every one agrees that whether a couple actually have any money or not, they must both either know already or very quickly learn the exact value of a dollar. One minister's wife expresses it forcibly as "knowing how to spend both sides of every penny."

To sum the matter up, prospects and previous record seem to be the requisites to the professional man and his wife; credit and energy the requisites to a business man; courage the requisite for a salesman; a knowledge of his trade the requisite for an outdoor laborer, farmer or rancher. Most of the women regard a knowledge of how to manage a household and make a home the one essential for any wife. In comparison with all such things, men and women agree, the actual money means little or nothing. "After all," says one middle-aged woman who has been through many misfortunes, "you can't starve in America." You are just as likely, they say philosophically, to lose money as you are to lose a job, or your health, or your "spunk."

"Would I marry on nothing a year? Yes, a thousand times yes!" exclaim the majority. But there is one thing you must have. There must be on both sides the complete "love that casteth out fear."

Reading between the lines of these letters, one gets the impression that the women have more courage than the men, that they can stand more punishment from life, and that to thousands of their men-folks their drive and energy has meant the difference between failure and achievement.

They Married In Their 'Teens

I JUST about married with nothing and on nothing. We were just eighteen and nineteen years old. My husband made thirteen dollars a week as apprentice at an electrical shop. We were so hard up, that we borrowed five dollars to pay the minister who married us. Our mothers gave us their cast-off furniture with which we furnished a three-room flat. But the days we spent there I regard as the happiest of my life.

We had three babies in five years, but strange to say, our income kept up with them. It just *had* to. We had troubles. Twice we nearly lost two of our children. But everything turned out right. We never lost our faith through it all.

We are comfortably fixed at the present time. Our home is part way paid and our blessings are many. I would not have changed one bit of our nine years of married life.

I will give you a few reasons why I would not change.

First, the unmarried men that started when my husband started have not advanced as he has. They have not near as much to show for the money they earned.

Second, my high-school friends who worked up to a year or so ago and then married are so discontented. They long for the fine clothes they used to have and also the free life. I never had them and consequently do not miss them.

Third, I have acquaintances who waited years before marrying so they could save. But they didn't save any more than we did. In my experience very few people save unless they are compelled to do it.

In other words, unless a man has some incentive to push ahead and some one to work for, he won't work. In the case of my husband, he's working for the same old gang, "the wife and kids."

MRS. V. B. R., Illinois.

A Couple That "Lived Dangerously"

WHEN I told my father I wanted to marry a man who had no money he tried to act like a regular worldly-wise parent, but failed because he knew that I knew he and my mother had eloped on nothing at all and had lived happily for twenty-one years before I, the youngest of a large family, was born.

Our romance reminded my parents of their own and their work-worn hands used to meet and clasp sympathetically as we young folks talked about possible ways and means of marrying.

The means were not forthcoming, so we took the ways—the ways of my parents; we married on nothing. Borrowing the money to pay for the ring—we had a civil marriage that cost nothing—we plunged into matrimony and came up smiling.

Ours is no story of daring the fates and being rewarded by a million. As we started so have continued, for more than twenty-five years. We have never grown rich. We still have hopes. But we have done what my parents did before us—we have kept our romance untarnished.

Some one's advice to "live dangerously" has been our motto. We have always taken chances. We have struck into new fields and have traveled many rocky roads which had taken us thousands of miles from home. But the hardships endured, the constant sacrifices, the bluffs at being hopeful that each put up for the sake of the other when we were forced to go without bare necessities—from actual hunger we have suffered many times—all these experiences were cement binding us closer together.

My advice to people about to marry is: "If you can endure the thought of living without each other you are not thoroughly in love and ought not marry at all. If each of you thinks the other's virtues are the highest and finest and his or her faults unimportant and trifling, you have the foundations of a real marriage to start with. And if you each hang on to your faith in the other as a part of your religion and make a *daily ritual* of telling your partner that he or she is the finest on the market your marriage will grow stronger with the years. With that foundation even material success will not be able to undermine your happiness—though this, I admit, I have not yet proved by protracted experience.

I have seen many marriages grow anemic and die because the parties have had money which enabled them to take vacations after a quarrel when, if they had been forced to stay home, to live in one room, they would have had to thresh things out and arrive at an agreement. The blight that ruins most marriages is criticism, and fault-finding is the indoor sport of those who have leisure to practice it. I have never seen marriage broken by poverty.

MRS. A. M. G., Massachusetts.

A Widow With No Regrets

THIS is the true chronicle of one who married; married for love on nothing a year; and in that marriage achieved success and happiness. If ever two people were advised against it, it was Bob and I when we announced to our friends and families that we were contemplating matrimony. Upon our defenseless heads there rained a heavy storm of such arguments as "you're too young!" and "what'll you

[*Continued on page 172*]

A Fiction Feature Extraordinary

The OLD or the NEW

Two dramatic mystery stories are reprinted in the following pages: *In the Library*, by W. W. Jacobs, and *The Cigaret*, by Ben Ames Williams

THIS department feature presents each month two fiction stories of exceptional merit that have appeared elsewhere in print. As a rule, one story is either a short masterpiece of enduring fame that has long survived its author or a tale published years ago but having a persistent appeal because it has made an unforgetable impression on discriminating fiction readers. Along with it is presented, for comparison, a story of similar character, either by a living author or one who wrote in the spirit of our time.

The following names of authors are indications of the variety and quality of the stories published in this department in past months:

Prosper Mérimée
Edward Everett Hale
Richard Harding Davis
James B. Connolly
Edgar Allan Poe
Owen Wister
Rowland Thomas
H. C. Bunner

Frank R. Stockton
Robert Louis Stevenson
O. Henry
Stephen Crane
H. G. Wells
Nathaniel Hawthorne
Maarten Maartens
Gouverneur Morris

Wilkie Collins
Edith Wharton
Joseph Conrad
James Hopper
Donn Byrne
Eugene O'Neil
Katherine Mansfield
Joseph C. Lincoln

In making selections from published fiction the first requirement is story interest—the fame of the author is secondary. The editors want to make the stories as representative as possible and will gratefully consider your suggestions.

The Authors

W. W. Jacobs.

IT IS an adage that murder never is done and covered without a slip, that the brainiest murderer leaves some little opening to nemesis. It has been said by scientific authorities and much, and naturally, by police officials. True or not, from ancient times it has been the basis of many a tale, and not only of the mystery or detective kind, where the slip affords a clue, but of dramatic ones told from the point of view of the murderer. In the latter, it is frequently used in combination with another adage, that he returns to the scene of his crime; this keeps a plot compact and yields various powerful effects. "In the Library" and "The Cigaret" are good examples, as well as good stories. Each is a new tune to an old, old song, but the composer is an artist. There are interesting contrasts. The one murderer returns in the proverbial way, the other had hard-headed reasons. Then, however, the one is surprised and betrayed mechanically by his slip, in the moment when he is feeling most secure, whereas the other's undoing is mainly psychological. It typifies the difference between William Wymark Jacobs, as a writer in this field, and Ben Ames Williams.

"In the Library" is one of a few stories in which Mr. Jacobs, commonly a humorist, has loosed just the opposite gift, with a striking result. In this case, his aim is simple "theater" melodrama. Others involve the occult and make more of horror. The famous "The Monkey's Paw" has the classical plot of the three wishes, with the first two so thoughtlessly spent by the mortal to whom they will be granted that the last must be squandered on putting things right and as they were before. He lets the first two bring about a situation of such extreme physical gruesomeness that no one who has read the story can forget it.

Mr. Jacobs is by no means the only humorist who has also had thrills and shudders up his sleeve. Mark Twain could be cited; and there is a modern theory that the two kinds of inspirations have deep sources much alike. Poe, that prince of horrifiers, was funny on occasion, or meant to be.

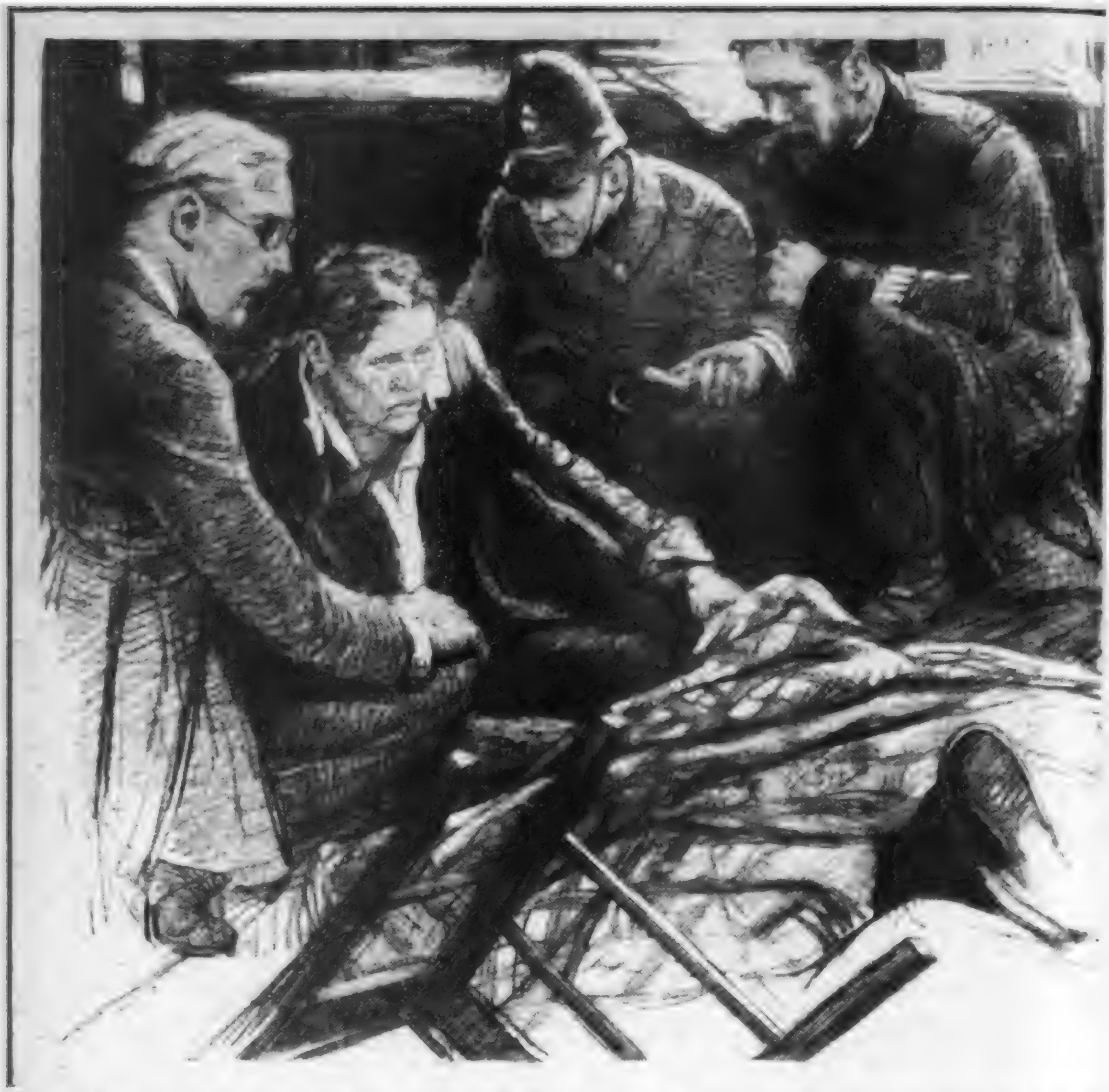
Ben Ames Williams.

WHOEVER is the most distinguished living American writer of fiction, there is not much doubt that the most productive good one is Ben Ames Williams—ten years ago a reporter and "rewrite man" on a Boston newspaper, now the author of some ten long and, it may be, a hundred published short stories, all well wrought, none dismally bad, and a handsome percentage excellent.

He was born in Macon, Miss. Entering Dartmouth College in 1906, at seventeen, he was informed that he had no conception of what good English was. Graduating four years later, he was told by the same professor that he was one of two in his class who could write a true, literary English. His developing his ability to do it, and reversing the professor's opinion, were characteristic of him.

He went into newspaper work and spent six years in it, marrying after two, on a newspaper salary, and all the while so determined to convince the magazines that he could put his true, literary English into fiction worth their printing, that by 1914 he had turned out eighty-six short stories. This must be explained to be appreciated. A reporter has no spare time to speak of, none that he can use, and "rewrite," hours daily at the typewriter wording news obtained by others, ordinarily poisons a literary ambition. Eighty-five of the stories came back to him with rejection slips. But the eighty-sixth landed, and then more did, and in 1916 he cut loose, taking his family to a country village, where he pounded his way to success. "All the Brothers Were Valiant," a sea story, and his first to attract wide attention, appeared in EVERYBODY'S in 1919.

He has written other sea stories and treated a variety of material, but most of his subjects have been taken from backwoods New England. He has always been a specialist in the drama of conscience and repression. He used to give it stirring plots; nowadays a typical story of his is a quiet study. That it is likely to be rather a tragic one would not be suspected on meeting him—a big, hale outdoor man, who fishes and shoots with much skill in the woods of Maine.



Burleigh saw the three men bending over Fletcher, and saw the eyes of the dying man open, and the lips

In the Library

by W. W. Jacobs

(Reprinted. See announcement on page 120)

THE fire had burnt low in the library, for the night was wet and warm. It was now little more than a gray shell, and looked desolate. Trayton Burleigh, still hot, rose from his armchair, and turning out one of the gas-jets took a cigar from a box on a side-table and resumed his seat again.

The apartment, which was on the third floor at the back of the house, was a combination of library, study, and smokeroom, and was the daily despair of the old housekeeper who, with the assistance of one servant, managed the house. It was a bachelor establishment, and had been left to Trayton Burleigh and James Fletcher by a distant connection of both men some ten years before.

Trayton Burleigh sat back in his chair watching the smoke of his cigar through half-closed eyes. Occasionally he opened them a little wider and glanced round the comfortable,

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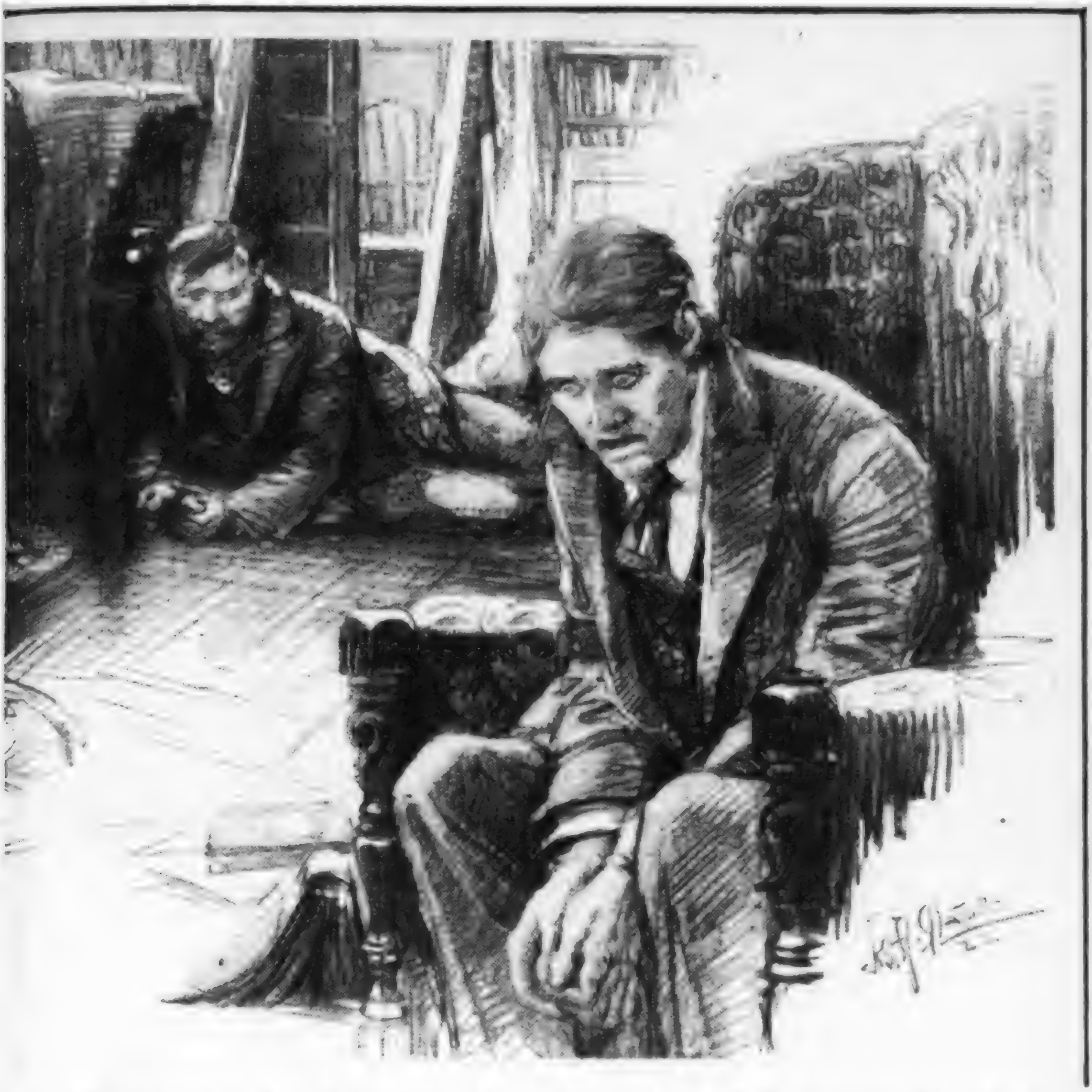


move. He was conscious that the sergeant made some notes, and that all three men eyed him closely.

Dead men tell no tales, but silence has an accusing tongue

Illustrated by Joseph A. Maturo

well-furnished room, or stared with a cold gleam of hatred at Fletcher as he sat sucking stolidly at his brier pipe. It was a comfortable room and a valuable house, half of which belonged to Trayton Burleigh; and yet he was to leave it in the morning and become a rogue and a wanderer over the face of the earth. James Fletcher had said so. James Fletcher, with the pipe still between his teeth and speaking from one corner of his mouth only, had pronounced his sentence.

"It hasn't occurred to you, I suppose," said Burleigh, speaking suddenly, "that I might refuse your terms."

"No," said Fletcher, simply.

Burleigh took a great mouthful of smoke and let it roll slowly out.

"I am to go out and leave you in possession?" he continued. "You will stay here sole proprietor of the house; you will stay at the office sole owner and representative of the firm? You are a good hand at a deal, James Fletcher."

"I am an honest man," said Fletcher, "and to raise sufficient money to make your defalcations good will not by any means leave me the gainer, as you very well know."

"There is no necessity to borrow," began Burleigh, eagerly. "We can pay the interest easily, and in course of time make the principal good without a soul being the wiser."

"That you suggested before," said Fletcher, "and my answer is the same. I will be no man's confederate in dishonesty; I will raise every penny at all costs, and save the name of the firm—and yours with it—but I will never have you darken the office again, or sit in this house after tonight."

"*You* won't," cried Burleigh, starting up in a frenzy of rage.

"*I* won't," said Fletcher. "You can choose the alternative: disgrace and penal servitude. Don't stand over me; you won't frighten me, I can assure you. Sit down."

"You have arranged so many things in your kindness," said Burleigh, slowly, resuming his seat again, "have you arranged how I am to live?"

"You have two strong hands, and health," replied Fletcher. "I will give you the two hundred pounds I mentioned, and after that you must look out for yourself. You can take it now."

He took a leather case from his breast pocket, and drew out a roll of notes. Burleigh watching him calmly, stretched out his hand and took them from the table. Then he gave way to a sudden access of rage, and crumpling them in his hand, threw them into a corner of the room. Fletcher smoked on.

"Mrs. Marl is out?" said Burleigh, suddenly.

Fletcher nodded.

"She will be away for the night," he said, slowly. "And Jane too; they have gone together somewhere, but they will be back at half-past eight in the morning."

"You are going to let me have one more breakfast in the old place, then," said Burleigh. "Half-past eight, half-past . . ."

He rose from his chair again. This time Fletcher took his pipe from his mouth and watched him closely. Burleigh stooped, and picking up the notes, placed them in his pocket.

"If I am to be turned adrift, it shall not be to leave you here," he said, in a thick voice.

HE CROSSED over and shut the door; as he turned back Fletcher rose from his chair and stood confronting him. Burleigh put his hand to the wall, and drawing a small Japanese sword from its sheath of carved ivory, stepped slowly toward him.

"I give you one chance, Fletcher," he said, grimly. "You are a man of your word. Hush this up and let things be as they were before, and you are safe."

"Put that down," said Fletcher, sharply.

"By ——, I mean what I say!" cried the other.

"I mean what I said!" answered Fletcher.

He looked round at the last moment for a weapon, then he turned suddenly at a sharp sudden pain, and saw Burleigh's clenched fist nearly touching his breast-bone. The hand came away from his breast again, and something with it. It went a long way off. Trayton Burleigh suddenly went to a great distance and the room darkened. It got quite dark, and Fletcher, with an attempt to raise his hands, let them fall to his side instead, and fell in a heap to the floor.

He was so still that Burleigh could hardly realize that it was all over, and stood stupidly waiting for him to rise again. Then he took out his handkerchief as though to wipe the sword, and thinking better of it, put it back into his pocket again, and threw the weapon on to the floor.

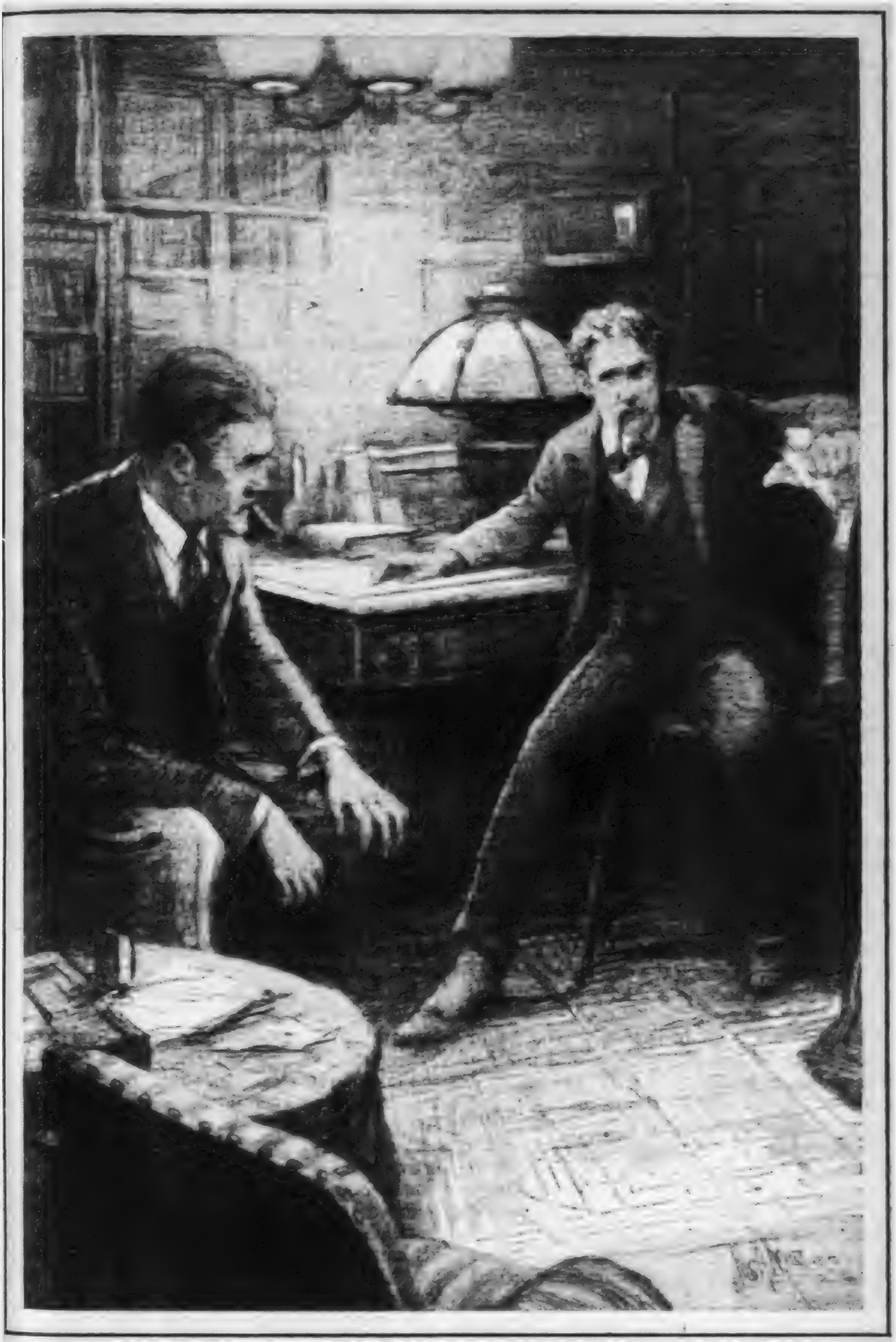
The body of Fletcher lay where it had fallen, the white face turned up to the gas. In life he had been a commonplace-looking man, not to say vulgar; now . . .

Burleigh, with a feeling of nausea, drew back toward the door, until the body was hidden by the table, and relieved from the sight, he could think more clearly. He looked down carefully and examined his clothes and his boots. Then he crossed the room again, and with his face averted, turned out the gas. Something seemed to stir in the darkness, and with a faint cry he blundered toward the door before he had realized that it was the clock. It struck twelve.

He stood at the head of the stairs trying to recover himself; trying to think. The gas on the landing below, the stairs and the furniture, all looked so prosaic and familiar that he could not realize what had occurred. He walked slowly down and turned the light out. The darkness of the upper part of the house was now almost appalling, and in a sudden panic he ran downstairs into the lighted hall, and snatching a hat from the stand, went to the door and walked down to the gate.

Except for one window the neighboring houses were in darkness, and the lamps shone up a silent street. There was a little rain in the air, and the muddy road was full of pebbles. He stood at the gate trying to screw up his courage to enter the house again. Then he noticed a figure coming slowly up the road and keeping close to the palings.

The full realization of what he had done broke in upon him when he found himself turning to fly from the approach of the constable. The wet cape glistening in the lamplight, the slow, heavy step made him tremble. Suppose the thing upstairs was not quite dead and should cry out? Suppose the constable should think it strange for him to be standing there and follow



"I will be no man's confederate in dishonesty," Fletcher said. "I will raise every penny at all costs, and save the name of the firm—and yours with it—but I will never have you darken my door after tonight."

him in? He assumed a careless attitude, which did not feel careless, and as the man passed bade him good night, and made a remark as to the weather.

Ere the sound of the other's footsteps had gone quite out of hearing, he turned and entered the house again before the sense of companionship should have quite departed. The first flight of stairs were lighted by the gas in the hall, and he went up slowly. Then he struck a match and went up steadily, past the library door, and with firm fingers turned on the gas in his bedroom and lit it. He opened the window a little way, and sitting down on his bed, tried to think.

He had got eight hours. Eight hours and two hundred pounds in small notes. He opened his safe and took out all the loose cash it contained, and walking about the room, gathered up and placed in his pockets such articles of jewelry as he possessed.

The first horror had now to some extent passed, and was succeeded by the fear of death. With this fear on him he sat down again and tried to think out the first moves in that game of skill of which his life was the stake. He had often read of people of hasty temper, evading the police for a time, and eventually falling into their hands for lack of the most elementary common sense. He had heard it said that they always made some stupid blunder, left behind them some damning clue. He took his revolver from a drawer and saw that it was loaded. If the worst came to the worst, he would die quickly.

Eight hours' start; two hundred odd pounds. He would take lodgings at first in some populous district, and let the hair on his face grow. When the hue and cry had ceased, he would go abroad and start life again. He would go out of a night and post letters to himself, or better still, postcards, which his landlady would read. Postcards from cheery friends, from a sister, from a brother. During the day he would stay in and write, as became a man who described himself as a journalist.

Or suppose he went to the sea? Who would look for him in flannels, bathing and boating with ordinary happy mortals? He sat and pondered. One might mean life, and the other death. Which?

His face burned as he thought of the responsibility of the choice. So many people went to the sea at that time of year that he would surely pass unnoticed. But at the sea one might meet acquaintances. He got up and nervously paced the room again. It was not so simple, now that it meant so much, as he had thought.

THE sharp little clock on the mantelpiece rang out "one," followed immediately by the deeper note of that in the library. He thought of the clock, it seemed the only live thing in that room, and shuddered. He wondered whether the thing lying by the far side of the table heard it. He wondered . . .

He started and held his breath with fear. Somewhere downstairs a board creaked loudly, then another. He went to the door, and opening it a little way, but without looking out, listened. The house was so still that he could hear the ticking of the old clock in the kitchen below. He opened the door a little wider and peeped out. As he did so there was a sudden sharp outcry on the stairs, and he drew back into the room and stood trembling before he had quite realized that the noise had been made by the cat. The cry was unmistakable; but what had disturbed it?

There was silence again, and he drew near the door once more. He became certain that something was moving stealthily on the stairs. He heard the boards creak again, and once the rails of the balustrade rattled. The silence and suspense were frightful. Suppose that the something which had been Fletcher waited for him in the darkness outside?

He fought his fears down, and opening the door, determined to see what was beyond. The light from his room streamed out on to the landing, and he peered about fearfully. Was it fancy, or did the door of Fletcher's room opposite close as he looked? Was it fancy, or did the handle of the door really turn?

In perfect silence, and watching the door as he moved, to see that nothing came out and followed him, he proceeded slowly down the dark stairs. Then his jaw fell, and he turned sick and faint again. The library door, which he distinctly remembered closing, and which, moreover, he had seen was closed when he went upstairs to his room, now stood open some four or five inches. He fancied that there was a rustling inside, but his brain refused to be certain. Then plainly and unmistakably he heard a chair pushed against the wall.

He crept to the door, hoping to pass it before the thing inside became aware of his presence. Something crept stealthily about the room. With a sudden impulse he caught the handle of the door, and, closing it violently, turned the key in the lock, and ran madly down the stairs.

A fearful cry sounded from the room, and a heavy hand beat upon the panels of the door. The house rang with the blows, but above them sounded the loud hoarse cries of human fear. Burleigh, half-way down the hall, stopped with his hand on the balustrade and listened. The beating ceased, and a man's voice cried out loudly for God's sake to let him out.

At once Burleigh saw what had happened and what it might mean for him. He had left the hall door open after his visit to the front, and some wandering bird of the night had entered the house. No need for him to go now. No need to hide neither from the hangman's rope nor the felon's cell. The fool above had saved him. He turned and ran upstairs again just as the prisoner in his furious efforts to escape wrenched the handle from the door.

"Who's there?" he cried, loudly.

"Let me out!" cried a frantic voice. "For God's sake, open the door! There's something here."

"Stay where you are!" shouted Burleigh, sternly. "Stay where you are! If you come out, I'll shoot you like a dog!"

The only response was a smashing blow on the lock of the door. Burleigh raised his pistol, and aiming at the height of a man's chest, fired through the panel.

The report and the crashing of the wood made one noise, succeeded by an unearthly stillness, then the noise of a window hastily opened. Burleigh fled hastily down the stairs, and flinging wide the hall door, shouted loudly for assistance.

It happened that a sergeant and the constable on the beat had just met in the road. They came toward the house at a run. Burleigh, with incoherent explanations, ran upstairs before them, and halted outside the library door. The prisoner was still inside, still trying to demolish the lock of the sturdy oaken door. Burleigh tried to turn the key, but the lock was too damaged to admit of its moving. The sergeant drew back, and, shoulder foremost, hurled himself at the door and burst it open.

He stumbled into the room, followed by the constable, and two shafts of light from the lanterns at their belts danced round the room. A man, lurking behind the door, made a dash for it, and the next instant the three men were locked together.

Burleigh, standing in the doorway, looked on coldly, reserving himself for the scene which was to follow. Except for the stumbling of the men and the sharp catch of the prisoner's breath, there was no noise. A helmet fell off and bounced and rolled along the floor. The men fell; there was a sobbing snarl and a sharp click. A tall figure rose from the floor; the other, on his knees, still held the man down. The standing figure felt in his pocket, and, striking a match, lit the gas.

The light fell on the flushed face and fair beard of the sergeant. He was bareheaded, and his hair disheveled. Burleigh entered the room and gazed eagerly at the half-insensible man on the floor—a short, thick-set fellow with a white, dirty face and a black mustache. His lip was cut and bled down his neck. Burleigh glanced furtively at the table. The cloth had come off in the struggle, and was now in the place where he had left Fletcher.

"Hot work, sir," said the sergeant, with a smile. "It's fortunate we were handy."

The prisoner raised a heavy head and looked up with unmistakable terror in his eyes.

"All right, sir," he said, trembling, as the constable increased the pressure of his knee. "I ain't been in the house ten minutes altogether. By ——, I've not."

The sergeant regarded him curiously.

"It don't signify," he said, slowly. "Ten minutes or ten seconds won't make any difference."

The man shook and began to whimper.

"It was 'ere when I come," he said, eagerly. "Take that down, sir. I've only just come and it was 'ere when I come. I tried to get away then, but I was locked in."

"What was?" demanded the sergeant.

"*That*," he said desperately.

THE sergeant, following the direction of the terror-stricken black eyes, stooped by the table. Then, with a sharp exclamation, he dragged away the cloth. Burleigh with a sharp cry of horror, reeled back against the wall.

"All right, sir," said the sergeant, catching him, "all right. Turn your head away."

He pushed him into a chair, and crossing the room, poured out a glass of whisky and brought it to him. The glass rattled against his teeth, but he drank it greedily, and then groaned faintly. The sergeant waited patiently. There was no hurry.

"Who is it, sir?" he asked at length.

"My friend—Fletcher," said Burleigh, with an effort. "We lived together." He turned to the prisoner.

"You damned villain!"

"He was dead when I come in the room, gentlemen," said the prisoner, strenuously. "He was on the floor dead, and when I see 'im, I tried to get out. S' 'elp me, he was. You heard me call out, sir. I shouldn't ha' called out if I'd killed him."

"All right," said the sergeant, gruffly. "You'd better hold your tongue, you know."

"You keep quiet," urged the constable.

The sergeant knelt down and raised the dead man's head.

"I 'ad nothing to do with it," repeated the man on the floor. "I 'ad nothing to do with it. I never thought of such a thing. I've only been in the place ten minutes; put that down, sir."

The sergeant groped with his left hand, and picking up the Japanese sword, held it at him.

"I've never seen it before," said the prisoner, struggling.

"It used to hang on the wall," said Burleigh. "He must have snatched it down. It was on the wall when I left Fletcher a little while ago."

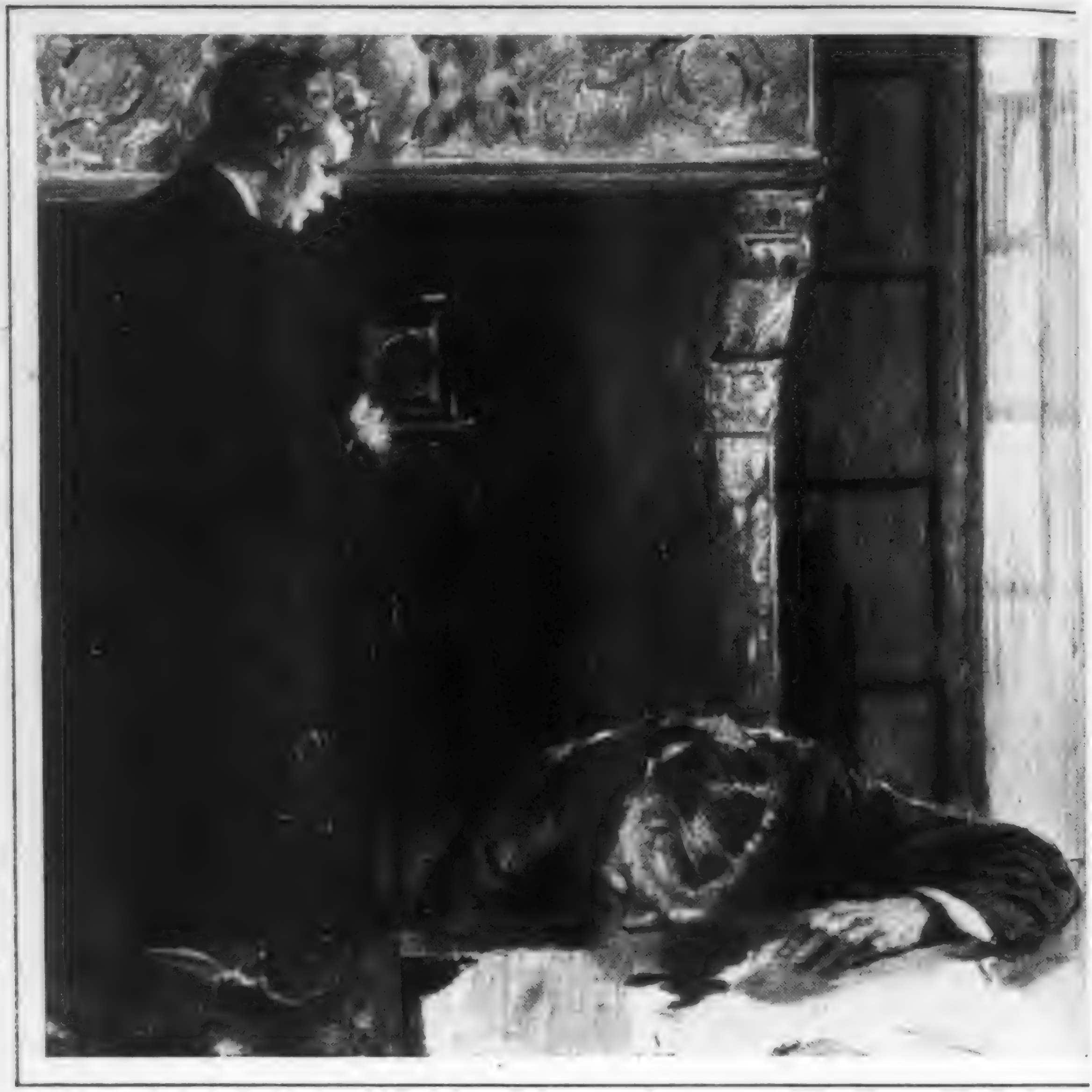
"How long?" inquired the sergeant.

"Perhaps an hour, perhaps half an hour," was the reply. "I went to my bedroom."

The man on the floor twisted his head and regarded him narrowly.

"You done it!" he cried, fiercely. "You done

[*Continued on page 162*]



Doctor Spargent was preparing to set up his camera. Doctor Hounder lighted a cigaret and puffed the smoke

The Cigaret

[Reprinted. See announcement on page 120]

THIS story should properly be dedicated to Tim O'Hearn, since it is the record of the first appearance of that strange talent of his—that gift for seeing beneath the surface of things; that ability to stand in the background like a piece of furniture, so little regarded that men forgot he was there, while he read their minds! Worth some attention, this Tim O'Hearn.

But the tale more properly concerns itself with the affairs of Dr. Ralph Hounder—and the cigaret he smoked and laid aside.

That he should have come into possession of the pistol at all was a stroke of good fortune; he had some inkling of this at the time. He was in the north woods with a guide who was also a game warden; they stopped one day at a squatter's shack in a clearing where once had roared a lumber camp, and Dr. Hounder's guide went indoors to question the squatter.

Dr. Hounder, staying outside, was surprised

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A tiny flaw mars the brilliance of a well managed murder

Illustrated by W. B. King

with delight. "Let me help you?" he suggested.

By
Ben Ames Williams

to see the pistol drop from an open window at his very feet. He picked it up and saw a cheap weapon, .38 caliber, with a barrel from which the nickel had chipped off and a handle of which half had cracked away. He smiled a little, imagining the squatter must have had some reason for wishing to be rid of the thing, and dropped it into his pocket. Later that day the whimsical thought occurred to him that if he ever wished to commit a murder, this would be a useful possession, this nameless pistol from a nameless source. Dr. Hounder knew that murderers had in the past been traced by the weapon they used. He kept the pistol; had kept it ever since. He was a bachelor, and there was no woman in his house to discover it and throw it gingerly away. The original cartridges were still in the cylinder. He fired the thing one day, and was interested in the discovery that the report was not loud; was no more than a flat, snapping crack. He kept the pistol locked away in a steel box. His personal and private pharmacopœia was also kept in the box. The pistol was not the doctor's only secret.

The mistake he made would never have been made but for this other secret of his. Some slight difficulty in replenishing his supplies of the drug he desired had left his nerves in an uncertain and jangling state.

Then Dr. David Mills called him in consultation on Mrs. Farraday, and they agreed upon a dosage which—Dr. Mills having departed and the nurse being delayed elsewhere—Dr. Hounder administered. His hand shook a little, in the measuring, and Mrs. Farraday died before morning.

Her death had not been unexpected; the poor lady had been ill for weeks, and she was old and ready to die. Nevertheless it was a shocking thing for Dr. Hounder. As soon as he realized his mistake, he had, of course, taken his precautions; her death might have been expected in the natural course of events without that mistake of his, and there was no reason to suspect him of mistakes. Dr. Hounder, by the time the body was buried and the danger of an examination was past, had decided that he was safe from discovery. And then, three or four days after the obsequies, James Farraday sent for him.

Farraday and his wife were old; they had had no children, and they lived very much alone in a great house surrounded by pleasant hedged grounds, where an old servant or two attended them. Farraday was wealthy; it was understood that his death would profit certain worthy institutions. There was certainly no reason to suppose that it would in any wise profit Dr. Ralph Hounder. This was the strength of his position, as he saw it after his call in response to Mr. Farraday's summons.

That summons itself had startled him; the reason for it was at first even more startling. It appeared Mr. Farraday had conceived the idea that his wife's death need not have occurred. "Not yet at least, Dr. Hounder," he explained.

"You understand that I know she was very ill; and she and I are both old—" He amended himself, smiling pitifully. "Were both old," he said, and continued: "But I saw no sign of an approaching crisis in her on the day of her death, and her more serious attacks were usually preceded by indications which I could see. I may say that her death was a shock to me." The old man's feeble eyes filled with tears. "My grief prevented clear thought at first; I have sought to think more clearly. It seems to me possible that Dr. Mills made a mistake in his prescription."

DR. HOUNDER heard this with an inaudible sigh of relief; the tension of his nerves and muscles relaxed. He said diplomatically: "It is possible you are right, sir. I am inclined to doubt it. Dr. Mills is very careful. We agreed on the course of treatment, he and I, before he left the house that day. I remained to talk with your wife for a little, a few minutes, until the nurse should return."

"I appreciate all you did, Dr. Hounder," Mr. Farraday assured him. "I have no thought of blaming you."

Dr. Hounder bowed. "That is very generous of you, sir."

"But somebody's to blame," said Mr. Farraday, a little heatedly. "Somebody's to blame. Or maybe no one is. That's what distresses me now, sir. Not knowing whether any one is to be blamed or no."

"When our loved ones leave us," Dr. Hounder suggested, "we are too apt to accuse ourselves, too apt to think we have been remiss, or careless, or have done less than we might. We should not thus distress ourselves." Dr. Hounder's tones were reassuring.

The old man had the stubbornness of age. "You are right, of course," he assented. "I know that I am unreasonable." He smiled placatingly. "Yet I am unreasonable, and determinedly so. I wish to be sure, in this matter, Dr. Hounder. I sent for you to ask a simple thing. Would you object to my seeking an order to exhume and examine—my wife's body?"

Dr. Hounder found himself replying, in the suave tones long habit had taught him, that he would not object in the least; at the same time a suddenly awakened devil of panic in him was objecting very violently indeed.

Even while he reassured Mr. Farraday, consenting and applauding the wisdom of his plan, his thoughts were bent on that scene by Mrs. Farraday's bedside, scarce a week before. Already the scene was in his mind distorted; even at this short distance he could not be sure what had happened. His nerves had been all awry. The old woman was near death, anyway. Why so much bother? He saw quite clearly that if Mr. Farraday went ahead with this plan of his, it meant ruin for Dr. Ralph Hounder, the fashionable practitioner.

". . . Write the letter," he heard himself saying to Mr. Farraday. "I suggest that you write it tonight, and I will call tomorrow morning and consult with you on its terms—before dispatching it. May I suggest that the matter be kept between us two? In the meantime I will consult with Dr. Mills."

Mr. Farraday objected to that; and Dr. Hounder argued the point automatically, his words not mirroring his thoughts at all. He yielded at last; and at about the same time reached his own decision. When he left Mr. Farraday and turned homeward, he was committed, in his thoughts, to murder. . . .

His plans were laid with scientific accuracy and with artistic simplicity. The ordinary doctor, he told himself, if he decided on murder, would choose a drug. The very use of the pistol was, he felt, a stroke of genius on his part. He sat late that night, considering the project, until there awoke in him a certain zeal for it.

He knew something of the Farraday menage; knew the routine of the great house. It stood at the corner of two intersecting streets, in a neighborhood not much frequented, and the house itself was near the sidewalk. Mr. Farraday was accustomed to receive callers in his big living-room on the ground floor; he had a desk there. Behind his chair, in the huge fireplace, a small fire burned, even when the days were warm. "The old fool's cold-blooded as a snake," thought Dr. Hounder. French windows opened on the veranda; there was a mail-box at the corner, not six steps from the veranda rail. It was secured to a post set in the hedge that surrounded the grounds. Dr. Hounder took care to visualize this mail-box in his mind; it had a part in what he meant to do. Mr. Farraday's man servant was an old man, and, like Mr. Farraday himself, somewhat hard of hearing.

Another thing worth remembering Dr. Hounder reminded himself. He closed his eyes and visualized the living-room where he would see Mr. Farraday tomorrow morning—the door in a side wall, opposite the windows; the desk table where Mr. Farraday would be sitting; the fireplace, half a dozen feet away; the bookshelves along the wall. He weighed his plan and all his movements with some care. Only one thing needful to his success; this one thing easily managed—that the servant should be elsewhere at the moment when he, Dr. Hounder, entered Mr. Farraday's living-room.

When his plans were complete his sought out a small cardboard box of a fit size to hold the pistol; he cut out one end of this box and laid the piece of cardboard aside. Then the box itself he wrapped in stout paper and tied three ways with cord, leaving the open end free. The paper at that end he did not fold. Loose ends of the cord dangled. He tested this device to be sure it was practical; practiced inserting the pistol, adjusting the cardboard end of the box, folding the paper and tying the final knot, until his fingers moved like mechanism. Satisfied with his skill in this maneuver, he tried another—wrapped the pistol in a handkerchief and placed it in his right-hand coat pocket; sneezed, drew out handkerchief and pistol as though to blow his nose—and went through a pantomime of pulling the trigger.

There were other movements he considered and rehearsed, alone there in his office till late in the night, and at times he talked to himself in low and contented tones. When he was satisfied with every detail, he went to bed and dozed himself to sleep.

In the morning, as a final touch, he addressed the box which would contain the pistol to John R. Hands, 23½ A Street, Lancaster, Cal. The name Lancaster he got from a map; the rest was fiction. He then weighed it, the revolver inside, and affixed the proper stamps.

ABOUT half-past nine he stepped into his car and drove toward the home of Mr. Farraday. When he approached the house he drove more slowly, passed, turned at some distance and returned; passed again. He thus waited without being conspicuous until he saw a man go in at the Farraday entrance. Thus assured that Mr. Farraday would, on his own arrival, be engaged, he drove boldly up to the house, stopped his car, got out, went up the steps, and rang. The pistol was in his right-hand pocket, wrapped up in a handkerchief; the cardboard box was in his physician's bag.

If he had personally stage-managed what followed, matters could not have gone more to his fancy. The old serving-man admitted him, told him that Mr. Farraday was engaged, and suggested that he wait in the small music-room across the hall from the living-room. Dr. Hounder told the man he need not return. "I'll just knock and go in when his caller goes," he explained, and the old fellow nodded and went mumbling toward the rear of the house.

Dr. Hounder settled himself to wait. His nerves were shaky, but he knew a remedy for that and applied it. Thereafter his senses became more alert, attuned; he listened acutely to the sounds that came from the closed room across the hall: low voices—sometimes rising—and once with a faint suggestion of heat. Farraday must, on occasion, be an irascible old man, the doctor thought.

By and by the caller departed. Mr. Farraday permitted him to find his own way to the front door, himself staying in the living-room, with the door open. It appeared he had not heard Dr. Hounder's arrival. After an interval the physician rose, his bag in his hand, crossed the hall, and stood in the doorway.

Mr Farraday said: "Ah, good morning, Dr. Hounder." He did not rise, and he apologized for the omission. "My old legs are a thought infirm," he explained.

Dr. Hounder reassured him. "Don't think of it, sir. Sit still." He closed the door, deposited his bag on a chair, and approached the desk. "Well, have you written?"

"I've the letter right here," Mr. Farraday replied, and drew it from his pocket. Dr. Hounder sneezed. "You've taken cold," Mr. Farraday suggested with solicitude.

The physician shook his head; at the same time, from his right-hand coat pocket and in the most matter-of-fact way, he drew a handkerchief. The folds of the handkerchief and the fact that the pistol muzzle almost touched Mr. Farraday's head muffled the explosion. Mr. Farraday tilted forward across his desk with a little thump, cured of all worldly cares and ills.

Dr. Hounder wasted no time. He laid the pistol down upon the edge of the desk and reached for the letter. Mr. Farraday's hand still clutched it; chance had it that the thing had fallen just beneath his head. Dr. Hounder instantly perceived that unless it were snatched away, there would be a damningly clean space upon the blotter where it had lain. He had it in his hand within a split second; was reassured to see that the sharp edge of the stain on the blotter was already being marred and blotted out. . . . Yet this might not be the right letter; he opened it, made sure. Into the fire. It flared there.

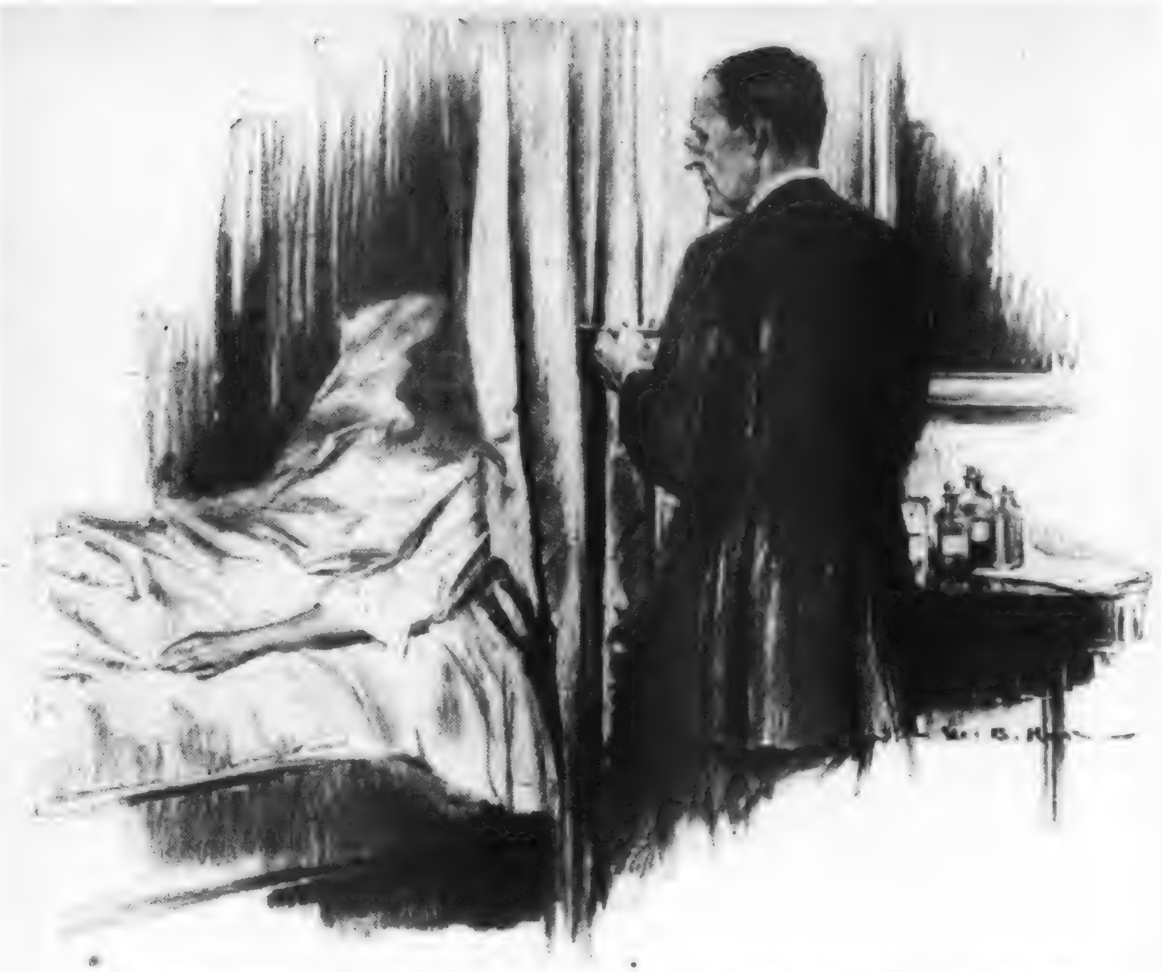
While he watched it burn he picked up the pistol and handkerchief, and cleaned his hand with the latter. The letter was crisping into ash. He turned toward his bag, found the cardboard box, thrust into it pistol and handkerchief, and with half a dozen swift motions closed the end and tied it.

By the time the knot was tied he stood at one of the French windows. No one was visible without. The window opened easily; he stepped lightly across the lawn and reached over the hedge and laid the parcel, stamped and addressed, atop the mail-box to await the collector. Instantly back into the living-room again, he crossed, picked up his bag, and opened the door into the hall.

These movements occupied him, since he first entered the living-room a scant sixty-second's time. Now he dropped his bag and ran along the hall toward the rear of the house, shouting for the serving-man. There was very realistic consternation in his tones. . . .

Dr. Hounder himself telephoned the police and volunteered to await their arrival. He was at the house when Dr. Spargent, the medical examiner, arrived, and the two professional men consulted gravely.

Dr. Hounder's story was explicit. "There was some one with Mr. Farraday when I



Doctor Mills called him in consultation on Mrs. Farraday, and agreed upon a dosage which—Doctor Mills having departed and the nurse having been delayed elsewhere—Doctor Hounder administered. His hand shook a little in the measuring.

arrived," he said. "I waited in the music-room. After a while the caller went out through the front door, but I happened not to see him, so I don't know who he was. I was about to knock at the living-room door when it seemed to me I heard voices inside, so I assumed that there was some one still with the old man. A little later I thought I heard a book drop on the floor. Nothing more.

"After a while I decided the voices had been in my imagination, and I crossed the hall and knocked. There was no reply, but Mr. Farraday was slightly hard of hearing, so this did not surprise me. I opened the door and saw him crumpled down on his desk. I started toward him, and of course saw at once that he was dead. The wound was visible as he lay.

"I summoned the man, and we telephoned. A grim thing, certainly."

Dr. Spargent nodded. They were standing just within the room where Mr. Farraday had been killed, and the medical examiner's eyes were busy. In the hall behind them a patrolman who had come with Dr. Spargent stood impassively, waiting orders. Dr. Spargent paid no heed to him; he said to Dr. Hounder: "There's no reason why you should stay. I may want to talk to you later." He knew the reputation of the eminent practitioner and respected it.

"I'm interested," Dr. Hounder replied. "Interested in what you do. And—I liked the old man."

Dr. Spargent nodded. "First thing is always photographs, with me," he said. "The eye sees even still objects in distortion; but a photograph is reasonably reliable—and permanent." He produced a camera and folding tripod from his bag and busied himself about the room, photographing the scene and body at many angles. Dr. Hounder watched, keeping in the background.

THE medical examiner was not talkative, but Dr. Hounder found himself impelled to speech. He kept up a running commentary on the other's movements, a running fire of conjecture as to the murder itself—returned to his subject again and again.

"Who the devil would have wanted to kill the old man, do you suppose?" he would ask; and, when Dr. Spargent made no reply: "He was a lovable old fellow." After an interval: "Whoever it was couldn't have gone out through the hall, or I'd have seen them. Must have come in by the window and gone that way." He crossed to the window to look out, and saw the blue-gray of a postman's uniform passing; saw the postman pause at the box on the corner to collect the mail there, and felt a burst of high relief at that—became more garrulous. The others paid him little attention. Dr. Spargent was busy, making photographs and measurements and notes; the policeman at the door held back an increasing number of people there: servants; a woman grieving aloud; a reporter or two already on the scene. Other policemen appeared, but did not enter the room. A plain-clothes man arrived and stood beside the patrolman, watching Dr. Spargent's actions with respect.

The silence of these others began to disquiet Dr. Hounder; he thought there was suspicion in their bearing. But he lifted his head with confidence that even though they might suspect —ridiculous enough—they could never prove. The pistol was safely gone; he himself had, as it were, an alibi, since he could prove he had not left the house. They could suspect on his part no slightest motive. His confidence returned.

It was at about the time that he first saw the finger-print on the edge of the desk.

Dr. Hounder had always known that criminals were sometimes detected by their finger-prints. Considering this danger in advance, he had weighed means to avoid it. Gloves? Awkward; and in themselves calculated to betray. The simple thing was to avoid leaving any prints. A relatively easy matter. If any were left, it would, after all, be possible to point out that he had been in the room the night before.

Dr. Spargent had asked him idly: "Did you touch the body after you discovered it?"

Dr. Hounder had replied: "No! I only came to the end of the desk. No need of touching it."

Dr. Spargent wished to make a photograph of the desk from the door and asked him to step back out of range of the camera. Dr. Hounder leaned against the bookshelves. The desk was between him and the light, and he saw, on its edge, the print of a finger-tip. Even on the red mahogany this print seemed to him glowing and red. He remembered his own fingers had been red when he finished handling the letter. His thoughts suddenly leaped into gear, began to race. The pistol had been lying there on the table; the handkerchief beside it. When he picked up the handkerchief to wipe his hands, one finger must have touched the polished surface. He had left his mark there. In blood! Fit to hang him!

In the silence the shutter of the camera clicked, and Dr. Hounder started at the sound. "Nervous, I guess," he said apologetically. His thoughts were racing. What to do? What to do? His whole body cried aloud the impulse to rush forward and with one sweep of his hand obliterate that damning mark, but caution held him back. Folly to betray his apprehensions. They might not remark the print at all; it might be blurred, indecipherable. He stifled panic, held himself in check, fought for a moment's clear and accurate reasoning.

It came to him, his confidence returning with it. Some way there must be, if he could find it. He had a great contempt for these muddlers here. Dr. Spargent and his inane photographs, grisly relics of the tragedy; the plain-clothes man silent by the doorway; the flat-footed patrolman with his back repelling the crowd outside. They were beaten; he was safe—but for that faint smear of blood upon the desk top.

The print was almost invisible from where he stood; but for a slant of light which made it seem conspicuous, he would never have discovered it. It was at the very edge of the desk, and as he stared at it the thing assumed monstrous proportions, like a scar. A scar upon the wood there! A scar!

He perceived, considering this wood, the fit solution of his problem, and he laughed to himself at the perfect simplicity of it. Dr. Spargent was preparing to set up his camera at the nearer edge of the desk now; he muddled and puttered to and fro. Dr. Hounder lighted another cigaret and puffed the smoke with delight. He watched Dr. Spargent thoughtfully; at length moved forward. "Let me help you? Hold something?" he suggested.

Dr. Spargent handed him a plate holder; muttered thanks. Dr. Hounder took the thing in his left hand. After a moment he sneezed loudly. Casually enough, he took the cigaret from his lips and laid it on the edge of the desk, thus freeing his right hand to reach for a handkerchief.

HE HAD laid the cigaret with some care exactly upon the finger-print. Standing thus directly above the spot, he could not see the print at all; but he had marked its location well, and was sure the cigaret was properly placed. His impulse, even then, was to smudge the thing; but he noticed that the dull eyes of the patrolman were upon him, and feared to arouse suspicion.

Dr. Spargent still puttered. Dr. Hounder stood patiently by, the plate holder in his hand. It was apparent that he had forgotten his cigaret entirely. It burned, a little wisp of smoke twisting upward from its end. By and by it would reach the wood, still burning, and obliterate that damning mark. Covertly he watched it, measuring its progress. The shutter clicked; another picture done.

Dr. Spargent put up his camera, disjointed the tripod and put it away. He withdrew to the farther end of the room and sat down at a table there, collating his notes and measurements. The plain-clothes man joined him, and Dr. Hounder approached them confidently. The cigaret had almost reached the desk's edge. Three minutes more and its heat would begin to cause the finish of the mahogany to bubble and scorch. Safety three minutes away! "Anything I can do?" he asked. "I ought to move along."

Dr. Spargent said courteously: "You might tell Riley here what you told me. How you found the body there."

Dr. Hounder repeated his story with just enough variation to lend an air of truth to it. The plain-clothes man listened with downcast eyes, asking a question or two. Dr. Hounder was laughing to himself. A ridiculous thing, this; setting such men to catch clever criminals. So easily befooled! He talked mechanically on. Across the room a little thread of smoke lifted upward from the cigaret. While he talked to Riley, the plain-clothes man, he watched this smoke with secure and dreamy satisfaction. So soon as the cigaret should have burned but a little farther, he would be safe, all his tracks covered, nothing more to fear. He turned his back on the thing at last with fine indifference, gave his attention more fully to Riley's slow questions.

While they still talked together, while Dr. Spargent scratched at his notes, the policeman in the doorway left his post there; he crossed to the desk beside the dead body and looked down at the smoldering cigaret. Then he picked it up, gingerly, between finger and thumb and studied the surface of the table where it had lain. Dr. Hounder, his back turned, did not observe him.

When his scrutiny was finished, the policeman walked slowly across the room, still pinching the butt of the cigaret in his great hand, and touched Dr. Hounder on the elbow. The eminent practitioner turned.

"Here's your cigaret," said the patrolman. "It would have burned the table in a minute."

Dr. Hounder received this communication with a quite uncontrollable quiver of disappointment, which merged into alarm. He stared at the patrolman, whose eyes were blank and dull. In their very blankness the physician read a deadly menace.

Dr. Spargent had opened one of the French windows, to admit a little of the balmy morning air. Dr. Hounder could see his car, out by the gate. Not so far away.

"I looked at the table close," said the patrolman. "You didn't burn it any."

Dr. Hounder, at these simple words, gave way to panic utter and irrevocable; he struck past the dull patrolman toward that open window.

BUT of course these men were trained to action; they had him, quick as a terrier has its rat. There was something curiously ratlike in his abject and sudden squealings. . . .

"I was watching him," the patrolman explained slowly when Dr. Spargent questioned him. "The rest was guessing."

"A mighty good guess, O'Hearn," the medical examiner applauded.

"Not all guessing," O'Hearn confessed. "There was once I saw he was worried; and him staring at the table. Then he put the cigaret about where he'd been looking—and he didn't look at me like a man that would be careless of nice furniture. And when I picked up the butt and saw it was right on top of that finger-print, I was pretty sure what he'd meant to do."

"But it wasn't his finger-print. The maid left it when she oiled the desk this morning."

O'Hearn nodded. "That's so," he assented. "But the doc didn't know that. You heard what he said. He thought he'd made it—in blood."

"I was surprised, at that, to see the way he talked when we nailed him," Riley suggested.

"The clever ones always do the most talking in the end," replied O'Hearn.

Freida Was a Lady

A DELIGHTFUL animal story by a master hand at circus tales is to be a feature of next month's EVERYBODY'S.

Freida is a performing elephant—a wistful, lonely creature with an affectionate disposition and a heart of gold. Her incurable sweet tooth brings its inevitable penalty at times, but for the most part all goes well with Freida until she encounters the surly opposition of a rival elephant—a jealous bull who shamefully mistreats her. When the long-suffering Freida finally rebels, she metes out a punishment as novel as it is effective.

America's Youngest Mayor

IN APRIL, 1924, the citizens of Washburn, Wisconsin, a little town of about three thousand population tucked away on Chequamegon Bay, a sheltered arm of Lake Superior, embarked upon a great civic experiment. They elected Paul Ungrodt, an inexperienced youth of twenty-three years, as Mayor of their city, incidentally making him the youngest mayor of a municipality in the entire country and identifying their city as one of the leaders in the growing movement toward more active participation of youth in politics.

It was not a move to gain publicity or to gratify the political ambitions of an enthusiastic young college graduate. Rather it was the last desperate move of a cornered municipality.

Washburn was in bad shape. Jumping from dying lumber town to thriving war boom town and then sinking into the post war depression, it had run the gamut of spendthrift administrations which had squandered the city's money on unnecessary public improvements and needless lawsuits. Waste had become a habit. Sinking-fund payments on outstanding bond issues had been neglected. Thousands of dollars in unpaid bills and certificates of indebtedness were outstanding. The city's credit was ruined and civic pride had long since departed.

So the electorate, secure in the knowledge that their condition could be made little worse, and hoping against hope that it might be improved, took a chance and elected a "mere kid" as their chief executive.

Young Ungrodt had been out of college less than a year. He was working as a clerk in his father's hardware store. Realizing the pitiable condition of the city he had made efforts to promote community cooperation and had become known locally as the youthful prophet of a better day. With the approach of the biennial mayoralty election in the spring of 1924 he was picked as a reform candidate to oppose the man then in office, who was running for reelection. On the night before Election Day he spoke before a packed house in one of the local theaters and literally talked himself into office. He was elected with an almost two to one majority. And then the test began.

Young Ungrodt found over twenty thousand dollars in unpaid bills and certificates of indebtedness outstanding. He found a total bonded indebtedness of approximately sixty-five thousand dollars, making a total debt of almost thirty dollars per capita for the three thousand citizens of the town. He found a deficit of approximately fifteen thousand dollars in the table of receipts and expenditures for the year immediately preceding his own election to office. Municipal credit was shattered, civic pride gone and community cooperation an unknown quantity.

This "Kid Mayor," fresh from college, cleaned up his Wisconsin town. Paul Ungrodt changed a year's deficit of $15,000 to a credit of $4,500.

The "Kid Mayor" went to work. Drastic economy became the rule and the watchword. Expenses were slashed and salaries cut right and left. Following their pledge to the people in their reform platform, the Mayor, the City Council and the Board of Review served without salary. The office of Superintendent of Schools was combined with the principalship of the high school. Attorneys' fees and lawsuit expenses were reduced eighty per cent. Cost of operation of the fire department was cut fifty per cent. The office of street commissioner was abolished. The tourist park was run by donation instead of appropriation. The public library was closed during the summer months and that much of the cost of operation saved. Interest on the public debt was reduced by

[*Continued on page 163*]

A Deaf Mute Dancing Marvel

THOUSANDS of people from all parts of the country crammed the famous Million Dollar Pier at Atlantic City to see twenty-five of the nation's cleverest dancers meet in a prize competition. One by one the contestants went upon the stage, danced, and received the public's acclaim. Finally little Sylvia Pollock came forward and began to dance. Her rhythm, the grace of movement with which she went through her intricate steps seemed to enchant the huge assembly. The applause that greeted her as she finished her number was deafening and lasted many minutes. The dancer was awarded first prize by popular acclaim. When the roar finally subsided, Sylvia's instructor came forward and stood beside the young girl.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said. "I am now extremely happy that I did not make this announcement before Miss Pollock danced, for now I am positive that she received your applause on her merits alone. This little girl is totally devoid of speech and hearing! She did not hear one note of the music. And she did not hear a sound of your wonderful applause."

Exclamations of astonishment were audible from every part of the pier. People were obviously dumbfounded to hear so unexpected a statement. Then astonishment gave away to admiration, and another tremendous volume of applause ensued.

Sylvia Pollock was born in June, 1910, a normal and healthy child. She learned to walk at the tender age of nine months and almost as soon as she began to toddle she began to show a natural aptitude for dancing. In her baby way she would mimic the popular dances of the day with marked rhythm.

One day when Sylvia was a year and a half old she playfully threw a porcelain doll to the floor. A piece of the doll chipped off and flew in her eye. Screaming with pain, Sylvia was taken at once to a hospital.

A few days later an impressive-looking physician sat beside Sylvia's crib in the hospital gazing upon her little face. On the other side, leaning forward in her chair, was the young mother, red-eyed and anxious. Finally the physician sighed and stood up. The mother sprang to her feet and looked at him anxiously. He shook his head.

"Her eyesight is saved," he said, "but she will never hear or talk again."

A deaf mute. That was the handicap under which Sylvia had to live out her life, exiled from the speaking and hearing world. Many a child would have grown up to be just a plain deaf mute. But not so with Sylvia.

Audiences who see Sylvia Pollock toe-dancing or doing acrobatic or jazz acts in perfect rhythm seldom learn that she can't hear a note.

When she was five years of age she was entered as a student of the Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf, a boarding school at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia. In a very short time she became a prize pupil. Many times Sylvia led her class. She is now in her third year at high school, and has completely mastered the art of lip reading.

Meantime she had begun to develop a pronounced inclination for dancing. So when Sylvia was ten years old, her mother decided that she must attend a dancing school. But it was to be a really serious dancing school where Sylvia could learn toe-dancing and all the rest of it. She took the little girl to Professor Walter G. Wroe, who has trained many stars like Ann Pennington. Naturally the teacher was rather hesitant about undertaking with Sylvia anything so technical as toe-dancing. In all his experience the professor had never

[*Continued on page 165*]

The Terror of Arizona Cougars

Jim Owens' Camp
Guiding Tourists and Hunting Parties
A Specialty
Cougars Caught to Order. Reasonable Rates.

THIS sign is posted by the road-path that leads past Jim Owens' cabin, on the northern rim of the Grand Cañon in Arizona and near the edge of the great Kaibab forest.

"Uncle Jim," as everybody who knows him calls him, is a Texan by birth. He is seventy-five years old and a bachelor. His nearest neighbor is twenty miles away. For more than forty years he has been a professional guide and a member of the U. S. Predatory Animal Service. This Government organization consists of a body of men whose sole duty is to carry on incessant warfare against predatory animals that prey upon range cattle, deer and other more or less defenseless animals whose extinction is not desired.

During his years of service, Uncle Jim and his dogs have run down and killed some sixteen hundred cougars, and the number captured alive runs into the scores. In fact Uncle Jim is as proficient at catching them alive as he is at taking them dead. Whenever a circus or a zoo wants a live cougar, they send their order down to Arizona, to Jim Owens. His fame rests on the fact that in discovering a way to hunt cougars heretofore unknown to sportsmen he has given despairing ranchers the upper hand over these big, wily cats.

Owens' activities are confined chiefly to what is known as the Kaibab Plateau, just north of the Colorado River and the Mogollon Mountain district to the south of it. The Kaibab Plateau, north of the Colorado River, is one of the most remarkable table-lands to be found anywhere in the West. It lies in a great bend of the river from the south to the west and comprises about sixteen thousand square miles, cut off from the rest of the Arizona plateau country by some of the most amazing natural features in the world. To the east of it is the sheer cut made by the Marble Cañon of the Colorado River. To the south is the famous Grand Cañon, five or six miles across and more than a mile of almost sheer drop. To the west is the gulf of the Kanab Cañon, and to the north, just across the Utah boundary, are the sheer escarpments of the White Cliffs, the Buckskin Plateau and the Grey Bluffs. No robbers' nest or medieval mountain stronghold was ever more impregnably hemmed in by gorges of high-towering rock walls.

"Uncle Jim" Owens has saved the cattle and sheep of Arizona by running down and shooting the bloodthirsty panthers that were butchering them.

Heavy snows blanket this plateau during the winter months, and when they melt in the spring bring forth a luxurious crop of grass. In this perfect natural game preserve dwell about twenty thousand deer and antelope under the protection of the Government.

Most of the land had been held by the Government ever since its annexation after the Mexican War. Being the West's choicest grazing ground it is leased out on yearly rentals to cattle and sheep men. Thousands of head of cattle and tens of thousands of sheep feed here the year round. In the summer they graze on the rich grass of the uplands and in the winter they seek the warm sheltered valleys that intersperse the high plateau. From the ravages of most predatory animals they are fairly well protected, but to mountain lions the cañons and gorges that guard them from the rest of the world are no barrier. And it is evident what a Happy Hunting Ground this district would be to panthers once they got in.

[*Continued on page 161*]

The Only Woman Dude Wrangler

IT IS pleasant to be able to do what you want, and still pleasanter when you can transform your hobby into a paying profession. Miss Erna Fergusson of Albuquerque, New Mexico, liked to explore the plains and mesas and to roam over distant and little-known areas of the Southwest. She was particularly fascinated by the Indians, by their curious rites, their picturesque ceremonials, their barbaric dances.

So much sympathy and interest could not pass unnoticed but the Indians, instead of looking upon her as just another prying white, welcomed her to their homes. They knew her as the daughter of a family that was among the first to come into that territory. Had not her grandfather arrived in Santa Fé with an ox team? Had not her father been the first Congressman from the newly formed state? The inhabitants of a dozen pueblos looked upon the smiling, friendly young woman not as a visitor but almost as one of themselves.

Miss Fergusson had worked at a number of things. For several years she had been a journalist on various local papers, but reporting didn't give her opportunity enough to roam about and see the enchanting sights of the picturesque Southwest. In the spring of 1921 she had an inspiration. For years artists had been flocking thither to paint a country which in a thousand ways lends itself to the delineation of the brush and pencil. And in their wake had come the tourists, sparsely at first, and then in ever increasing numbers. Indeed, so popular had the state become that many of the old time ranches gave up cow raising to board tenderfeet from the East.

Why not become a dude wrangler, asked Miss Fergusson of herself, and a dude wrangler she became. Now since this is an expression that is purely local, it should be defined: A dude in Western parlance is any one from east of the Mississippi; a wrangler is a man who rides herd on horses; a dude wrangler therefore is a person who takes charge not of a string of cow-ponies but of a party of Easterners—in short a guide.

It took a lot of nerve to go into a profession occupied almost exclusively by men but Miss Fergusson did not intend to compete with them in the conventional way. No passenger loaded bus and megaphone for her. She would conduct parties of two or three and not only introduce them to the beauties of nature and the quaintness of the pueblos but she would acquaint them with things never seen by the ordinary tourist. Her wide acquaintance among the Apaches, the Navajos and the Pueblos was a wonderful aid. Imagine the delight of a tourist taken into an Indian home and given an opportunity really to know the members of the family.

You can live among Apaches or Navajos as one of the family—if Miss Erna Fergusson of Albuquerque, New Mexico, vouches for you.

Miss Fergusson's excursions unlike the ordinary tours are not fixed and mapped out ahead of time. On the contrary they may lead wherever the inclination of the guests may direct. Sometimes the trip may be for only a few hours, or a few days. Then again it may be for several months. It may cover ten, a hundred, or a thousand miles. If the tourists are archæologically inclined Miss Fergusson takes them to the ruins of ancient cities or to the mountainous homes of the extinct cliff dwellers. If they favor the study of the aborigines as they live today, she can arrange a visit to an Indian village and often manage it at the time when one of their quaint and never to be forgotten dances is in progress.

The dude wrangling business as conducted by Miss Fergusson has grown tremendously since 1921. She now has half a dozen limousines and

[*Continued on page 163*]

Everybody's Chestnut Tree

***Editor's Note:** Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.*

Minded Her Own Business, Anyway

An old farmer was driving a mare that interfered very badly. A passing friend, observing the mare's antics, cried out:

"Say Si, that mare of yours interferes pretty bad, don't she?"

Si paused, spat voluminously, and shrilled, "Yeh, she interferes, all right; but she don't interfere with nobody but herself!"

Hard Service

Two novices were enjoying a round of golf. One sliced into a huge bunker, and after some time, when he failed to appear, his opponent went in search of him.

The latter was found seated on a hummock outside the bunker, which showed signs of heavy attack.

"What are you doing?" exclaimed the other.

"Oh, it's all right, old man," replied the beginner. "But my niblick's got a bit overheated."

A Face Card

The bishop, seated in a Pullman car, was absorbed in a book. The porter scrutinized him very carefully, and said:

" 'Scuse me, Senator, anythin' Ah kin do fo' yo', suh?"

The bishop replied in the negative.

The porter soon returned and asked:

"Shall Ah open the window, Govunuh?"

"No, thanks."

A third excursion he ventured, " 'Scuse me, Kuh'nel, kaint Ah brush yo' off?" The bishop looked up.

"Listen, porter, he said. "I'm not a senator, or governor or colonel; nothing but a poor common, episcopal bishop."

"Yassah, Bishop; Ah jes' knowed yo' was one of dem face cawds."

Perhaps He Was

In a long glistening Rolls Royce he glided up to the filling station, and called out, "Let's have some gas, please!"

"How much you want?" asked the man in overalls, eyeing the car admiringly. The motorist struck by a sudden thought, put a hand in his pocket. Thirty cents was all he had in his clothes.

"One gallon," said he.

The man in the overalls glanced over the big car again and then fixed the driver with a stare of utter disgust.

"One gallon!" he sneered; "whatcher tryin' to do, wean it?"

Cohen Should Worry

A merchant unable to sleep tossed fretfully on his bed and muttered unintelligible words. The wife of his bosom sought the cause of his restlessness. In answer to her inquiries he said:

"You should expect me to sleep when my note to Cohen in the bank comes due tomorrow for $5,000 and there's only $2,000 in the bank to meet it."

"It is?" said the faithful wife. "Ike, you get right up and go over to Cohen's house and tell him. Let Cohen stay awake."

Holding Out On Them

A brass band once visited a village in the far South and the people were delighted with it, but they couldn't make head or tail of the trombone, so they sent for old Moses Jackson, who claimed that he understood music.

Old Moses watched the performance of the trombone player for some time. Then he said, with a solemn finality:

"Tek no notice of him, gennulmen. Dere's a trick in it; he don' swaller it ev'y time."

Taking No Chances

The musical comedy show was swinging along merrily when suddenly the manager walked on the stage, stopped the show, and raised his hand for silence.

There was a half-scared look on his face and his voice was trembling with excitement.

"Ladies and gentlemen. There is no cause for excitement or a panic, but there is a gentleman at the door flourishing a large revolver and demanding admittance. The door attendants are trying to pacify him but they will not be able to detain him for long as he has the advantage of having a revolver.

"He claims that some man is in here with his wife, and so to avoid a scandal or bloodshed will that man please leave by the stage door?"

Seventeen men raced for the designated exit!

Careful Man

A motorist meeting an old colored man trudging along the dusty road generously offered him a lift.

"No, sah, thank you, sah!" said the old man. "Ah reckon mah ol' laigs will take me 'long fast enough."

"Aren't afraid, are you, uncle? Have you ever been in an automobile?"

"Nevah but once, sah," was the reply, "and den Ah didn't let all mah weight down."

Pork Dinner Postponed

A few years ago, in one of the rural districts, it was the custom, if the schoolmaster were a married resident of the community, to present him occasionally with vegetables, garden truck and ofttimes, after home butchering was done, a roast of beef or pork found its way into the schoolmaster's home.

These contributions very materially assisted in keeping down the living expenses of the small salaried schoolmaster.

One day a little chap in one of the lower grades approached the schoolmaster and said:

"My paw was wonderin' ef yo' all would like sum fresh po'k."

"I certainly would," replied the delighted schoolmaster. "You may tell your father that there is nothing I would enjoy more than a roast of fresh pork."

After a week or more had passed, during which time the schoolmaster had been anticipating the gastronomical joys of fresh roast pork, he could no longer contain himself and, approaching the boy with an assumed air of nonchalance, he ventured:

"Oh, by the way, Johnnie, a short while ago you mentioned something about fresh pork; I haven't heard anything about it since."

"Naw," replied Johnnie. "Th' hawg got all better agin."

Just a Little Too Cozy

REAL ESTATE MAN—How do you like the little stucco bungalow I built for you?

JOHNSON—It's getting on my nerves! Cars stop every day and ask for gasoline and free air.

No One Was Interested

Rufe Johnson's pet hound disappeared. Rufe put the following ad in the paper:

Lost Or Run Away—One liver-colored bird dog called Jim. Will show signs of hydrofobby in about three days.

The dog came home the following day.

Filial Admiration

Henry's father, a farmer and stock grower, took several carloads of hogs, reared on his own farm, to Chicago, where he sold them to a great meat packing firm.

While in Chicago, Henry's father received the following letter from his little boy:

"Dear Papa: Did you see Mr. Armour kill that big fat hog with the black tail, and didn't he think he was a buster? I was sorry to see the hogs leave the farm, and most of all you.

Your loving son,

Henry."

Look Before You Fire

The owner of a department store walking through the packing room, noticed a boy idly leaning against a case and whistling. The owner glared at him.

"How much do you get a week?" he demanded.

"Five dollars, sir," replied the boy.

"Then here's a week's pay. Now get out!"

The boy put the money in his pocket and departed.

"When did we hire that loafer?" the owner demanded of the department head a little later.

"Never," was the answer, "he was delivering a note for another firm."

Neck and Neck

The lawyer for the plaintiff had finished his argument, and the counsel for the defense stepped forward to speak, when the new judge interrupted him. His eyes were wide open, and filled with wonder and admiration for the plea of the plaintiff.

"Defendant need not speak," he said. "Plaintiff wins."

"But, your honor," said the attorney for the defendant, "at least let me present my case."

"Well, go ahead, then," said the judge wearily.

The lawyer went ahead. When he had finished the judge gaped in even greater astonishment.

"Don't it beat all!" he exclaimed. "Now defendant wins!"

I Knew John D. When—

[*Continued from page 16*]

man, with a special fondness for boating—concerning which more later. For years he was Commodore of the Cleveland Yacht Club.

Commodore Gardner told me many stories of Rockefeller's early days. I once asked him if he thought Rockefeller was happy. "He ought to be," he replied, "for he got what he wanted most of all from the beginning—to become rich."

Always, Gardner said, Rockefeller's traits were quietness, punctuality, and economy. He worked at one of those tall, old-fashioned bookkeeper's desks, sitting on a high stool, and had little to say except about business. He never complained unless somebody jarred his arm and caused him to splotch ink.

"I never knew him to be guilty of but one extravagance during the years that we were associated," related Gardner, "and that was in regard to his clothes. While still in his early twenties John began to patronize the most expensive tailor in Cleveland, paying probably as much as fifty dollars for a suit. I think he did this because he already had visions of becoming a prominent man and he doubtless felt that a neat, prosperous appearance as to dress might help him in business contacts. He would have been horrified at the thought of spending fifty dollars for mere amusement."

THE only harsh speech that ever passed between John D. Rockefeller and his partner, George Gardner, was over this question of spending money for pleasure. Gardner, as already mentioned, was fond of the water. As a youngster he had sailed before the mast. He chanced to hear one day about an advertisement offering for sale in the East a yacht, formerly owned by a man named Winslow, who had just died. The yacht had cost twenty thousand dollars and could be bought for only three thousand dollars. A week later Gardner and three young friends had bought it for two thousand dollars, each contributing five hundred dollars. John D. Rockefeller made no comment when he heard about the boat and expressed no desire to see it.

Gardner was only twenty-seven and yachts were not common among young men of that age. Rockefeller doubtless reflected over this but said nothing—until one Saturday afternoon. Gardner and his yachting friends were about to sail over to Put-in-Bay for a little outing. As he was leaving the office, Gardner noticed Rockefeller bending over his desk with the facial expression of one who is not getting too much out of life.

"John," said Gardner agreeably, "we're going for a sail—I'd like you to go along. I think it would do you good to get your mind off business for a while."

Rockefeller's reply was to turn half savagely on his partner and declare with emotion: "George Gardner, you're the most extravagant young man I ever knew. You are just barely getting a start in life and yet you own an interest in a yacht. You're injuring your credit at the banks—your credit and mine. Everybody will be looking on you as a spendthrift and the first thing I know you'll be wrecking our business. No, I won't go on your yacht—I don't ever want to see it!" And John D. turned back to his ledger.

"John," observed Gardner quietly, "I see that there are certain things on which you and I probably never will agree. I think you like money beyond all else in the world, and I do not. I prefer to have a little fun along with business."

The two continued thenceforth to follow their own desires. Rockefeller sought the money his soul craved; Gardner kept right on owning a yacht and enjoying life with the enthusiasm of a boy. He was hale and rugged, with a voice like a pipe organ, and with scarcely a wrinkle in his jovial face when he died, aged almost eighty.

While his money may have made John D. Rockefeller happy, Commodore Gardner told me of one day at least that the craving for it made him desperately miserable.

Clark, Gardner & Co. once invested every dollar they had—about forty thousand dollars—in grain, and shipped it to Buffalo, at that time the grain market for the Great Lakes.

"I must go up to see about the insurance on that cargo," remarked Gardner when the boat had been loaded. Rockefeller suggested that inasmuch as the weather was not threatening, they take a chance on the shipment without insurance and save one hundred and fifty dollars. He talked Gardner into letting the grain go uninsured. That night a vicious storm raged over Lake Erie.

"When I got to the office the next morning," said Gardner, "John was as white as a topsail."

"Let's take out that insurance right away," said Rockefeller, huskily.

"But isn't it too late?" asked Gardner.

"If the boat hasn't been wrecked by the time the insurance is taken out, it may not be."

Gardner went up-town and paid one hundred and fifty dollars to insure the cargo that had left Cleveland the night before. When he got back to the office he found Rockefeller clutching a telegram announcing the safe arrival of the boat in Buffalo. The one hundred and fifty dollars had been wasted. "That afternoon," Gardner told me, "John went home sick."

John D. Rockefeller must feel no little satisfaction in the number of other men that he has made rich. One of these was Henry M. Flagler. But while Rockefeller, in a sense, made Flagler, it is also true that Flagler made Rockefeller. If Rockefeller was the founder of the Standard Oil Company, Flagler was its saviour.

In his early days, Flagler had spent most of his money in an unsuccessful attempt to perfect a machine to make horseshoes. He was somewhat blue and discouraged about his future when George W. Gardner offered him desk room in the office of Clark, Gardner & Co. It was there that Flagler, six or seven years older than Rockefeller, became acquainted with the future oil chief.

He was impressed with the younger man's integrity, industry, and feverish ambition. A year or two later, after Samuel Andrews, a practical oil refiner, had come along and interested Rockefeller in the oil business, Flagler kept up the acquaintance. Flagler was wise enough to recognize that his friend was on the ground floor in an industry destined to offer limitless opportunities.

Rockefeller & Andrews began to buy up smaller refineries and, in consequence, they did not amass much ready cash. A day came when John D. Rockefeller had to raise a big sum of money or be crushed by their strongest competitor, Clark, Payne Co. composed of James H. Clark and Colonel O. H. Payne, afterward prominently identified with the Standard Oil Company.

ROCKEFELLER went to Flagler and asked him if he could help him raise some money. The reason for this was that Flagler's wife was a niece of one S. V. Harkness, then believed to have more cash than any one in Cleveland.

Harkness had been a distiller in Monroeville, Ohio. The story is that he had gotten an inside tip through some one in Congress that the United States Government was about to place a special war tax of two dollars a gallon on all high wines made after a certain date. At any rate, wherever he may have obtained the inside information, he had bought up whisky by the thousands of barrels and stored it in warehouses all over Ohio. When the two-dollar-a-gallon tax was announced, Harkness then and there made a fortune.

Flagler induced Harkness to invest seventy thousand dollars in the Rockefeller & Andrews oil enterprise. That tided John D. Rockefeller over what was probably the greatest business crisis of his career.

Immediately after making the seventy-thousand-dollar investment, Harkness began to worry about it and arranged to have Flagler enter the Rockefeller & Andrews offices as a sort of watch-dog. Flagler came to have more and more influence in the firm, which later on became Rockefeller, Andrews & Flagler. Flagler was better educated than Rockefeller and had a broader view. It was he who foresaw the future vastness of the oil industry and the possibility of controlling it by the creation of a gigantic corporation—Standard Oil.

One day Rockefeller again needed money and sought to raise it by offering for sale a block of stock having a par value of about fifteen thousand dollars. Flagler once more went to Harkness, but Harkness declined to take any more stock or invest another penny.

"I only wish I had the money to buy that stock," remarked Flagler.

"All right," said Harkness, "I'll lend you the money. I don't want any more stock myself but I'm willing to invest in your note because I know that whatever may happen to the oil business, some day you'll pay me back."

They drew up a note and that day Henry M. Flagler bought twelve thousand dollars' worth of Standard Oil stock—nearly all that was offered. That block of stock formed the foundation of the Flagler millions.

Flagler was by no means the only man who got rich through contact with Rockefeller. There were many such cases, some quite accidental. Two Englishmen, John and Hugh Huntington, brothers, were in the tar-and-gravel roofing business. Rockefeller employed them to put fireproof gravel roofs on a number of his oil tanks. Being in need of cash, he induced the brothers to take payment partly in oil stock. The brothers were to determine between themselves how the stock-and-cash payment should be divided. Each wanted the cash rather than the stock and Hugh Huntington was so insistent on having cash that the brothers were said to have had a serious estrangement which lasted for years.

John Huntington kept the stock that had been forced on him and took his share of increase whenever there was a stock dividend. At his death some years ago, he was many times a millionaire. His brother, who had taken cash, continued in the gravel-and-roofing business and died in only moderate circumstances.

Many stories of Rockefeller indicate that he looked on his business as a wonderful game and got the same kind of exultant kick out of it that a college boy might get from football. I have heard well-authenticated stories that whenever Rockefeller and Andrews succeeded in buying up an oil refinery Rockefeller would exhibit great glee. It was not uncommon for him to enter Andrews' office, grab his partner by the shoulders and do a regular snake dance shouting excitedly: "We've got another, Sam. One more in the fold!"

Sometimes, in his excitement, he would throw his hat in the air. On one of these occasions he jumped on his hat. It was a complete wreck. This unexpected bit of wastefulness seemed to check his high spirits and he went forth sadly to buy a new hat.

In later years, by the way, Rockefeller and Andrews had a serious falling out and their last meeting was dramatic. Just a few years ago, Horace Andrews, son of Samuel Andrews, started to tell me the story of this last meeting between his father and Rockefeller.

"This story has never been told," he said, "and I have always promised myself that I would never make it public, but remind me the next time I see you and I'll give you the details." But Horace Andrews died suddenly before I saw him again, and I have wondered many times what did happen at that last meeting between Rockefeller and Andrews.

Another indication that Rockefeller is finding happiness, it seems to me, is his eccentric little habit of giving new dimes to people he meets. If he were unhappy he might give nothing at all, or possibly as much as a quarter, but limiting himself to a ten-cent piece may be taken to show that he still has his interest in life—is still playing at his money hobby—still thinking of relative values, even in subsidiary coins. He usually says, "I hope you won't take offense if I offer you a little souvenir." Then he pulls out a dime. These dimes are usually treasured highly.

All his life petty economy has given Rockefeller an astonishing amount of pleasure; at least, he has practiced it with great zest. On the golf links he has frequently been known to delay a game for twenty minutes while carrying on a search for a ball, and when a lost ball is recovered he follows biblical precedent by rejoicing more over the one that was found than over the dozen new ones in his caddy bag that were not driven astray.

I HEARD of a little boy who once ran home breathlessly to tell his parents the good news—that he had been engaged temporarily as caddy for the Richest Man in the World. Perhaps at the end of the afternoon the Rich Man would hand him a gold coin. The lad was greatly disappointed—he got the union rate for caddying that afternoon, but had the misfortune to lose a golf ball and was docked ten cents for his carelessness.

Household economy has ever been one of Rockefeller's especial pleasures. A certain washwoman was engaged to come and rejuvenate the Rockefeller linen. She was to be paid for her day's toil and have also her noon meal. That evening she remained and ate with the servants in the kitchen and the story is told that the master of the house, on hearing of the extra meal, had her docked twenty-five cents. It was not the cost of the food she ate that worried him but the unbusinesslike plan of giving her more than the agreement provided. Perhaps the next day he gave one million dollars to a college or hospital.

That phase of human nature, by the way, that prompts one to haggle over the pennies in strict business transactions and give away the dollars with lavish hand out of business hours is by no means confined to John D. Rockefeller. It is one of the commonest characteristics of the commercial mind, and is not confined to raw-product millionaires either.

There is a difference between increasing one's household budget or being asked to reduce the annual earnings of a business in which one takes much pride and, on the other hand, in giving oneself the pleasure of doing a good turn with the money that keen, watch-business practices have brought in.

Guests who dined at the Rockefeller home in Cleveland used to wonder at the paucity of things to eat. As a matter of fact, it probably never occurred to John D. Rockefeller that his guests would care for much food. He himself eats less probably than any grown person in the United States, and it takes him longer to eat it. Invariably those who eat with him wonder how he manages to consume so much time at the table and get so little nourishment. He eats solely as a means to sustain life. His palate is neutral. No one thing tastes better than another. The actual eating of food constitutes for him absolute boredom.

I have heard stories to indicate that John D. Rockefeller has a sense of humor. This doubtless has helped keep him happy. For one thing he is an inveterate story-teller. Here is one of his latest stories. He was coming north from Florida this spring and on the train was a woman who was pestering the conductor with questions. She became a great nuisance and the conductor became disgusted. Finally she asked him, "Conductor why is it that you wave your hand to the engineer when you want him to start instead of pulling the bell rope?" "Why," replied the conductor, "when I wave my hand it means get the hell out of here." As the conductor returned to the train a man who had heard the remark said, "You should not have talked that way to that woman. She is the wife of one of the directors of your road."

"Phew!" said the conductor. "I guess I had better go back and apologize." In a few minutes he returned and the man said to him, "What did she say when you apologized?" "Huh; she didn't say anything. She just waved her hand."

Often John D. has himself had the last laugh—and doubtless enjoyed it. Years ago—in 1867—Rockefeller and a foreman in one of his refineries, Ambrose MacGregor, used to stop occasionally for their noon-day meal at a boarding-place conducted by a Mrs. Jones. Rockefeller and MacGregor often had ill-smelling crude oil on their shoes and the other boarders prepared a round-robin petition which they sent to Mrs. Jones asking that Rockefeller and MacGregor be required to eat at the second table. The other boarders twitted Rockefeller and MacGregor about having to get along with the leavings, but "Rocky," as they called him, withstood all this raillery with conspicuous good nature.

Once when he was buying a new automobile and was himself seated in the demonstrating car, Rockefeller inquired: "What is the cost of maintaining this machine?"

"That," replied the salesman, "depends entirely on the price of gasoline."

"Then," observed Rockefeller, with a faint suggestion of a smile, "I think perhaps I can afford to buy it."

Then there is that famous story of his wedding present to a clergyman of whom he seemed particularly fond. His present to the happy pair was a highly ornate, double-tanked oil lamp!

One often hears the query propounded: "Is John D. Rockefeller's piety real or assumed?"

Those who know him best will tell you that beyond peradventure he is sincere. He verily believes that the righteous shall prosper; that he has prospered because he is righteous, and to reverse the reasoning, that, having prospered, he must have been righteous. There is no doubt that this is his sincere belief.

He once asked a reporter friend of mine if he attended church. "Very seldom," confessed the reporter: "I have had to write digests of so many sermons for the paper that years ago I got sick and tired of churches and preachers."

"I can appreciate how you feel," said Rockefeller, "but that is no excuse. Surely you have not had as much experience as I have had of a sort calculated to turn you from ministers and churches. I have been the victim of an untold number of unwarranted personal attacks from the pulpit. Furthermore, nearly every minister I ever met, as soon as he got to know me well enough, has suggested that I build him a mighty temple in which he and his congregation might worship God. But almost invariably I have found that the ministers desiring new churches were not yet working their present plants to capacity. Often I have told them that I would build them new temples as rapidly as they should be needed to take care of their overflow. Still," the rich man added, "such experiences should in no wise turn one from the great things that the church represents."

Years ago, Rockefeller seemed to suffer from a slight fear of assassination. He preferred to ride in his automobile, seated in the middle, with some one on either side of him as a protection against attack. But this never depressed his spirits. He was likely to hum or sing at the top of his voice as he rode through the country. And many of his old-time golf companions have commented on the joy that he appeared to get out of the whole game of life.

On the other hand there is no doubt that Rockefeller has craved popularity, or rather appreciation, as he terms it. He probably would give half of his immense fortune to be beloved by his countrymen. This craving for better feeling between himself and the people of the United States seemed particularly active in his thoughts on his return from his last trip to Europe a score of years ago.

"I have built up the greatest commercial institution the world has known," he once remarked to a Cleveland newspaper friend, "a machine so vast that it has done much and can do a great deal more to insure America's commercial supremacy among the nations of the world, but instead of thanking me the public strives to tear down my structure."

I once talked with a man who had been Rockefeller's classmate in grammar school.

"The smartest boy in our class," he said, "the boy whom the teacher always called on to recite when we had visitors and of whom big things were to be expected, never amounted to much. The last I heard of him, many years ago, he was driving a grocery wagon. Another member of the class was Mark Hanna. He was a leader even then. We assumed that he would do well. We were all equally sure 'Deacon,' as we called John D. Rockefeller, a kind of goody-goody chap, wouldn't ever achieve much. He well knew that we thought that. Perhaps he has felt a considerable glow of satisfaction over having fooled us."

He Trades in Circuses

[*Continued from page 23*]

Pockets'" own. I doubt if he ever has an imitator. A mighty man is "High."

What would a circus be without its elephants? Even a clown is of no greater importance. And once an elephant trainer, always an elephant trainer. Al Langdon, who has been training elephants in and out of circuses for two decades, retired from the profession when the circus to which he was attached gave up the ghost at Beaumont, Texas, eight years ago. Al got a job on the Beaumont fire department.

"It was a nice soft job," Al says. "Just sitting around in a clean fire-house and running to a fire now and then. The Beaumont fire chief was keen on circus men. Said he signed them up every chance he got because they weren't afraid of anything. 'But,' says the chief, 'you'll quit me sooner or later. All of the troupers do,' and he was right.

"I hadn't been in that Beaumont fire department a year before along came the Ringling show. Twenty-four elephants paraded right in front of that fire-house! 'I'm going, Chief.' I told him, and I went. I haven't been away from elephants since."

A discreet and quiet town is Lancaster. But every day is circus day out there. Colonel Hall always has the makings of a circus on hand and keeps open house to all who call. Incidentally he lets the Lancaster kids make the most of the situation. Free rides on elephants are in order most of the year. And as for ponies, any kid in Lancaster who will be good to it can have a Hall pony as long as he likes. But woe betide the kid who is caught neglecting or abusing a pony. He is blacklisted forevermore. Naturally the kids adore Colonel Hall. Jim Forsythe, eleven-year-old son of W. O. Forsythe, editor of the Lancaster *Excelsior*, is one of these. I asked Jim a simple question. It was: "Do you know Colonel Hall?"

Jim's face was wreathed in a beatific smile. He didn't say a word. It wasn't necessary.

When a man lives for fifty years in one small community the town folks know him pretty well. One of Colonel Billy's old-time friends is Green Maize. That's his real name.

"Colonel Hall and I were brought up together," Green told me. "My father had one of the four livery stables in Lancaster when Billy came to work here. Father was always good to Billy—used to give him a dime now and then and things like that. When Billy got into the horse business he kept our barn filled with horses. He never forgot his friends. One year, from June to June, he paid us $2,008 for feed and liverying. I did business with Colonel Hall for thirty years, myself, and we never had a word, partly because I always paid attention to him. Colonel Hall is a quick man. What he says must go. When he snaps an order out, that order must be obeyed. I never asked any questions when he told me to do this or that. A lot of the fellows around the town don't get along with him. They see him talking with some one else and try to sit in on the conversation. 'I'm busy, get out,' the colonel says, but that's just his way."

THE colonel has changed in dress since the halcyon days when he used to sally forth to farm or circus lot in top hat, dinner coat, and patent-leather shoes. Of the five huge diamonds which once adorned his frilled shirt front, three of them now decorate a threadbare tie. He carries others on his hands or in his pockets, but his hat is a rather weathered one of felt. The velvet collar of his faded overcoat is lacking nap and he wears boots or overshoes.

"I still order seven suits at one time," he confesses, "but I guess I'm getting old. What's the use of dolling up to sit around the barnyard or a circus lot?"

But, with all his three-score years and two, Colonel Billy is as young in heart as his twenty-year-old son. Billy, Jr., son of Colonel Hall, is attending the University of Missouri. Colonel Hall's two daughters were graduated from the institution. "I'm not so sure an education helps young folks," the veteran circus trader says, "but I couldn't read or write until I was pretty well along in life and most folks learn to read and write quite young these days. I want my children to have all the chance they can.

"As for me, I've missed a lot of chances in my time. The year I took my own show out I made plenty of money, but my horse business kept calling me. So I brought my show into winter quarters early in the fall and never took another out. I always feel I'd have made a million or more in the circus game if I'd kept that show on the road. I like circusing.

"No, I'm not through with circusing yet. Horse buyers still come to me from all parts of the world. I've had 2,000 horses on hand at one time. I sold a carload yesterday, in thirty minutes. It's 'take it or leave it' with me, and I never argue about the price. There's no auction bidding—it's all done at private sale. But I'm thinking of taking out another show and maybe breaking my son into the circus game. I'll do it, too, unless I carry out my plans for being the biggest wild-animal trader in this country. The animal game is getter better every year. Elephants have doubled in price since I began trading in them. A good bull costs $4,000 now, and camels, too, are going up. I'm figuring on bringing over a shipload of camels from Egypt next fall. Like to take the trip with me?"

I nodded hungrily, remembering a story Green Maize had just told me.

When Colonel Billy was still a barefoot boy he went to Bloomfield, Iowa, twenty miles away, to see a circus. Being without means, he crawled beneath the side wall of the tent. A roughneck, espying the non-paying customer, dragged him forth and belabored him. "I'll get even with you if it takes me all my life," the blubbering Billy threatened, while the roughneck grinned. Billy got the roughneck's name and treasured it, and his revenge.

A quarter century elapsed. Billy's circus was playing at Quincy, Illinois. He had kept track of his assailant all those years. His ancient enemy was living in Quincy at that time. Billy looked him up. The one-time roughneck was in a cripple's chair. Billy had him brought to the circus lot and gave him the keys of his tented city. The broken roughneck of the olden days cried in gratitude.

I'd like to go to Egypt or anywhere to get a load of camels or anything with a chap like that. He has the stuff that makes a man.

And Colonel Billy Hall continues to add luster to his town.

The other day I found this in "The Chaperon's" column of the Kansas City *Star*.

> Dear Chaperon: Will you please tell me how and where I can get in touch with any of the big circuses. I am a "freak" and people stare me anyway, so I've decided to see if I can make them pay for the privilege. Where do circuses winter? FREAKIE.

To which "The Chaperon" replied, "I'm afraid circuses are a little out of my line, Freakie, but Lancaster, Missouri, is the place they winter."

Colonel Billy Hall is "wintering" a budding circus as I write. He'll be a showman 'till he dies.

Playing with Ginger

[*Continued from page 33*]

jam. It concerns Ginger. Can't we go somewhere and—talk it out?"

But when we reached my room in the hotel neither the fearless gladiator nor his intrepid trainer-manager appeared eager to burst into confidences.

"Come on," I said, anxious to learn what they had decided between them about my partner. "What about Ginger?"

Lew began talking. It took me a long three minutes to absorb the fact that he had fallen entirely out of love with my red-topped side-kick.

"I feel like a dog, Wally, because the understanding was that she was to decide between Kels and myself when she returned to New York. The real trouble is—there is a little lady with a Park Avenue address—"

"What!" I yelled.

"You must know that Kels and I are running an exclusive gymnasium. It's become something of a fad with the—the swifter set. We keep them in trim—"

"And, oh, brother, how we trim them!" murmured Kelsey Oswald.

"And so," I told Lew, boiling internally, "you're bowing out on Ginger because you've Valentino'd some dizzy deb with a huge pile of money."

"You deserve to be knocked cold for that crack," Lew said quietly. "But that wouldn't alter the fact that there is only one girl in the world I want to marry."

"Thus declaring yourself out, you leave the field and Ginger to Kelsey—"

"Hardly," K. O. interrupted. "In fact, not at all. I couldn't make her happy, I'm sure. Quite. My heart wouldn't be in it, y'see."

"Where would it be?" I asked.

"Where it is now—with a girl in Merrie England, of course; always loved each other—both families opposed—no money of my own—not much will-power, either—that's all changed now, thank God!"

"Thank Ginger," I corrected.

"Right," Kelsey agreed.

"She took you both," I said, getting madder every second, "and injected the old spark of ambition in you; showed you the way to happiness, success, and wealth because she loved you. And now your idea of gratitude is to tell her to run along and peddle her papers somewhere else. You're going to tell her—"

"Dammit all, Wally," Kelsey blurted, "we hoped you'd tell her for us."

"Me!" I shouted, seeing nothing but crimson.

"At least, prepare her," K. O. added, backing toward the door.

"Keep on moving," I warned him, shaking all over. "Of all the dirty—"

The ringing of the 'phone interrupted. It was Ginger.

"Listen Ginger, can you come down to my room? I'll tell you why when you get here."

Hanging up I found the room empty. Kelsey had followed my advice and had kept moving. And dear old Lew had followed Kelsey. When Ginger knocked on the door five minutes later I said I had a surprise for her but that it could wait until after dinner.

I'll never know what we talked about during that dinner. I stretched it out as long as I could, trying to devise some pleasing way of reducing Ginger's high spirits to the somber mood needed to play the scene that had been wished on me. But all I succeeded in doing was to burn my tongue with soup, strangle on a fish bone, and let the coffee freeze in the cup.

"Let's take a ride," I suggested when we finally reached the sidewalk. "Such a warm evening—we can get on top a Drive bus and bump out by the Soldiers' Monument and Grant's Tomb."

Side by side with her atop a bus swaying out the Drive, with a few stars just coming out for their summer-night's work and a finger-nail paring of a moon drifting uselessly overhead, Ginger gave me the cue I needed by asking if I'd learned where the fight tickets had come from.

"They were sent by K. O. Young, a very virile young gent who finds a lucrative living and much innocent joy in knocking other guys coo-coo. Mark the name; K. O. Young—without the Breston and hyphen. Kelsey Oswald, amassing fame, fortune, and tin ears under the elite supervision of society's director of physical torture, Lew A. Brown, formerly of vaudeville."

"Not really!" Ginger's eyes were dancing. "Oh, my Lord! Kelsey—a prize-fighter!"

"Wait till you hear Lew's broad '*a*.' It comes almost unconscious."

Ginger chuckled. "But why haven't they 'phoned me?"

I decided to sink Lew first. "It's none of my business, in a way, but I hope you aren't too fond of Lew. I—I don't think he's to be trusted. I mean—he's the sort of fellow that could tell a girl he loved her—and then move away and forget about it."

Ginger had her face turned from me, gazing silently across the muddy Hudson. That helped a lot.

"He's a nice enough fellow, but honestly, he doesn't appreciate you—what a really wonderful girl you are." Ginger suddenly looked straight at me. "I mean it," I told her. "You've everything a girl can possibly use; beauty, cleverness, a heavenly disposition, a heart as big and tender as a spring day—you mustn't throw yourself away when there are other fellows who'd appreciate and value and—and love you more than—" It was mighty hard sledding, with Ginger looking at me that way. "You know, you must be dead sure that the fellow you marry is the one man you love better than the rest of the world put together, and that he loves you the same way. Do you feel that way about Lew?"

"No," Ginger said softly. I took one long breath.

"Nor Kelsey, either," she said, with a side glance at me. I took another long breath.

"I've never had the least inclination to marry either one of them." That stopped the breath altogether.

"What was your reason for saying all this, Wally? Has it anything to do with our act? I want to know; your real, way down deep, honest-to-God reason. Please?"

Digging deep I found the truth for the first time myself.

"If you will have it," I said, eyes front and steady, "I want you all for myself."

Ginger's hand stole into mine. I felt her cheek against my shoulder.

"D—didn't you know—I've been yours for the asking ever since that first night?" she said.

Nobody in New York ever pays any attention to bus-top sweethearts, so I tucked her tightly inside my arm.

"When I remember," I said, "all the weeks I've spent dumbly looking for something except good—"

"Forget them, honey." A cool finger closed my lips. At that moment a crowded sight-seeing bus rolled past us.

"Here," megaphoned its announcer loudly, "is where General Grant is buried."

"So's your old man—forever," Ginger told me, eyes sparkling as she snuggled closer.

Picaroon

[*Continued from page 49*]

howl. The Picaroon thought he heard a thud of feet in the darkness behind. A steady *thud-thud-thud* that grew rapidly louder. The blood throbbing in his own ears? No! They were pounding along in pursuit. Black men and white men. At their head the huge clumsy figure with the madman's eyes. Pounding behind them in the darkness. Noses like dogs!

He could smell the bay now; clean and salt. The air was silvering with dawn. Dan spoke again. He had dropped a little behind.

"If it's a close call . . . need for delay . . . you two get the boat ready, untie her, set the thole pins, pull away from the wharf . . . I'll hold them for a minute, then I'll swim out to you . . . Understand?"

The Picaroon grunted. His leg was ready to crack like burning wood. Rasping aches flung up his thigh. He knew that he was holding the other back, and he tortured more speed out of his body. He grunted and cursed. Kathleen fled along beside him without effort, like a hound.

The bay glimmering through torn leaves. Dawn had broken. A pink cloud cruised over the water. Mists trailed like strange wounded birds. The road shook the trees from its body and raced down a hundred yards of meadow to the rotting wharf.

Kathleen's sharp tread on the boards. She was dashing toward the boat. Dan had stopped. The Picaroon paused, turned around. Just then a shout split from the forest. A large man in a black coat with a black hat on his head, waving his empty hands and screeching. Behind him four or five negroes. More negroes. Another white man with a musket . . . The Picaroon stood shoulder to shoulder with his brother, handing him the ivory-handled knife and keeping the knife with the notched blade for himself.

"The wharf's narrow. We can hold them till they start shooting. Drop back slowly." Dan glanced over his shoulder. Kathleen was fumbling with the boat's painter. A queer look passed over his face. He said quietly: "As soon as she gets beyond pistol range we'll dive in and swim out to her."

The Picaroon grunted. He was watching the flood of bodies down the road. No pistols. Only one musket in sight. The blacks carried clubs. Ten or fifteen blacks. A third white man with another musket. Then his whole body concentrated on the Pansy. Rushing at them with large arms flapping, screeching with a sort of baby rage. The Picaroon crouched. He dodged forward. The knife hissed through warm flesh.

The blacks stopped and looked at the limp body rising to the surface of the water. Two muskets went off ineffectually. While their owners were reloading the two men retreated along the wharf. The Picaroon glanced behind. Kathleen was rowing away from the wharf.

"Let's go," he called.

He began to run down the wharf. Dan's heavy feet followed. Better to dodge musket-balls in the water; plunging around like a dolphin there was a chance. What if Kathleen were hit? No, no! Perhaps they should let her pull farther away . . . at the end of the wharf they turned and faced the blacks. There was a convulsion of bodies, the sound of blows, the ripping of knives. For an interminable time the Picaroon wrestled with half-naked blacks. Then a club knocked him into the water. He came up and commenced to swim.

"Dan! Dan! Jump!"

But Dan seemed enmeshed in the black arms and legs. He pushed and heaved and warded blows with his arms. A negro plunged into the water; never came up.

"Dan! Jump!"

A musket-ball hit his shoulder. The Picaroon dove. When he came up Dan had shaken loose. He stood, mountainous, on the wharf's end, looking out over the bay at the receding duck-boat. The rising sun flamed in his red beard. . . . Then suddenly he turned and flung himself into the group of blacks. The Picaroon saw a knife stream down the air . . .

He was limp and nauseated when Kathleen dragged him over the boat's stern.

"Dan," he said. "Dan!"

Kathleen looked at him for a moment. "If he hadn't stayed they'd have got you." She was once more rowing with a long hard swing. She said harshly: "Do you forget that Dan couldn't swim a stroke?"

THE sun dances on the white beach; a million tiny points of fire. Behind a dune are the charred timbers of a wreck. The Picaroon sits on a hillock of sand, nursing his leg, while Kathleen takes ten paces north from the stern-post.

"Dig here," she says. Then she sits beside the Picaroon in the warm sand, touching his lame leg with her fingers.

Over the crest of a dune are the white sails of the *Basilisk*. The man with the shovel throws great scoops of golden sand into the air. Another man is watching the bay. The Picaroon feels security pouring back into his limbs. The wide blue sea again. Tripoli. The only life for a man . . . He curses fluently when he leans forward to examine the soles of his feet.

Seagoing Card Sharps

[*Continued from page 68*]

money," was the comment of "Dan the Dude," one time valet to "Big Tim" Sullivan, and himself thoroughly acquainted with every trick in the underworld for getting "easy money." Of course the I. O. U's of the losers are not always collected as readily as they were from the steel man and the banker. Sometimes they are not collected at all. The victims may raise a "squeal," but if the gamblers put the matter in the hands of the right kind of lawyer, generally a compromise is effected.

Few people care to face the inevitable publicity, and if they are business men they simply can't afford to have the matter aired. Probably no lawyer ever had more of such cases pass through his hands than the late Abe Hummel, who recently died in London. When his services were secured by the parties seeking to enforce payment, Hummel was accustomed to charge a stiff fee. Fifty-fifty on the amount recovered was a customary thing, but that was gladly paid as Hummel was a great little collector. With the exception of William Pinkerton, of "gimlet eye" fame, probably no man had as extensive an acquaintance with international card cheaters and confidence men as did Abe Hummel.

Losses such as have been mentioned are never incurred in the smoking-room of the steamer. One of the gamblers has a suite to which the victim is invited, far from the many prying eyes that may overlook everything that goes on in the public smoking-room. Lookers-on see most of such a game, sometimes too much. It isn't so easy to "ring" the "cold deck" there as it is in the private suite and "ringing the deck" was the principal means employed in the bridge game which eased the steel magnate of his wad. For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be explained that "ringing the deck" means the substitution of a specially prepared pack of cards for those in play at the time. From this pack the victim is dealt a hand that is practically unbeatable containing, say, nine hearts including ace, king, queen of that suit, three other aces and a king.

The holder of such a hand would under ordinary circumstances take every trick except in the extremely improbable event of one of his opponents holding all the remaining four hearts including the jack. The declarer holding the nine hearts would gamble all he was worth against such a thing happening as that all the four hearts would lie in only one of the other three hands dealt. The "cold deck," however, provided for just exactly that contingency. In the cheater's vernacular this is termed "giving the sucker the long hand." The "cold deck," when it is possible to use it, has always been a favorite with American card cheaters who like to get results quickly. In fact it is used by sharpers all over the world.

ONCE at least it was used to "break the bank at Monte Carlo." That is to say it was the means by which that bank was once beaten out of the sum allotted to each table for the day's play. When such a thing happens, that table closes for the day, and that is as near as any one ever comes to breaking "the bank." This is how it was done: In the salon-de-jeu at the world famed resort, the big play is not at the roulette wheels, but at the card tables where *trente et quarante* (thirty and forty), or red and black, as it is frequently termed, is dealt.

In this game three packs of plain backed white cards are used. After being shuffled and cut they are dealt in two rows until over thirty in each is reached. The picture cards count as ten and the row nearest to thirty wins. The bank's percentage comes when both the red and black rows are even, say thirty-five each, when half of the player's stake is forfeited. Or if he prefers, it all stays in pawn pending the next deal, when those on the winning color simply get their own money back and the money on the losing color goes to the bank. The bank's percentage is not big, as any one betting $100 can insure against the percentage by paying $1.00, which means a player so doing is betting 101 to 99 on an even money chance.

The coup by which the bank was beaten was staged by two internationally famous card sharps, Ardisson, a Basque who spoke French and Spanish with equal fluency, and "English Bill" Wigram, known to the police in every country in Europe as well as to the New York authorities. These men bribed one of the dealers, without whose connivance it would have been impossible to put the coup over. They secured seats next to the dealer and played through several preceding deals without attracting undue attention. One wore a very easy fitting vest under which was concealed an apron with a capacious pocket containing the cards about to be substituted. The other was similarly equipped to get away with the cards which the dealer was about to use.

Just as the dealer was uttering the sing song formula "*Faites vos jeux messieurs*" a bag of English sovereigns was dropped and spilled all over the floor of the salon. In the momentary confusion that ensued, the arranged three packs were placed in front of the dealer and those which he was about to deal were dropped into the pocket of the empty apron and covered by the capacious vest. Its wearer, after making one or two losing plays, arose and made his way out of the building and was en route to Nice long before the deal was finished.

His partner or partners, for there was seated, far from the dealer and croupier, another man who did the heavy betting and winning, remained to gather in the spoils. The play was not unnatural, there was no prolonged run on either color, but in the end the bank went broke. The lynx-eyed guardians of the Casino, however, became suspicious after the usual check up. Though the gamblers who framed up the plot got away clean, the dealer was consigned to one of those nice little dungeons under the sea at the foot of the cliff whereon stands the palace of the Prince of Monaco and there is no record extant of his ever having gotten out.

It may be reasonably asked how could the conspirators know every card of the hundred and fifty-six contained in the three packs that would be dealt since they were plain white and of course unmarked? The answer is that they were arranged in accordance with a key or code by which the last exposed card revealed the following twelve or, for that matter, any number provided the order was not disturbed.

There are many such codes. Here is one that explains how easy it is to memorize the thirteen cards that make up a suit, "Nine Kings threaten to save five fair Queens from one sick Jack." With the exception of the word "from" which means the "eight" every word indicates the denomination of the card. Nine is obvious; so is king; threaten, of course, is three followed by ten; to, is unmistakable; save is seven; five is five; fair is near enough to four; Queens, one, sick, and Jack are also unmistakable, while "from" as before explained stands for the eight. If the substituted cards were arranged on this code the top row would be nearest to thirty the first two times, but on the third deal the lower would now be the winner. Try it out and see if this is not correct.

Memorizing ten cards is often used by poker sharps, where the company is too "hard boiled" to permit of stronger methods. In this system the player before his deal puts the five cards which he holds at the bottom of the pack and on top of them three or four others that he has had a glance at. These he does not disturb in the riffle. If there are six players in the game and the cards are cut in the middle of the pack he will know, as the receiver of the last card, what he is giving when the man on his left calls for three. The one card buy for a flush or straight will be something he can't keep any tab on, but if he holds a pair of, say, queens himself and knows that the fifth card down is another queen he may raise all but one out and if that player draws three, then the dealer gets his third queen. It is a small percentage in his favor at draw poker, but at stud poker it is a much more appreciable asset.

HARKING back to the Monte Carlo incident, Ardisson, the hero of that occasion, once felt the power of the press when he fell foul of the late James Gordon Bennett, who devoted an editorial in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* to showing up Ardisson and his nefarious tricks. It seems Ardisson, who was a second Houdini in the art of palming a card, once posed as a sprig of French nobility, and gave the members of the Cercle Mediterranée in Nice a very rough deal. There the gambling at baccarat far exceeds in size, if not in volume, anything that takes place at Monte Carlo where the maximum is $2,500. Not content with getting their money under this character, the little Basque, shaving his mustache and getting an artificial tan with the aid of walnut juice, came back as a Spanish South American grandee and gave them another trimming. This didn't appeal to Mr. Bennett's sense of humor so Ardisson went on the pan in the editorial columns of the *Herald*.

If Mr. Bennett was a sufferer in the slaughter of the innocents as conducted by M. Ardisson it was by no means his first experience. Possibly he never knew about a previous one. Once he took quite a fancy to a gambler known as "Doc" Crawford and invited him to take a trip on his yacht. Crawford was good company, had plenty of *savoir faire* and was a great raconteur. What the Doc didn't do to the newspaper magnate was—well it was enough. It cost Bennett $10,000. The Doc's specialty was the "sneeze and pick up," coming up with three of a kind, which he had been holding out, just when they were most wanted. An attack of hay fever, which "the Doc" seemed to be able to summon at will, would necessitate a quick dive for his handkerchief. As compensation for this affliction, he was rewarded by holding an extremely strong hand just after the ensuing sneeze.

Crawford took a trip to Australia with the Anson-Spalding baseball team and by way of securing expenses, while passing through Honolulu, trimmed the then Hawaiian King Kamehameha to a fare you well. The king was a confirmed poker fiend and a sure take for every passing artist with the "paste boards" who could put up "the front" necessary to obtain the entree to the Royal Palace. After that the rest would be easy. It was probably quite a concession on the Doc's part to leave the king his islands.

Just as Crawford was a past master in the art of "holding out" so was another American player who gave the English "bookies," who were members of the Albert Club, at one time the second largest betting club in London, several lessons in the finer arts of poker playing. He was also known as "Doc."

The "Doc" had a method of "holding out" that was peculiarly his own, and one quite unique in our experience. He wore a carefully trimmed spade beard and a collar somewhat higher than is usual at the back. If some modern Delilah had shorn the "Doc" of his hirsute appendage it would have brought about as equally disastrous results as those obtained by the Philistine heroine when she barbered Samson. For under the Doc's beard was a neat little place of concealment for three cards. Thence, by thoughtfully stroking it, he brought them down when he deemed the moment propititious. The collar at the back of the neck covered the flesh colored band necessary to keep up the clip which held the cards in position until wanted.

One of the members of the Albert Club, failing to discover the secret of the "Doc's" success, but satisfied with results, declared himself his ally in future proceedings. So when a big Australian bookmaker made a visit to England the "Doc's" services were enlisted. At one sitting the Australian lost $50,000 in spite of the fact that he was far from being a novice at any form of gambling.

There are many degrees of card sharps among the "deep sea fishermen" who prey on the ocean going public. The ordinary game as played in the smoking-room of a transatlantic liner does not attract the "aces" of the profession. If they play there at all their play is, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. If they find a "mark" and can get him to a private suite, then it's another story. The high-class "artist" prefers to get on friendly terms with the wealthy "sucker" and defer proceedings until they get ashore.

In London, Paris, or New York—page Commissioner McLaughlin—he knows the "clubs" where amid appropriate surroundings the trimming can be done in the most approved fashion. To do this properly he must be a man who can meet his victim on equal terms, play a decent game of golf, be something of a *bon viveur*, and be able to discuss public affairs with some degree of intelligence. If the victim is at all interested he can give him his idea as to the best two year old colt of the year either in England, France, or America, for this subject leads up to gambling and is an excellent feeler out. He must be a good actor, for he is acting a part all the time.

Sometimes he is a real actor. A star comedian, very often married, who died a few years, and who dabbled in a good many pursuits outside of his profession, once introduced "a friend" in a Philadelphia club to which he had the entree and between them they gave that club a pretty thorough cleaning up. The friend was a good "mechanic" in the vernacular of the sporting underworld.

Again he may be a politician, as was the millionaire who trimmed a very big newspaper man, who has made a million or two in real estate, in the latter's apartment in one of the biggest New York hotels. The newspaper magnate dropped $8,000 but he didn't know "Dutch Louie," who had been introduced to him, and probably wouldn't know him if he met that "mechanic" tomorrow. The cheater who has some "class" to him and can get among the upper strata of society has a tremendous pull over his less well-equipped brother, although he may not be the latter's equal in actual manipulation of the cards. He can get in softer spots and where there's bigger money.

AS AN illustration of this it may be told that a young English sharper, faultless in appearance and with a very pleasing personality, got into the Rand Club in Johannesburg, when that South African city was at the height of its boom. Armed with letters of introduction, some genuine, some faked, he had made a special trip to South Africa to get into that club and was wise enough not to take any chances by playing on the mail steamer that took him to Cape Town. He was far from being a first-class "mechanic" but he knew just about enough to put up a hand for himself in the shuffle. What he did know or rather could do, was enough to net him a fortune in a single session at poker which lasted forty-eight hours. In that time he won 30,000 pounds, or the equivalent roughly of $150,000. You see he had acquired the confidence of the men with whom he was playing, which is a good deal more than half the battle—and they were millionaires.

Some of our leading citizens have taken steps to protect themselves against being stung at cards by taking lessons from professionals, acquiring the art of self defense in a different sense from that in which the term is generally used. A well known San Francisco banker, whose name is a household word, a partner in J. P. Morgan & Co., who has since died, and the present chairman of one of the largest corporations in America, all acquired the rudiments of self protection from a little cockney Englishman whose business card bore the inscription "Professor Benson." The "professor" was engaged by these gentlemen to amuse their guests at informal parties or "At Homes" given by them, by performing some sleight of hand tricks, and exhibitions of parlor magic. Following that he persuaded them, in return for a very liberal fee, to acquire at least some knowledge of how not to be beaten. In this they were following a royal example. The late King Edward, who was very fond of playing cards, took a complete course of instruction from George Bertram who was a headliner in the London music halls.

This education however did not save his Royal Highness, then Prince of Wales, from being the victim of some very crude cheating at baccarat which was a favorite pastime of the prince who carried his own chips embossed with the royal crest. The Tranby Croft scandal, which occurred at the residence of the prince's hostess, got wide publicity all over the world and the man guilty, Sir William Gordon Cumming, was banished from his clubs and society forever. His work consisted in adding a $25 chip to his stake by pushing it over the line on the baccarat layout after he had seen that the exposed cards were in his favor.

The private performance of the "professor" who instructed the business magnates used to be very impressive. But it is a sad fact that he was a very welcome visitor at the old Café Royal in San Francisco, where they generally took away from him everything that he possessed except his socks. There must have been a few things here and there he didn't know. It will be admitted by every one who knew that celebrated resort that the "professor" picked no soft spot to display his wares. He lacked the nerve to perform in public. In the language of race track clockers he was a "morning glory." The professional card cheater to be successful must always act up to the motto of the great Napoleon, "Audacity, always audacity."

Hollywood Has a House Mother

[*Continued from page 86*]

She radiates cheerful energy and is possessed of a deep and sincere interest in the persons with whom she comes in contact. It is easy to see how girls, struggling along by themselves to achieve recognition, would turn to her with their confidences, their hopes and ambitions. Here is a woman they can feel sure stands ready with advice and encouragement when it is needed. Best of all, she is some one to whom they can come to rejoice with them in their success when it arrives.

"My 'children' are such an emotional lot," she says with a smile. "They can make a tragedy out of a shortage of clean towels."

"But what do they do?" I wanted to know. "What becomes of the thousands who come here? How many of them actually get into pictures and how are they going to live if they don't?"

"Well, it is really wonderful the way they manage to get along," she replied. "Of course where their funds are limited they are usually obliged to take some other kind of work, at least for part time. They are able to get some extra work in pictures and they eke out that income with almost any kind of a job they can get. We place a great many girls. Some do housework or look after children. Some clerk in stores or get stenography to do. Often they attach themselves to studios in capacities other than that of an actress and there they are able to study the industry, watch for opportunities and make acquaintances which may prove useful.

GIRLS living at the house are allowed to stay on for a time if they are unable to pay. We help them find work and they pay us back when they are able. Loans are sometimes arranged for girls living outside of the house, too.

"Of course we sometimes find girls who are irresponsible or incapable of taking care of themselves. These must be sent home or taken care of by charitable institutions. There are various organizations and private individuals who look after such cases. Often it is merely a matter of getting in touch with a girl's parents. Sometimes a girl becomes ill and temporarily unable to take care of herself. Generous citizens and charitable organizations look after these.

"Early this summer I arranged with ten business men a loan of ten dollars each to a girl who was ill and wanted to return to her home. She has paid it all back.

"But just as Mary Pickford, who is a much interested member of our committee, has so often said, 'Do not let the idea get out that the Hollywood Studio Club is a refuge for any girl who wishes to come out here for a lark. Rather its object is to enable girls who are really talented and in earnest and willing to work, to get a start without too heartbreaking a struggle.'

"Really, you know, neither the industry nor the city can be said to be responsible for these girls who come here. Everything possible is done to discourage them from coming. The irresponsible and incapable ones are a detriment, and it seems unfair that the industry should be blamed for conditions which sometimes arise among them."

"What," I asked, "do you consider the essential requirements for success in motion pictures?"

"I asked Miss Pickford that very question recently," returned Miss Williams, "and after some thought she replied, 'Courage is essential. Capacity for hard work is essential as is persistence and the ability to rise above discouragement. Beauty is a help but by no means necessary. The most important attribute is hard to name. It is something in here,' pointing to her forehead, 'something—perhaps you would call it soul.' "

"Is it true," I asked, "that a 'straight' girl has small chance of sucess? Must a girl lower her standards to get ahead in the movies?"

"I do not believe it is," she replied. "Sometimes my girls make that statement, but I think it is usually in bitterness engendered by temporary discouragement. It is hard to draw general conclusions on such subjects. No one can be qualified to say. There are all kinds of people in the motion picture industry, just as there are in any other profession. No doubt it is true in some cases. But I believe the percentage of such cases to be small. I can not think it the rule.

"Quite a number of our girls have achieved or are on their way to achieve marked success. Usually it is accomplished, I think, by hard work and real talent. Often, of course, good luck enters into the matter. A girl may get a 'bit' in a picture—unimportant in itself—which may lead to something really good. Or she may have the good fortune to make acquaintances which will prove useful to her.

"That is one very nice thing about the club. The more experienced girls can put the newer ones 'onto the ropes.' They know who has influence with the various directors. They hear of the needs of different studios. They know when 'extras' are going to be wanted and where a girl of a certain type may have a chance to get a small part. Men and women who are prominent in motion picture circles take an interest in the club and often attend our social gatherings. In that way the girls become acquainted with members of the profession and it is nearly always helpful.

"Success sometimes comes suddenly and promptly. More often it is a long, hard wait. Take Zazu Pitts, who lived at the house for some time. Although it was recognized that she had talent, it was some time before directors realized that she really was a first-class character actress and began casting her for parts of that sort. She suffered a good many disappointments, I am sure, before she achieved her place.

"Betty Bronson's success was sudden. That is, it came in a fairy-tale manner, overnight, so to speak. But Betty had a long, long wait before that happened. She lived with her grandmother across the street from the club and we saw her often. We are all very fond of Betty.

"She and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., came to one of our dances a short time ago. She was accompanied by a chaperon and he by his tutor. They made a charming couple. I introduced Betty to the gathering as a screen celebrity and afterward she gave me a little poke. 'Introduce Doug too,' she begged. 'It would be such fun!' So I did."

"Douglas appeared a very nice, well-bred chap. He performed the duties of a guest punctiliously, asking me to dance immediately, as I was hostess, and coming round every little while afterward to ask if there was anything he could do for me. Was there any one I should like him to dance with now? Altogether a likeable and attractive boy.

"Of course my girls do not all achieve success, by any means. What a disappointment it is when a girl must give up her dream! Often she takes up other employment to tide her over until she can break into the pictures, and never gets away from it. One of our girls became a nursery governess. Another became private secretary to a prominent producer and is doing very well there. Some of them clerk in stores and a few are doing housework.

"Often girls come out here for the simple reason that they are not fitted for any particular work. They have a hard time. They are emotional by nature and take their joys and sorrows very seriously. Their love affairs assume gigantic importance and sometimes we have strenuous times.

"Now and then a girl, disappointed in love or discouraged by failure, threatens to commit suicide."

"Mercy! What do you do then?"

"Put 'em in a tub of hot water and if that doesn't work, try cold water. Usually that suffices. I have had only one girl whose suicidal intentions survived that treatment. I kept her with me constantly for about a week—kept her money from her and had her sleep in my room. I saw her the other day and she laughed at the memory of that hectic time.

"SOMETIMES these affairs of the heart become very complicated. We had one girl who was a dancer and who was engaged to her Spanish dancing partner. She was a beautiful, blond English girl. A young Italian fell in love with her and pursued her night and day. He called me at two o'clock one morning and demanded to be allowed to come to the house and look for her. He insisted that she was hiding from him—in the cellar. Why the cellar, I do not know. It happened that she was not here at the time and I did my best to assure him of the fact. But he persisted. 'Mees Williams,' he kept reiterating, 'I have now one black eye! I weesh to come and show you what a woman can do to a strong man! I weesh to talk to you like to my own mother!'

"I finally convinced him that she was not here and persuaded him to wait until morning to show me his black eye. He was over bright and early to tell me all about his cruel lady love. Meanwhile an Austrian director of some note met the girl at one of our parties. He was intrigued at once by her unusual beauty and aroused by the sad story she told him of her persecution by the Italian.

" 'This is really dreadful, Miss Williams!' he told me. 'We can't let this go on. Something must be done to relieve this girl of the unwelcome attentions of that wicked man!'

"I tried to intimate tactfully that the best thing he could do would be to keep out of the affair altogether. He persisted, however, and what with the English girl, the Austrian, the Spaniard and the Italian, the thing assumed international proportions. It ended in a maze of complications during which the Italian sued the Austrian for $20,000.00 damages. The girl married the Spaniard, as she had intended doing all the time and the disgruntled rivals were left to swallow their discomfiture and settle their difficulties in court."

"And was she happy with her Spaniard?" I wanted to know.

"Apparently she is," returned Miss Williams. "They seem to be getting along nicely and are doing well in their profession. Of course that sort of thing is the exception rather than the rule. But these situations do come up now and then and we deal with them the best way we can. And speaking of various nationalities, at one time we had seven different ones represented in our group of resident girls.

"The Anglo-Saxon girls seem, as a rule, to be less emotional or at least more controlled than those of the hot-blooded races. And by the same token, I believe it is a little easier for the more volatile ones to submerge their personalities and unleash their emotions in their rôles in the pictures. It is a habit of mind with the Anglo-Saxon to suppress outward signs of his inner feelings and this reserve must be put aside in acting.

"We had one very lovely foreign girl whose chief asset was her beauty. She also had some originality and a flair for striking costumes. She went one day to see a well-known director with whom she had been trying for some time to get an interview. She sent in her name and was told that he was very busy and would see her at some future time. Drawing herself up haughtily, she exclaimed, 'Will you please tell Mr. So-and-So the COUNTESS —— is waiting!' She got the interview. But she did not get the job. She is not living with us any more but is still in Hollywood, playing small parts in the pictures now and then. I see her on the street occasionally, beautifully dressed. She even has the title of 'Countess' engraved on her cards now.

"Not all of our girls have the ambition to act in pictures. Some of them want to do scenario work or art and designing work of various kinds at the studios. Any one who is interested in the profession in any way comes within our scope.

"One girl who lived with us wanted very much to do scenario work and has recently achieved her aim after long and patient preparation. She did secretarial work for several years and during that time I think she never missed seeing at least one motion picture every day. She studied technique and the methods of different studios with a concentration which was remarkable for its earnestness. Recently she signed a contract with one of the big producers—nothing spectacular, but she is on her way to success. And never, I think, has success been more deserved.

"Julianne Johnstone, who played the lead for Douglas Fairbanks in 'The Thief of Bagdad,' was one of our girls as were Marjory Daw, Kathleen Meyers (lead for Tom Mix), Malvin Polo, who played the 'vamp' in 'The Woman of Paris,' and Agnes Johnston Ayres, the wife of Frank Daisy, who does scenario work for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer."

MISS WILLIAMS is very different in type from most of the girls under her charge.

"They are a constant surprise to me," she says, "in their outlook on life and their methods of meeting their problems. Of course many of our girls are dependable and sensible about business matters. But lots of them have the most light-hearted attitude imaginable about money. They do not try to see into the future or make plans beyond their most immediate needs.

"To a woman, like me, who has always worked for a moderate salary and who expects to go on in the same way, saving a bit for emergencies and a modest independence in old age, this care-free manner of living is incomprehensible. Last summer when I was in New York I met one of my 'children' who had deserted the movies to make an attempt at a career on the stage. We had lunch together and when the check came I told her I thought I had better pay it.

" 'Oh no!' she protested, 'I can pay it and still have a dollar and thirty-four cents left. My rent is paid for next week and I am to see —— (naming a prominent producer) tomorrow. I am almost sure to get a job and then everything will be fine!'

"A week's rent, a dollar and thirty-four cents in her pocket and a prospect of a possible job. These things spelled prosperity to her!"

There is nothing of the "uplifter" about Miss Williams. She is more like a wise, jolly, older sister who sees that the domestic affairs of the house run smoothly, makes the girls feel at home, and arranges parties to help them make friends. She advises them about costumes, finances and love affairs, sympathizes with them in all their joys and sorrows and stands ready to give them practical help and counsel when real need arises. I think it irritates her when people imply by their attitude that they consider her a sort of missionary engaged in "saving" girls who might otherwise fall by the wayside.

"I know a dear old lady," she relates, "who thinks Hollywood is a den of iniquity and persists in the impression that I am one of those 'elected' to improve the spiritual condition of the people living here. When I try to correct her idea and tell her that I am not reforming any one at all—that we are merely trying to help some earnest and ambitious girls to earn their living, she thinks I am beginning to be corrupted and says, 'Tut! Tut! You're not the girl you used to be!' "

Although Miss Williams is, I fancy, past being shocked or horrified at any vagaries of her adopted family, her capacity for interest in them seems to be boundless. She had just returned from New York when I talked to her. One of the first things she did upon her return was to call the chief of police to inquire about a girl who was being held in the psychopathic ward for observation.

"Why, are you still interested in that girl?" exclaimed the chief in astonishment.

"Of course I am and I want to know all about what is being done for her," returned Miss Williams with emphasis.

"Poor child!" she said to me. "She is not immoral, really. She is just a little unmoral waif whom circumstances and heredity have downed. My girls are all so interesting and present such different problems," she went on. "I never have a dull moment."

One feels it must be true. Girls in the full flush of youth, fired with ambition, drawn from the four corners of the earth like moths, fluttering about the Klieg lights, pursuing the rainbow goal of fame and fortune. It is a long, hard road they travel, beset with disappointments, strewn with lost illusions and dead hopes. But success comes sometimes like a golden gift from a fairy godmother. The little extra girl of today, cooking her meals over a gas jet in a hall bedroom, may be the pampered star of tomorrow, swathed in sables and hung with emeralds.

And in their midst stands Marjorie Williams, wise and merry, making it her business to lend a helping hand where one is needed, watching the girls' struggles with tender eyes—loving them.

Just as I left her office she had two callers. One was a beautiful old lady of seventy-five, from Vermont. The other was a striking girl, fifty years younger, from New York. Both of them wanted to act in the movies!

When Mr. and Mrs. Bury the Hatchet

[*Continued from page 93*]

California, and to Florida. I play golf. Mrs. Briggs doesn't. I like to go where the men are playing golf."

"I started to play golf," exclaimed Mrs. Briggs, "but I'm not naturally athletic, and I couldn't manage golf with the children. I couldn't play all day, and not know where they were."

"Jack," added Mrs. Briggs, "thinks his father is wonderful. In Maine one summer, he and his father went fishing. Jack rowed the boat. A storm came up, and as Jack didn't know the rocks or the channels very well, it was an anxious time for him. Mr. Briggs can't swim. When they got home, Jack took me aside. 'You've got to tell father,' he said, 'that when I take him out in the boat, he's got to sit down,' 'Why don't you tell him yourself?' I asked. 'Oh,' he answered, '*I* can't tell father to sit down!' "

"The children," explained Mrs. Briggs, "take their father very seriously. Once some one asked them if their daddy was as funny at home as he is in his cartoons. They don't think he is funny at all."

"Our little granddaughter," laughed Mr. Briggs, "who is four and a half, said one day as she asked for the Sunday cartoon section, 'I'll look at "Mr. and Mrs." last.' "

The conversation turned again to his cartoons.

"Which one do I like the best?" he repeated in reply to a question. "I think I like the one of taking a child to a restaurant. The idea of it is having to smile at a misbehaving child, with 'All right, darling, all right,' or 'Boys will be boys,' when the impulse is to say, 'Just wait till I get you home!' "

"He did that," remarked Mrs. Briggs, "just after we had taken Ruth Clare, when she was about three, to the country club to lunch." Then they both laughed.

"Another I like," said Mr. Briggs, "is one of the 'Mr. and Mrs.' cartoons. It was published recently and is about a Negro and a French maid, but I had to drop the Negro, because some papers will not print a comic with a Negro in it."

Of all his work, Mr. Briggs says, "When a Feller Needs a Friend," is the most popular. "I get more letters about it," he explained, "but there's a great demand for the originals of all the cartoons. I get many requests and letters. The other day I was asked for the original of the 'Department Store Santa Claus.' "

I was about to ask him where he obtained his ideas for "Mr. and Mrs.", when Mrs. Briggs inadvertently supplied an answer.

"Mr. Briggs," she said with evident amusement, "works in his study half way up the stairs with the door open. He likes to hear and know everything that is going on in the house. He *will* open all the packages that come, and he always sees his Christmas presents ahead of time."

Mr. Briggs chuckled, and admitted the fascination of being the first to discover what the bundles contained. "When they're addressed to me, why shouldn't I open them?" he asked.

He went on to tell of his early life, and Mrs. Briggs left the room. She came back in a few minutes to say that tea would be served upstairs. This was preliminary to seeing the house. She also spoke to Mr. Briggs of a request that had been telephoned to her asking him to make a speech at a club.

His expression did not look promising for the speech.

Tea followed in the charming sitting-room that belongs entirely to Mrs. Briggs. She remarked that though it was her room, they all sat there most of the time. There was a radio that they turned on and off. At one side, in a bookcase, were the first copies of Stevenson purchased when the buying of a book meant rare delight.

Mr. Briggs, like most American men, announced that he had no fondness for afternoon tea, but he did take a cup, and then showed me about the house, with its low, generous lines. Built of old ship timbers, it carries out the suggestion of the sea in its details and in its name, the Blue Anchor. In the beautiful, big study in which he works there is a little ship in the window by his drawing-board. It is on a tiny panel of old English yellow glass.

The famous poolroom is below the big drawing-room, and it is reached by a winding stair behind the fireplace. The pool-table is covered, for it is seldom used now, but the room is employed for parties. There is a piano, and a huge fireplace made from a ship's rudder. The collection of guns is here, too, and countless interesting and odd things. Against one wall is a large anchor, painted blue, presented by a friend who thought the house needed to own the symbol of its name. Here, also, is the first ship's model bought by Mr. Briggs in a barroom before prohibition, from an unwilling barkeeper, who was finally induced to part with it for the large sum of two dollars.

Mr. Briggs had told me the day I first met him, in New York, that a wonderful thing had happened in their family—his daughter had just had a son.

As I was departing with Mrs. Briggs in the motor—she was to go to her daughter's house and then send me on to the station—she turned to her husband.

"You'll come over to see the baby tonight, won't you?" she asked.

"I was going to do some work this evening," he said in a tone that carried no conviction.

"You won't do any work!" she exclaimed. "And you haven't seen the baby for three days!"

His face broke into a smile. "And I look it, don't I?" he said.

Sandy Burr

[*Continued from page 67*]

feel they'd like to see something of the world before they settle down."

"I wouldn't much care what I did. I figure I can pick up jobs of one sort or another. I've worked in a garage."

"What's the matter with baseball? Get into one of the big leagues. Then you'd travel enough for most anybody."

"I know. I used to think I had a chance. But there's nothing in that for me."

"Why not?"

"Can't hit. May as well face it. Oh, they've scouted me. They won't even make an offer for me in the American Association. By the way, Mister—Ben—"

"That's right. Just Ben."

"—you asked if I'd heard from my mother. Have you?"

"Why, I can't say as I've exactly heard from her. But I ran across her in New York a few years ago. We just talked on a street corner. Forty-fifth and Broadway. I think it was. Yes, Forty-fifth. . . . My daughter—my step-daughter, that is, had come in town to have lunch with me, I remember, and I was walking back to the Long Island station with her. It's clear to me because I hadn't seen my daughter for three years, and we had to talk some things over."

As I remember the moment it seemed to me that my breath stopped. I'd never had such a queer feeling. He had seen her, talked with her, on a street corner, only a few years ago. She was alive, and yet never had sent me a message. Nothing! I felt that I must say something. I must keep up this bluff of knowing and being calm about it. But I felt hushed and strange, like a funeral, so I said—

"How was she looking?"

"Well," he hesitated over this, "the fact is, I thought she looked rather seedy. She wasn't any too well dressed, and her face was thin. I was surprised to see her still looking so young. She married early, you know. Couldn't have been more than eighteen or nineteen."

"Yes, I know."

"Of course, I didn't want to ask any questions. And I don't think she was particularly glad to see me. She didn't have much to say, and seemed glad to get away. I wondered a little, while we were talking, about that fellow—what was his name? Van—Vincent— That was it, Vincent. Douglas Vincent. I haven't seen my daughter but once since then. It was a month or two later. She told me that day that she'd run across your mother again. Working as waitress in a Child's restaurant, I think she said."

I had a great deal. She was alive. And a man named Douglas Vincent figured in the story. My heart was beating so fast I had to stall. I got him to bring my crutches and made an excuse to do something around the room.

"Look here, Ben," said I, later on. "Couldn't you ask some one over in Columbus about a driving job for me? I really want to get out of here and look around a little. And even Ohio would be a start."

"Columbus! Oh, I won't be there but a few days. We go right along to Dayton and other places. Have to keep hopping along, you know. But—wait a minute— Bundy hasn't been any too well pleased with his chauffeur. He was kicking about it over in Bloomington just before I came away. He may have another by now, but if you like, I'll ask him."

"I wish you would. That certainly sounds like travel. Al Bundy! Humph, I'd like that."

"Travel! I'll say so. We'll see what we can do. You'd be a godsend to Al. He and I are good friends, and I'm always willing to do what little things I can for him. But would Fred let you go?"

"He'd have to. If he won't give me my release, the league would outlaw me, I suppose. But I know I'm not going on much further with the game, anyway. Really, I don't think I care."

"You're on, then. I'll speak to Al. And now look here, Sandy, if I telephone for a taxi couldn't you hobble into it?"

"Oh, yes. I'm still pretty clumsy with these crutches but I can get around."

"Then what do you say we run out to the ball park?"

"I'd like to do that."

So we went to the game. We sat in Uncle Fred's box and all the players got around to see me between innings and the fans stared. It was fun, in a way. We lost the game, six to four, but I thought Ernie Wilson looked good. He stood up to the plate and took a good cut at the ball. And he was all right around short. Kept his head up all the time.

Somewhere or other, I couldn't figure out where, I had seen the name of Douglas Vincent.

OLD BEN dropped me at the house, and said again he'd talk with Al Bundy and then write me. Within a month I'd surely be able to drive a car, and could easily enough join up with the circus. I came up the steps and into the house on my crutches and from the front hall saw Aunt Ella in the living-room in her wheeled chair. She always had the girl wheel her into the bay window and made Battenberg lace on a hoop. The doctor kept her at that so her fingers wouldn't grow any stiffer. I imagine it hurt her some to use her hands. They were pretty badly twisted and swollen. But she never said anything about it.

I stopped in the doorway and said, "Well, here we are, Aunt Ella, a pair of cripples if ever there were any."

She was looking at me in her sad, rather embarrassed way, and I knew she wanted to say something, so I went on in.

"Sandy," she said, hesitating some. "Have you been out with Ben Green?"

"Yes. He took me to the game."

"I haven't felt I could speak about him, exactly, but if I were you, I wouldn't plan to see much of him."

I was surprised. So far as I could remember she had never spoken out as definitely as that about anything. I knew right away that she must be pretty stirred up.

"That so?" I answered, kind of offhand. "He seems all right. A queer old codger. I can't make out what he does."

She looked at me with a queer expression on her thin, tired face. Her mouth opened two or three times before she came out with it. Finally she said, as if she was in a hurry to get it over with—

"He's a thief—"

I'm sure I stared at her. I just stood there, wondering if I could have caught it right. But she didn't say it again, or anything else. She just looked at me. Finally I laughed a little and said something about not having much of anything he would want, and went on up-stairs. That took me quite a while, because I had to put both crutches on a step and draw myself up. In a way I didn't care particularly what sort of a man he might be if he could help me to find my mother. And I believed he could. He was smart enough. It seemed to me too bad that I couldn't explain that part of it to Aunt Ella, but I couldn't very well, not as I felt.

My leg healed up pretty fast. In another week I was walking with a cane. It didn't bother me much to sit in a car and use my foot on the clutch. I went out into the garage every day and practiced it in the sedan. As soon as I had a chance to drive the roadster down-town for Uncle Fred I jumped at it. One day a letter came for me from Ben Green. This was a Friday. It was on hotel stationery, from Canton. Aunt Ella must have seen it, for the girl always carried the mail in to her first, but she didn't say anything more. Ben wrote that he had spoken to Al Bundy about me, and I could have the job if I could report within the next week or ten days, and gave me their route. I went right over to the telegraph office and wired that I'd meet them at Youngstown Monday morning. That was the first of the month. I drew fifty dollars from my savings account for transportation. It wasn't like Mr. Bundy would pay that. Ben wrote a pleasant enough letter, rather businesslike.

There was a little scene ahead with Uncle Fred. I knew that well enough. I went out to the park that afternoon, told George I was going, and asked him if he thought there'd be any difficulty about getting an unconditional release. He looked grave over this, but finally said he'd recommend giving it to me.

That evening Uncle Fred didn't come home for dinner. When he did turn into the driveway, about half-past ten, I went out to the garage. He was chewing the stub of a cigar and squirting some penetrating oil on one of the front springs of the roadster when I came into the garage.

"Killing a canary?" said I. I felt rather embarrassed, but knew I was going through with it.

"Hello, Sandy. What's this George Nelson tells me?"

"Well," said I, "I wouldn't be much use to George this season, however it works out, and I've about made up my mind I'd like a little travel."

"Travel, eh?" He bent over and squirted some more of the oil.

"Yes. I've been thinking about it. You see I'd be twenty-one next month. I've never been outside these two states. Uncle Fred, will you give me my release?"

"Isn't that asking a good deal, Sandy?"

"I don't want you to think I'm ungrateful for all you've done for me. But I do want to travel around some."

"When do you figure on leaving us?"

"Sunday. Taking the night train."

"Sunday, eh? Pretty short notice, I'll say."

"Well. I've got a job waiting for me."

"What kind of a job?"

"Chauffeur."

"Where is this job?"

"Well, it's over at Youngstown."

"Who do you know there? Who are you going to drive for?"

"Al Bundy."

"Al Bundy? Oh! Ben Green has stepped into this, has he?"

"He got me the job."

"Oh, he did! Well, let me tell you right here that the less you see of Ben the better for you."

"It seems to come down to this, Uncle Fred. I'm not leaving with any hard feelings. Don't think that! But I *am* leaving. Sunday. If you don't feel that you can let me have my release, I'll just have to do the best I can. I can keep myself in work, I think. And if I should have to play little ball to keep going, I might have to come down to playing with some outlaw club for a while."

"I wouldn't do that, Sandy." He smiled now. Uncle Fred had a friendly enough way with him. He had got into the habit of forgetting to use it around the house with Aunt Ella and me, but he was popular down-town and at his club. He came around the front of the car and laid his big hand on my shoulder. "I'll tell you what you do. If you feel you've got to go, why go. And if the time should come when you want to hook up with a good ball club, just send me a wire. I wouldn't stand in your way. No, sir, the club here won't soon forget the work you've put in, and I promise you right now we'll always stand back of you. Trust me for that."

We went into the house then. We didn't talk any more about it. What was the use? The next morning I went out to buy a few little things I needed, and met George Nelson.

"Hello, Sandy," he said. "Thought I'd look in on you. Have you talked with Fred?"

"Yes."

"Any luck?"

"He didn't want to release me at first. But I've got to go."

"Well, I don't know as you can blame him for that. After all, it's business. And he has a lot of things to think of."

"Yes, it's business."

I could feel his eyes studying me. And I could feel his friendship, too.

"Tell me, Sandy," he said then, out of a clear sky, "what is this travel idea? What's got into you? Is anything the matter?"

"No," I answered, "no." Anyhow, standout there on the sidewalk with Old George's patient shrewd eyes on me, and feeling all of a sudden that he was just about the only honest-to-God friend I had in the world, that soft side of me came up and before I knew what was happening to me I blurted it out—"George, I'm going to try to find my mother. Damn it, I've got to!"

After I'd said it I couldn't face him, but stared out at the street. I felt like the devil. He just said, "Oh." And then he said, it again, in his thoughtful way—"Oh, oh, I see!"

He didn't ask a question. I saw that he knew something of my story. Everybody appeared to know something about it but me.

We shook hands. "Good-by, then, Sandy," was all he said, "and good luck. Write to me once in a while."

"Oh, I'll be in tomorrow to say good-by to Mrs. Nelson, George."

I got a wire from Ben Green Sunday morning giving the name of the hotel where I'd find him. I had letters from George and Uncle Fred to use in case I wanted jobs and there was the satisfaction of knowing that any baseball man could look me up in the baseball guide. Everything I had done was there in black and white.

I didn't get to the hotel at Youngstown until nearly eleven o'clock Monday morning. Ben was waiting alone in the lobby with his black derby tipped forward over his eyes looking at the commercial travelers that crowded the place. I tried to figure out, as I walked over to him what kind of a thief he could be, but had to give it up. Of course there was a chance that Aunt Ella hadn't got it quite straight. Women didn't always understand these things. But Uncle Fred wouldn't have warned me as he had if Ben was all he should be.

He said: "Hello, Sandy. Been waiting for you."

"My train was late."

"Well, we'll go along to the lot."

WE STROLLED out of the hotel and took a street-car. I'll confess that I was a little strung up. I'd never been so far away from home, you see. And I was going into a new and probably pretty interesting kind of work. I had seen the big advertisements of the circus on the fences as the train came in toward Youngstown, and here in the city they were everywhere. There was hardly a store window without its gay-colored half-sheet poster of lady acrobats and crowded dens of wild animals and clowns. And all along the street out to the lot the fences and some of the buildings were covered with twelve-sheet and twenty-four-sheet stands. I had always liked circuses but now, that I was to belong to one I had an altogether new feeling about it. Some one had left a booklet about it on a seat in the smoking compartment of the Pullman, and I had looked it over while I was waiting for the dining-car to open. It was full of colored pictures and a lot of press stuff about the bigness and cleanness of the Beal and Bundy show. No gambling was allowed, it said, and mothers could bring their children in perfect safety. There was a picture of Al Bundy in a ringmaster's costume, a tall handsome man with a flowing black mustache.

He didn't look like that when we found him, talking with some men by the main ticket wagon. He wasn't particularly tall, and was pretty fat, with a heavy, firm face. The flowing mustache had been cropped close to his lip and had turned iron gray. His forehead was deeply lined, and there was a still deeper V between his bushy eyebrows. He wore a brown felt hat pulled down in front. Ben introduced me, and after deliberately looking me over, he said, gruffly, "The car's over there," and led the way around behind the side-show tent and the long horse tent to a side street. It was a limousine of one of the best makes, with a special body, beautifully painted, with a monogram on the panel of the door. It must have stood him eight or ten thousand dollars, that car.

"Think you can run that, Sandy?" he asked, in the same gruff voice.

"Yes, sir."

He gave a little grunt. "How much do you want?"

"Thirty-five a week and my keep." I really didn't know what to say, but had thought a lot about it during the ride over and believed I could get something like that. Most of the chauffeurs in Carversville, I knew, were well paid. Some got more than I was asking.

He looked me over again, then took a big roll of bills from a vest pocket, slipped an elastic band off it, and handed me two fifty-dollar notes.

"Take the car, Sandy," he said, "run down to one of the big stores and buy an outfit of clothes. Then come back here. And just put this away in your mind to think over. If I find I can trust you, I'll keep you and treat you well. If I can't, out you go. No joy-riding, understand, and no grafting with garages."

I said, "Yes, Mr. Bundy." I couldn't say more. You know how it is when you meet a famous man. You get tongue-tied. All my life I had seen the name of Bundy, every year, on the fences of Sunbury and Carversville. Everybody in America knew about him. It meant something to be his chauffeur. To be sure, it mightn't be quite so stirring as to have my own name yelled out by hundreds of throats from a grand stand, even in a little state league, but still it gave me a standing of another kind. And anyway, even then I realized that the less I talked the better.

He walked away after that. Ben hung around a minute longer to say this, "If you behave yourself, Sandy, you'll find him a pretty generous employer. Al isn't a bad fellow. Not by a long sight."

I bought a chauffeur's uniform, with cap, overcoat and leggings, all first-class material, for sixty-eight dollars. There was a place I found that advertised complete outfits at bargain prices. Then I drove back and ran the car into the grounds behind the horse tent. The parade was just setting out when I got back, and if Al Bundy was a little disappointing, at first, I will say, that his show wasn't.

The tents were tremendous things. The largest one, that they called the big top, had six center poles, and the canvas was pretty new and clean and stretched very tight. The menagerie tent was only a little smaller, with five center poles. And almost all the rest of the lot appeared to be under canvas. There were a great many wagons of all kinds. And the two or three trains of red-and-gilt cars on the sidings directly back of the lot took up the whole length of several long tracks. I saw two or three hundred beautiful horses being led out and saddled, or being hitched up to the red-and-gilt wagons, or covered with cloth and trappings of gilt and silver. There were a dozen or more elephants with what they call howdahs on them for pretty girls to ride in and men dressed up like Hindoo kings with false whiskers. Some of them were real Hindoos. There were Arabs, too, and Red Indians and Russian Cossacks. Other elephants were busy pushing some of the menagerie wagons out to where the horses were waiting.

Three or four small bands in bright uniforms climbed up into the high band wagons. There were a lot of good-looking, quiet women around in pretty costumes. A bunch of Irish Arabs led out the camels. Then there were zebras and humpbacked cattle and ponies. Everybody knew exactly where to go and what to do. Nobody gave any orders that I heard. It was really a sight, very gay and lively. I liked it, and began to think I was going to enjoy my job. Before long, of course, I would come to know a good many of these people and that would be fun. I was beginning to wonder if I could stand up on a galloping horse when I saw Mr. Bundy walking over toward me. That was just as the band struck up and the parade began filing off the lot in perfect order.

He looked over my clothes as I stood by the car, and seemed to approve.

"Get an overcoat?" he asked.

I pointed to my bundle under the seat.

"Got some luggage?"

"Yes, sir. I checked it at the station."

"I'll introduce you over here. They'll show you your berth and locker on the train."

"Just a minute Mr. Bundy," I said to him. "Here is the change." I handed him thirty-two dollars and the duplicate cash slip they had given me at the store. He shot a quick look at me, then read the slip and counted the money.

"All right," he said, "come along. Better have your dinner now, anyway. The car will be all right here. You can take in the show if you like this afternoon. Some of it, anyway. As long as the boys on the door know where you're sitting."

HE LED the way over to the ticket wagon. Some men were standing there talking. He called out, "Buff!" and a young fellow with dark eyes and a big nose turned around.

"This is Sandy, my new man, Buff," he said, and then, as if he had nearly forgotten the rest of it, "Mr. Gray, of our press department.

He'll show you around. You can drive down after the performance and get your luggage, Sandy." He walked away after saying that and left me there.

Gray and I looked at each other for a minute, then he stuck out his hand. I liked that. He didn't hold himself too high to shake hands with a chauffeur. Of course I'd done a good deal of thinking about what my position would be with folks, and had made up my mind to keep my place. But this fellow took me right on as an equal. In a minute more I was to understand why.

"I hear you're a ball player," he said.

"I was."

"Why'd you give it up?"

"Broke my leg."

"Oh! You don't say! How soon'll you be able to play again?"

"Not for a month or so, anyway."

"Have to wait then, won't we?"

"What for?"

"I was thinking of organizing a team here in the show. There'd be some publicity in it. Play the local teams mornings in some of the smaller cities. I used to write baseball in New York."

He took me over to the train and showed me my quarters, and then we went into the eating tent. Like everything connected with the show it was big, with long tables set on sawhorses and benches to sit on. The food was good, beef stew and plenty of it, coffee and pie. He pointed out some of the celebrities as they came in, such of them as weren't out with the parade. These were the topliners. The bareback riders, he said, were the aristocracy of the circus business. They and other performers had a table to themselves at one end of the tent. The acrobats came next, but of these only the flying-trapeze people dared to think themselves as good as the riders. The others were mostly a stunt crowd, the trick bicycle riders and slack-wire performers and such. They had mostly drifted into the business from the outside and didn't have any particular standing in it. But the riders were all members of old families that had never done anything else as far back as anybody could remember. Most of them had performed, as their parents and grandparents had before them, all over the world, in Germany and France and Italy and Russia, even in Asia and South America.

"Some pretty good-looking girls with the show," I said, when I began to feel comfortably acquainted with him.

"Plenty of them. But it's just as well to go a little slow."

"Oh, I generally do that."

"The riders are the prettiest lot. But you can't get close to them. The families watch them too sharply. And anyway it's better to do your cutting-up outside. Al Bundy has a lot of eyes watching for him, and when he catches anybody getting gay he fines them. I've had a little of that."

"I don't want any of it," said I. "I've never gone in much of any for sporting. You can't do that sort of thing and play ball. Not very successfully."

"I suppose you can't. Have a cigaret."

"I don't smoke."

"So? You do cut it pretty straight. What's your last name?"

"Burr."

"Sandy Burr, eh?"

"Yes, that's me." You see, I never told anybody any more that my name was Sylvester. What was the good? They'd just laugh. When I had to sign anything I just wrote it S. G. Burr. My folks hadn't given me a middle name, but I thought it looked better with a G. in it.

"I didn't quite catch what Mr. Bundy called you," I said. "Sounded like a nickname."

"Oh, Buff," said he, "I'm Buffalo Gray."

"Why do they call you that?"

"It's quite a story. Let's wander over to the main entrance. I'm due there about now."

IT WAS quite a story. A long one, at least, about a big publicity stunt he had put over with some buffalos. I'm afraid I didn't hear much of it, for the parade was rumbling back into the grounds by now. And the first of the crowd was coming in. The pop-corn and lemonade men and the side-show barkers were taking their places in the open space between the sidewalk and the main entrance, where we were standing in behind the ropes. The ticket wagons opened up. The gaudy canvases advertising the freaks bellied out from their poles in the breeze. It began to look and sound pretty lively. I liked it. We stood there chatting. We had worked around to the subject of girls again by this time. You know how young fellows talk. I could see plainly enough that Buffalo Gray had an eye for them. And from the way some of them looked at him as they came in through the ropes I began to think it wasn't altogether a one-sided story. He was one of the homeliest men I had ever seen, his nose stuck out so. But he had attractive eyes and a pleasant voice, and a rather quick, bright way about him. He had a rakish way of dressing, too—a light-gray suit, a silk shirt with a soft turnover collar in a darker gray, and a soft dark hat set a little to one side. The only really dressy touch about him was the tie of flowered silk with a solitaire pearl stuck in it. You know it isn't always the handsome collarad type of chap that wins the women. I've knocked around enough and seen enough to know that. It's the fellow with a look in his eye and an easy, sure way about him.

"Seen the show?" he asked.

"Not this year."

He picked up a block of tickets off the doorman's iron box and gave one to me.

"Could you let me know if Mr. Bundy should want me?" I asked.

"Sure, Sandy. I'll know where you are."

The crowd was coming in thicker and thicker. I passed in with them and wandered around the menagerie tent. I like animals. I must have stood all of half an hour in front of the monkey cage. Some of the little devils looked like people I'd seen that used to come to the games in Carversville. Acted like them, too. Then I bought peanuts and fed them to the elephants. And more and more I felt myself a part of the show. It was beautifully managed, and I liked that. Everything orderly and in place and everybody knowing what to do without being told, like a well-trained ball team, only a hundred times as big and complicated. The way all these men worked surely and quietly together made me think all the time of the way Art Engstrom and I got to playing around the base during our second season together. We got so we hardly used our signs at all. We knew every time what the play was. I always felt sure when I had to make a hard stop and then a quick turn for a throw to the bag that Art would be there. He always was. And so it was with these men, they were all there, if you know what I mean.

When I saw them putting the colored clothes on the elephants and camels for the grand entry, I went on in to my seat. The big top, inside, looked as tremendous to me as I imagined the Polo Grounds in New York must look. It was dusty and dim in there. The long rows of blue seats were filling up fast. Even away off in the farther end I could see, through all the poles and ropes and trapezes and things, a wide semicircle of white dots, one tier above another, that I knew were faces. I went to my seat and listened to the band and watched the glitter and blare of the grand entry with a stirred-up sense of being carried along into a new kind of life. I hadn't been so excited over the circus since I was a little fellow. And I laughed myself sick over the clowns.

Mr. Bundy didn't send for me. I began to see that quite a part of my job would be just waiting around. But that was all right. We'd be traveling. And traveling was what I was after. We weren't going to show in New York, Buffalo Gray had explained, but we'd be near there and around New England. I figured I had to get into the big city one way or another. My idea was to go around to all the Childs restaurants. I understood there were quite a lot of them and that it might take me some time. But I decided to take things as they came along and watch my chances. Once we were down in that part of the country it seemed reasonable to believe that Mr. Bundy would want to run in there some. And that would help. After the show I ran into Gray, and when he found I was going down to the depot for my things he said he'd come along. He seemed to enjoy talking sociably and I was glad enough to have him for company.

We were walking across the big waiting-room toward the parcel-room where he caught my arm and said, "Watch this." We weren't far from the row of ticket offices. Long lines of people were pushing up to buy tickets, and some more were crowding in at the front of the line, near the first window. Most of these folks looked like the crowds that had been over at the circus. There were men and women both, and a lot of children dragging along with them, some of them crying. A good many of the older people had their arms full of bundles. You see, the circus always arranged excursions from the smaller places around into the show town, and the country folks made a big day of it and bought things at the stores. You could tell that from the loads of things some of them were getting out of the parcel-room where they had checked them while they went to the performance.

Well, when Buffalo said that, I looked with him at the crush in front of that first ticket window. A tired-looking man, with some packages in his arms, was next in line. His wife stood behind him, with some more packages and three small children hanging around her skirts. One of them was crying. Two young fellows, pretty well dressed and quiet looking, were pushing up in front of the woman and the kids as if they wanted to ask a question of the ticket seller. The man shoved them aside. He was holding his packages in his left arm and had a roll of bills in his left hand, held pretty high. One of the two young fellows just reached out as natural as you please, lifted the money out of his hand, slipped it to the other fellow, and then ran out of the room, to the street side where the taxis stood. The other put the money in his pocket and walked away, very offhand but pretty quickly, toward the men's smoking-room.

THE man who was robbed looked dazed for a minute, set up a yell, dropped all his packages and started out after the fellow that was running away. The woman screamed and then tried to pick up the packages. The other children began to cry. Some of the men broke out of line and ran after him. There was a lot of excitement. Somebody yelled, "Stop, thief," and other people took up the cry. I saw the whole thing, clear as day, and had turned to follow the one that was just disappearing into the smoking-room when Buffalo caught my arm again and said, "Easy, Sandy. Easy."

"But that other fellow's got the roll," I said.

Then I saw Ben Green. He strolled in between me and the smoking-room door.

"Well, Sandy," he said, in his cool, rather solemn way, "how are you making out? Finding your way around all right?"

It began to look pretty clear to me that I might as well keep quiet. I'm not a fool. It's generally the meddler that ends by taking the blows. Buffalo said, "Come on and see the fun," and I shut my head and went with him out past the taxi-stand to where the crowd was forming, a hundred yards up the street. I could see a couple of blue-caps in the thick of it. Buffalo elbowed in and I followed him. The policeman had the fellow. He was sputtering that he had left his valise at the hotel and was running back after it. He demanded that he be searched right there, said he had fourteen dollars in bills and a little silver and had never seen the man's roll. One of the cops held him while the other went through his pockets. Of course they found the fourteen dollars and the silver, not a cent more. They even rolled up his trousers and looked in his socks and shoes. They opened his vest and examined his shirt and felt him all over. The man that had been robbed was pretty excited. He claimed to have had more than three hundred dollars in his roll. What struck me was the simplicity of the trick. Nobody had so much as looked at the fellow that had the money, nobody but me, that is, because he didn't run, just walked through the crowd. All this time he was probably sitting in the washroom counting up. The police didn't appear to be any too interested. I noticed that. Oh, they did their job, but the man finally had to give it up.

We went to the parcel-room then for my things and drove back to the lot. Buffalo was chuckling as we turned out of the depot parking-place.

"It's wiser not to butt into that game, Sandy," said he. "Aren't they slick, though?"

"I'll say so. Ever see them work before?"

He gave me a quick look.

"Oh," said I, feeling my way, thinking all the time, "do they travel with the show?"

"Well—no," said he, and gave me another look. Then he remarked, "I supposed you knew."

"Not a thing."

"Well, the way you got your job."

"Oh," said I. "Ben Green."

"Certainly."

"I've wondered about him. My aunt over in Carversville warned me against him."

"Hmm," said he. "Ben's all right." Then he chuckled again.

"What is Ben's specialty?" I asked.

"He clips rocks."

"Rocks."

"Diamonds. Gems. Carries a little snipper in his hand. You might watch him for a week without ever seeing the thing or suspecting him. He could work right in front of you and you wouldn't know it. He's very expert. All he needs, when he sees a good-looking stone in a man's necktie, or a woman's necklace, or bracelet, is a little crowd around, somebody jostling. He wanders around in his solemn, respectable way and takes what he likes. He doesn't fool with small transactions, but just watches for something worth while. And he's very proud of his skill. In his quiet way I think he really loves his art." And Buffalo chuckled again.

Naturally I couldn't help thinking of that very good-looking pearl in his necktie. But I didn't look at it. Not right then. It's no good letting folks think everything you're thinking. He kept on talking. He certainly loved to talk, this fellow. I've thought since that maybe that's why he took such a liking to me, because I listened to him.

"Ben's really quite a fellow, you know. He never writes letters, and never signs a paper if he can help it, but his word goes everywhere. You see, he has a lot of interests. You often see his name among the promoters of the big boxing-matches. And lately he has been supposed to have a hand in one or another of the bootlegging rings. He can always swing a little capital when he wants to. His judgment is sound. He used to be a book-maker at the tracks. After that he helped organize the baseball pools. I'll tell you what I like about Ben. He does get a kick out of his work. And he never tries to put on the pose of respectability. Get him talking some time about those bucket-shopping brokers that pose as clean business men and live respectably in suburbs. He despises all that sort of thing. Really, you must get him talking. He's a great old philosopher. Doesn't miss much of what is going on."

"I take it he has a family somewhere. He spoke of a stepdaughter."

"Oh, yes, I've met her."

"Well—is she his kind, too."

"Not at all. You can't imagine two people more different."

"What kind is she?"

"A mighty good-looking kid. She raises ducks on Long Island."

"Ducks?"

"YES. A duck farm. She and another girl. The old boy staked her, I imagine. She's young, not much more than twenty, I should say. She had a year or two in some agricultural college, Cornell, I think. Ben likes to talk about that."

"Does she use his name?"

"Oh, no. Her father was a man named Wood. Jane Wood she is."

"Where did you say her farm was?"

"Out near the other end of Long Island somewhere. On the Greenport line—country, you know, with little rivers and ponds. A number of people out that way raise ducks for the New York market. Interesting sort of a layout, isn't it, taking it all around?"

"Mighty interesting," said I.

"Well, you're due to see a lot of unusual things. The show is full of them. You will enjoy Shavings."

"Oh, the clown."

"He's our topliner, you know. A very high-priced man. Does the big act on the center stage."

"I was watching him this afternoon. I've seen him before, in vaudeville."

"He's very well known."

"He had a baseball act then. A lot of us went to see it in Indianapolis. The theater gave us a couple of boxes."

"I know. Wasn't it funny where he walked around waiting for the high foul to come down, and finally walked right off the stage? His name is John Wilson. A great artist, that fellow."

I was a little surprised to hear him say that. You wouldn't ordinarily think of a clown as being a great artist. He was funny, all right. He had a little boat on the stage, and went through a lot of comic stuff pretending to undress for a swim, and when he stood on the end of the boat and felt the water with his toe to see if it was cold, the audience laughed a lot. At least the afternoon audience did. You could see all the time that he was afraid to make the dive. He was a big fellow in a regular white clown suit, a red and white face, and enormous feet. Those feet made it funny when he reached down to feel the water. I suppose Buffalo spoke so highly of him because he did kind of make you feel that there was really water there instead of just the boards of the stage and the circus things all around him. And I remembered a funny thing he did when he began his act. He stood there in a corner of the stage without moving, as if he was asleep on his feet, until just when it was time for him to begin. Then the loudest alarm-clock I've ever heard, went off, and when you looked to see where the sound came from, you saw that it was hanging round his neck and he was stretching and yawning as if it had waked him up.

I spoke of this, and Buffalo answered, "Oh, yes! That's Shavings! And maybe you think it's easy to go out there in all that confusion knowing that you've got just three minutes to catch the attention of ten thousand people and make them laugh themselves sick. But that bird is never at a loss. I tell you, he's a fine artist. A master of pantomime. There's nobody better, unless perhaps it's Joe Jackson."

I didn't know who Joe Jackson was, so I kept quiet. I take it he was a clown or some kind of actor.

"But say, look here," said Buffalo, then. "You've had me talking my head off, and we've pretty near missed our supper. Come along."

The eating-tent was full now of quiet-looking people. There wasn't any of the glitter of the circus about it.

"By the way," said Buffalo, while we were eating, "Shavings knows Jane Wood. He's got a little farm down there near hers. At least they use the same post-office."

After supper I had him show me my quarters on the train. They were comfortable enough. Only men were in that car. He told me that while sometimes I'd have to drive the car at night, there was a place for it on one of the flat cars, and that when Miss Melrose wasn't along I would mostly travel that way. "Miss Melrose doesn't ride on that train," he explained. "She usually stays at hotels and travels over the road."

Buffalo got word after dinner that Mr. Bundy wanted me to drive him to Wheeling and to be on hand at eleven sharp that night. So I took the car to a filling station and bought gas and oil, making the garage man give me a slip for it. I took a look at the battery, too, and put in distilled water, and looked over the radiator, and the tires. The car ran beautifully. It was a pleasure to drive it. I stopped at an owl wagon on my way back to the lot and drank a cup of coffee. I didn't want to be sleepy on that night drive. I don't know many worse feelings than finding yourself at the wheel of a car when you can't keep your eyes open. It was plain enough to me now that I had really plunged into the newest kind of a new life. For years I'd gone to bed around ten, and almost never stayed up later than eleven, so as to keep fit for ball playing. And if there was to be a little night life now, why, I welcomed it. I found myself whistling and humming as I drove back to the lot. And then I sat for a long while in the front seat and in a sort of glow, just thinking about things. I figured Buffalo would probably look me up. But he was always busy on the main entrance until the show was about half over. He had been there to spot important people and see that they got good seats, and make a lot of little adjustments. The policy of the show was to be very smooth and nice to everybody that mattered.

HE DID come, a little before ten, and took me to a corner of the men's dressing-tent to meet Shavings. It was a crowded little place, with a folding table for make up, a trunk and a line with clothes hanging from it. He had his clown suit partly off and was unfastening one of his comic big feet. Buffalo introduced me in an easy way he had that made us both feel at home. Shavings, or John Wilson, was more than six feet tall and muscled up like an acrobat. Wonderful shoulders and arms! I was just beginning to learn that the best of the clowns were very skilful tumblers. They had to be for their trick falls and other nonsense. A dog that had been lying at his feet got up when he did and sniffed at us. At first I couldn't make this dog out, and was surprised when Wilson said it was an Airedale. Most of the Airedales I had seen were thin, wiry little fellows, with block-shaped heads. But this was a big dog, weighing nearer seventy pounds than sixty, with a chest as wide and strong as a bull's, solid strong legs, and a wide head. The coat wasn't bristly, but long and rather silky. Around the head it grew so long and so fine, hanging down across his eyes, that you thought when you first saw him of those roly-poly English sheep-dogs. I asked if he was a trick dog, and Wilson said, no, not particularly. At least he didn't use him in any of his acts. Just kept him for company. Took him out for a run nearly every morning. And it seemed that he loved the parade, particularly running with the elephants. He was fond of those big fellows, Wilson explained, and most of them liked him.

By this time Wilson had the paint off his face, and I could take a good look at him. I saw right away that I was going to like him, and kind of hoped he would like me. He had a strong face with sober eyes like George Nelson's and a good deal of that same thoughtful way with him. I put him at pretty near George's age.

I was pleased to find that the dog kind of took to me, he sniffed at me for a few minutes and then rested his chin on my knee and rolled his big brown eyes up at me through his silky tangle of hair and I rubbed his ears. He liked that.

"As soon as he finds that you're driving a car, he'll be crazy about you," said Wilson. "Funny how dogs like to ride."

"Sandy's a ball player," Buffalo then said. I was glad he said it. You see, sometimes when I'm meeting people for the first time I feel a little embarrassed, about putting myself forward, and it always makes it easier, with men I mean, when they find out you're a real ball player.

"That so?" asked Wilson. "Where'd you play?"

"Only in the Indiana State League. Carversville," I told him.

"They play good games there. I was in the Texas League myself for a couple of years."

"You did more than that," Buffalo put in.

"Only for a little while. I was up in Denver with the Western League, but my arm gave out."

"What position did you play?" I asked.

"Oh, I pitched. What'd you play?"

"Short-stop."

"That so. Well, you've got the build for it. I reckon you're fast."

"Stole forty-seven bases last year," said Buffalo.

"Thirty-seven," I corrected.

"Well," said Wilson, "thirty-seven's a lot of bases. I'll bet you've got the bruises to show for it."

"He's got more than that," said Buffalo. "Broke his leg."

"You don't say so! Well, that's no particular fun."

Buffalo had to go then. And I explained that I thought I'd better get back to my car. Wilson said he'd stroll along with me if I didn't mind. Of course I was glad to have him. He looked to me like a lonely man, and a serious one! I've been learning since that most people who have made a business of doing something well are pretty serious minded. I suppose they have to be. Our both having played ball gave us a good deal in common right away, and when we had sat a few minutes in the front seat of the car I felt, and I could see he did, as if we had known each other quite a while. The dog curled up on the seat beside him and put his head over the side as dogs always do. You could see that he was itching for us to go, but I didn't feel I had any right to run the car out just for a dog. Besides, it was getting on toward ten-thirty and I didn't know but what Mr. Bundy might turn up a little early. I hadn't learned his habits. The dog's name was Roddy.

Wilson told me quite a lot about the circus, how wonderfully it was organized. And while we talked I watched the canvas men striking the menagerie tent and a lot of the smaller canvases, and loading the wagons and making the elephants push them up on the flat cars. And all the time you could hear the band playing and see the glow of the lights under the canvas and sometimes hear that enormous audience laughing and applauding in big waves of sound. By the time the show was over and the crowds came out there wouldn't be much besides the big top still standing. And it was all done in that smooth, deliberate way. It looked slow, but it wasn't. Not when you figured by the results. There just wasn't any waste motion.

I TOLD him about the time our club went to see him in Indianapolis, and he remembered it. After that we got on fine. He got to talking about his work, and that really livened him up. He was as enthusiastic as a boy. He said he had worked up the swimming act down at Coney Island. He would go down there Sundays and wander around the beach and study the children and the fat old men and women, just how they showed their fear of the water, just how they felt it with a finger or a toe to see how cold it was and all the little things they did when they got ready to jump in and then lost their nerve. Come to think of it, that's probably why he was so funny, because he was so serious about it. "Oh," he would say, "there's nothing on earth funnier than the human critter if you'll just watch him close. The thing is, people, most people, aren't observant. That's why it's so easy to amuse 'em when you show them what they're really like."

I was sorry when the boss came. I got right down and opened the door for him. Wilson and the dog got right out, too. He said, "Good evening, Mr. Bundy," and the boss answered, "Hello, Jack. How's everything?" Then he said to me, "Down to the hotel, Sandy."

"See you in Wheeling," Wilson called after me as we drove away.

At the hotel I got out quickly, and opened the door. The boss said, "Just a minute, Sandy," and went in. Then after a little while he came out with a pretty blond girl who wore a little round hat with cherries on the side of it. A bell-hop followed them with a couple of suitcases and some other bags. I helped the lady in and then stowed the baggage in front. I took it this was the Miss Melrose Buffalo had been speaking of.

I enjoy driving at night, if it's a good car. You just settle back behind the wheel and keep your eyes on the road and the shadows and kind of half listen to the hum of the motor and think about things. It's great time for thinking.

Naturally I was full of the circus. Already, what with using my eyes and listening to Buffalo's talk I was getting something of a line on it. It was a big business, no doubt about that. And there was a kind of thrill about it, the way it would roll into a little city with bands and gilt wagons and a lot of noise and gaiety and in one day or two or three, or sometimes in the bigger cities, in a week, go over the place like a vacuum cleaner and roll out the trains in the early morning with just about all the loose money in the town locked up in the big ticket wagon. They just sponged it up. That they did for fair. And what Al Bundy didn't get out of it old Ben Green did. Oh, it was thorough. And the mob loved it. They did. Loved all of it. Funny business!

TO BE CONTINUED

The Terror of Arizona Cougars

[*Continued from page 133*]

Prior to 1903 the cougars kept to the Mogollon district, south of the river. Here they ravaged the herds to such an extent that the ranchers finally abandoned the district to the feline foe. Then the big cats began to turn their attention to the Kaibab table-land. It is estimated that in less than a year three to five hundred full-grown cougars emigrated over to the north side of the cañon. Then, with all the ruthlessness of an invading army, they swooped down from their rocky fastness, slaying everything that was larger than a hare. It became customary for ranchmen to find ten to twenty head of stock and more than that number of sheep killed in a single night. Cougars kill not only to eat but also for pure love of murder.

Then the Government busied itself. It either had to do something to aid the plagued cattlemen, or else see them desert the Kaibab region as they had done the Mogollon territory. The U. S. Predatory Animal Service was instituted and Jim Owens was the first to offer his services.

Sincere as their efforts were, these men soon learned that they were up against what seemed an insurmountable problem. They had come prepared to wage warfare against the feline killers with traps, poisons and open hunting with rifles. But they were sadly fooled. First, a cougar eats only his own kill, and then it must always be a fresh one. Unless they are very hungry and new victims are scarce, the wily cats never go back to an old carcass.

With a rapacity that astounded the harassed ranchers these feline marauders continued their bloody raids. When food is plentiful, a cougar, possessed of much the same characteristics as his domestic kin, the house cat, kills not for food alone, but for the sheer fun of it. The Kaibab region became a veritable shambles; it reeked with the odors of dead stock—cattle, sheep, horses and deer—even the Government's deer were not exempt. Traps and poisons being useless, open hunting was equally futile. Also the cougar is a nocturnal prowler. During the day they kept to their lairs in the Kaibab forest or in the boulder-strewn fastness of the cañon, where it was impossible for human ingenuity to get even a glimpse of them.

It remained for Uncle Jim to find a solution to the seemingly hopeless task. After a short period of observation, Owens learned that when hotly pursued, the cougar, like a domestic cat, takes to a tree, or ledge. There, instead of launching itself against its enemies, it merely snarls, spits and flails them with its powerful paws when they venture too near. He came to the conclusion that hunting with dogs would be the only solution. If they could tree the big cats and keep them aloft till the hunter arrived, their dispatch would be an easy matter.

Uncle Jim sent for an English bloodhound. But the futility of this plan was soon demonstrated. While the hound could easily follow up the trails of the feline marauders to daytime lairs and rouse them, he was not fleet enough of foot to keep pace with the big cats.

Traveling by bounds, the cougar can cover thirty-five to forty feet at a single leap when going on level ground, and when going down a declivity he can easily make seventy-five feet. So these cougars on the run could readily outdistance that first dog and found it unnecessary to take to a tree or ledge for safety.

Then another idea struck Owens. He crossed a female English bloodhound with an English staghound. This bore excellent results. It gave him a dog possessed of a keen scent, plus a set of speedy legs. It required almost endless time and patience on the part of Uncle Jim before he could even get to the point of trying out his new scheme. The most difficult part was training the pups. They must be taught to ignore the countless trails of bobcat, coyote, deer, hare, porcupine and what not, and stick to one scent—that of the cougar. Mixed with that of the other animals it was an equally hard undertaking for the dogs to follow it correctly.

But at the end, Owens won out. With the dogs trained, he launched a campaign against the cougars. In four years' time he had accounted for five hundred of the big bloodthirsty brutes, and those that remained were so cowed that they kept afar from the range country, where dwelt their arch-enemy—Uncle Jim with his dogs.

One of these dogs in particular became famous throughout the whole State of Arizona. This was "Old Pot," the only pup that lived out of the first litter of the bloodhound-staghound cross. Of more than a hundred such dogs Uncle Jim bred subsequently, "Old Pot" was the best. He ran down and treed the first five hundred beasts that Owens dispatched and in all he treed or ledged some six hundred and seven cougars.

One cold December morning in 1918 "Old Pot" cornered cougar Number 607 on a rocky ledge. The dog was now twelve years old and not quite so spry as a puppy, but he still had the heart of a lion. Out on the narrow ice-covered ledge, right in the big cat's face, dashed Pot to hold him till Uncle Jim could get in his shot. The cat, snarling and spitting like a demon, struck lightning blows with its powerful forearms. Ducking and dodging the gallant dog stood his ground.

Then, just as his master came up, Old Pot made one lunge too close to the slippery edge of the shelf. He toppled, lost his balance, and crashed on the rocks a hundred feet below.

Some years before, when the late Colonel Roosevelt was a mighty hunter, he had come to Arizona, and it was Uncle Jim who had shown him how to run down cougars. Later, writing about this hunt in a magazine article, the Colonel said of "Old Pot": "For endurance and intelligence, he is the most remarkable dog I have ever come in contact with. His memory will live with Arizona stockmen long after he is dead." And it has. When the news of Pot's death spread among them there was genuine sorrow. He still has a soft place in the hearts of ranchers throughout Arizona.

Virtually, Owens has proved a savior to the cattlemen of northern Arizona. With the Kaibab Plateau freed of the feline scourge, Uncle Jim invited the stockmen to take up the Mogollon district again. He was prepared, he stated, to fend off the big cats, should they appear there again. The ranchers-to-be needed no second invitation. Now Owens has not only enabled the U. S. Government to continue to earn thousands of dollars in yearly rentals from grazing land, but he has also been responsible for many a cattleman's getting a new lease on life. For he has enabled them to return to the great West's fairest grazing grounds and there maintain their precious flocks in peace and safety. Also he has saved America's largest herd of deer and antelope from wilful destruction. His name in fact will go down forever in the history of the U. S. Predatory Animal Service as the man who discovered a way to triumph over the all-killing cougar.

What a score of men set out to accomplish and failed in, Uncle Jim did alone. He is now the official representative of the U. S. P. A. S. for northern Arizona, or, in other words, the policeman of the animal kingdom there. Owens' regular duties, as a matter of fact, have now become too few to take up all his time. Finding the spare time hanging rather heavy on his hands, he began to cast about for something else to do. He had already helped many famous sportsmen like Colonel Roosevelt to run down cougars. So Jim decided once more to turn professional guide. Hence the sign with which this article opens.

But whenever a bear or a cougar violates the ethics of good behavior by taking after domestic stock, Uncle Jim is sent for. Usually, inside of twenty-four hours after his arrival, the felon's carcass serves as a gala fête for the buzzards, and his pelt is on its way to the nearest furrier.

—W. PETER SCHRAMM.

In the Library

[*Continued from page 123*]

it, and you want me to swing for it."

"That'll do," said the indignant constable.

The sergeant let his burden gently to the floor again.

"You hold your tongue, you devil!" he said menacingly.

He crossed to the table and poured a little spirit into a glass and took it in his hand. Then he put it down again and crossed to Burleigh.

"Feeling better, sir?" he asked.

The other nodded faintly.

"You won't want this thing any more," said the sergeant.

He pointed to the pistol which the other still held, and taking it from him gently, put it into his pocket.

"You've hurt your wrist, sir," he said.

Burleigh raised one hand sharply, and then the other.

"This one, I think," said the sergeant. "I saw it just now."

He took the other's wrists in his hand, and suddenly holding them in the grip of a vice, whipped out something from his pocket—something hard and cold, which snapped suddenly on Burleigh's wrists, and held them fast.

"That's right," said the sergeant. "Keep quiet."

The constable turned round in amaze; Burleigh sprang toward him furiously.

"Take these things off!" he choked. "Have you gone mad? Take them off!"

"All in good time," said the sergeant.

"Take them off!" cried Burleigh again.

For answer the sergeant took him in a powerful grip, and staring steadily at his white face and gleaming eyes, forced him to the other end of the room and pushed him into a chair.

"Collins," he said, sharply.

"Sir?" said the astonished subordinate.

"Run to the doctor at the corner hard as you can run!" said the other. "*This man is not dead!*"

As the man left the room the sergeant took up the glass of spirits he had poured out, and kneeling down by Fletcher again, raised his head and tried to pour a little down his throat. Burleigh, sitting in his corner, watched like one in a trance. He saw the constable return with the breathless surgeon, saw the three men bending over Fletcher, and then saw the eyes of the dying man open and the lips of the dying man move. He was conscious that the sergeant made some notes in a pocketbook, and that all three men eyed him closely. The sergeant stepped toward him and placed his hand on his shoulder, and obedient to the touch, he arose and went with him out into the night.

The Only Woman Dude Wrangler

[*Continued from page 134*]

hires a number of assistants. The chauffeurs are men, but the guides are invariably women, mainly because she believes they are better adapted to that kind of work. Each of them in order to create the atmosphere necessary to the fullest enjoyment of a trip, wears a brilliantly colored Navajo blanket.

Miss Fergusson is so well known in many of the Indian tribes that she has frequently been admitted to kivas or sacred shrines to which Indian women are themselves never admitted. Something of this hospitality is extended to her tourists, but not always. One of the chiefs of the Acoma Indians who live on a mesa projecting four hundred feet above the plain, objected to the intrusion of the whites. One day when Miss Fergusson was conducting a small party thither the chief came forward and angrily protested with her.

"Now, now," said she, "I am going to show you the picture of a very good friend of mine."

She thereupon took a vanity case from her hand-bag and let him gaze into the mirror fixed on the inner side of the lid. This little maneuver completely disarmed the old chief who, with scarcely restrained laughter, let her lead her party where she would.

Is it any wonder that the country's only woman dude wrangler—at least such is the title the people of Albuquerque claim for her—has made such a success inducting people into the customs, beauties, and mysteries of the Southwest?—J. LEROY MILLER.

America's Youngest Mayor

[*Continued from page 131*]

taking up overdue bonds with interest bearing certificates. The tax rate was increased from 5.3% to 7.15% and tax receipts increased twenty per cent. over the preceding year. It was as drastic a program of economy as any city could be expected to live through. But Washburn went through it and emerged in much better financial condition.

At the end of the Kid Mayor's first year in office the table of receipts and expenditures showed an eleven per cent. increase in income and an eleven per cent. decrease in expense as compared with the income and expense in the year before he entered office. Instead of a deficit of $15,000.00 there was a credit balance of $4,500.00, a forward leap of $19,500.00.

Healthy civic pride has been largely restored through the improved condition of municipal finances. Community cooperation is beginning to mean more than a pretty phrase. State legislation has been put through which will enable the city to float a small bond issue to take up its floating indebtedness and complete the restoration of its credit. Washburn is still far from an enviable financial condition but it is on the right path and steadily forging ahead due to the enthusiastic efforts of its "Kid Mayor." Drastic economy is still the rule and will remain so as long as the Kid Mayor is in office and the need for it remains.

Paul Ungrodt is a refutation of the oft-quoted phrase that "smart" students never make good in real life. He had a brilliant record in both high school and college. In Washburn High School, from which he graduated in 1918 and in Lawrence College, Appleton, Wisconsin, from which he graduated in 1923, he took high honors in both oratory and debating, carried off a scholastic average of ninety-four in high school and ninety-one in college and participated prominently in various college activities.

This year there will be another mayoralty election and if popular sentiment continues as it now is young Ungrodt will be returned to office with an overwhelming vote. He has given to the people of America, as well as his own fellow citizens, an unparalleled example of what youth, with its unconquerable enthusiasm and indomitable will to win, can accomplish in politics. His example should inspire young American manhood to take a keener interest in the political issues of the home town as well as the state and nation.

—CHARLES M. SHERIDAN.

The Lure of the Five and Ten

[*Continued from page 41*]

going outside for any of his business needs. Does he need to deposit money or cash a check? The first several stories comprise one of the city's biggest banks. Yet that is only the beginning of the building. Does he want dinner, or a shave? There are restaurants, barber shop, a swimming pool. Do his teeth ache? There are a flock of dentists' offices. Read the list of tenants if you have an hour—it duplicates the city directory of a self-sustaining community.

The Woolworth building has several times been offered for sale to immigrants by swindlers, but any purchaser would have difficulty taking away his property. Piles beneath the building, some of them nineteen feet in diameter, go down over a hundred feet to bed rock. The weight of the building puts a pressure of twenty-four tons per square foot on the rock, which is greater than any possible lifting action of the wind, even in a hurricane. The building is its own lightning rod because the copper roofs are grounded through the steel work. Fire cannot spread in the building because no inflammable material of any description has been used in its construction, even the doors and trim being made of steel.

F. W. Woolworth himself is responsible for a good deal of this forethought. Besides being the biggest, it is the world's most beautiful commercial building. It is the one Woolworth product which you could not purchase for either a nickel or a dime. It cost $14,000,000 and is a profit maker in rents.

Woolworth erected it partly, I suspect, to show that he was as good a merchant with $14,000,000 as with a nickel. I know also that he built it as an advertisement, to replace the necessity of advertising each store in local newspapers. Certainly it is the world's greatest self-supporting advertisement.

"What do you sell most of?" I asked Hubert Parson.

"You can answer that by looking at any of our show windows," he replied. "When an article sells well, we put it into the window. We never display a 'dead' line to get rid of it. That would be diverting people's interest to something they didn't want to be bothered with, just to save us a temporary loss. When a line is poor, we wait till it is all gone, and then don't buy any more.

"Peanuts are the most popular edible in our stores. Everybody likes peanuts. As the negro said of the banana, peanuts are all white meat. You may be sure that people in your town like peanuts at all times of the year when you see our window used as a glass bin for a ton or so of peanuts. We put them where they are as near everybody as the thickness of plate glass, through which people can see the color, oval shape and size of the individual peanuts.

"There is no apparent reason why people should prefer big peanuts to little ones, but they do. So we began to buy big peanuts, and arranged with Southern farmers for their growth in large quantities. Last year a good many carloads of peanuts traveled through our stores to the peanut consumer.

"When an article sells well in the back of the store, we move it forward. If its popularity increases, we promote it to the window, because that is the article which people want to be eminded is in the store.

"When still more people buy it, our selling quantity goes up, the manufacturer's quantities go up and his costs come down. When they get down below 5 cents, we transfer the article from the 10-cent to the 5-cent counter, and sell more than ever. New quantities continue to lower costs, and we change the card to '2 for 5 cents' or '3 for 5 cents.' Some articles are even 16 for five cents."

"In some things we give eight times the value we started with. If we cannot reduce the price, we give better quality or a bigger size. Our largest aluminum pan for 10 cents has gradually increased from five inches, and is now fourteen. This year we are selling several million dollars' worth of aluminum.

"We forego a percentage of profit by selling a thing for five cents when we could continue to get ten, but it is good business because soon the increased sales swell the volume of profit. Our profit hovers around 10%, which is reasonable. If it goes up to 11%, we find a way to decrease prices or expand business so as to furnish more articles or serve more people."

Can a bride "afford" to get married any earlier on account of the ten-cent store? Possibly yes. The dime store has an appreciable effect on lowering prices of similar articles in other stores along Main Street. But it has had another and even greater price lowering action in showing merchants and manufacturers the price reduction made possible by large quantities in all lines. Not that the other retailers are making an exorbitant profit, but that even before Ford, and in more lines, Woolworth showed merchants in what unsuspected volumes the public stood ready to buy.

A Deaf Mute Dancing Marvel

[*Continued from page 132*]

dreamed of trying to instruct a deaf mute.

But all his fears left him when he saw the girl perform. Her brilliance amazed him, and within a few months she was his prize student. Five months after her first lesson she made her début in public and won her first ovation. One of the big Philadelphia papers said she "danced as though inspired."

Then the little girl began to study acrobatics at Professor Herrman's school in Philadelphia. During her very first year she won four loving cups, the Biddle and Peak Trophies.

Many people have wondered how Sylvia knows when to go out on the stage and when to stop, if she can not hear the music. The answer is simple enough. Her mother, who has made so many sacrifices that her afflicted daughter may not be an unnoticed mute, is always with her. She gives Sylvia her cue. As for the dancing itself; it is specially prepared so that it will take just so long—a song and two choruses, or a song and three choruses—so when the music ends, her dance also finishes.

Her stage manners are gracious. Any one seeing her doing one of her eccentric numbers or watching her actions would never suspect her of not being a perfectly normal child. She hasn't that strained look so often seen in less fortunate deaf mutes.

Now her fame is reaching beyond the limits of Philadelphia. On a recent visit to New York, Sylvia was offered a scholarship by the National Stage Children's Association of America. Her mother, however, declined to have Sylvia accept it for the present, or until she has finished her high-school course.

Meantime, Sylvia continues her school education and her dancing with a definite purpose. "It is my ambition," says she, "to show to deaf and mute children that they are not lost because they can not hear or talk. I want to set an example to others who are afflicted as I am so that they will not give themselves up as worthless. Then, of course, I want to repay my mother for the hard work she has done and is doing for me. My dancing and acrobatics are hard work in a way, but they seem easy because I love the work."

Here is a brilliant example of what determination and energy will do. This girl's path was anything but smooth when she started, but she made it smooth herself. Her handicap ceased to be a hindrance to her when she learned to forget it. So great is her self-reliance now that once having learned lip-reading, she won't let people use the deaf and dumb alphabet to her at all. She wants to be spoken to as a normal person.

With all this independence of spirit added to the consciousness of the handicaps she has surmounted Sylvia remains modest and unassuming. As far as she is concerned, the handicaps under which she has labored have only intensified her energy and initiative. And the way in which she has overcome these handicaps serves to increase other people's admiration for her pluck.—HUMPHREY GIACULLI.

A Veteran Fighter of Forest Fires

[*Continued from page 75*]

common fires. The two most common are the crown fire and the ground fire. The crown fire is the big, spectacular fire that jumps hundreds of feet when driven by a big wind. It leaps and leaps and there is practically nothing to stop it. It takes dry conditions and wind to get a fire up into the crowns. It is this sort of a fire which most story writers and movie directors favor.

"The ground fire is more common. This is the fire that burns along near the ground, perhaps never getting into the tops of the trees, but eating away at the forest duff, burning roots and low underbrush. It is just as destructive as the other, but more easily handled. This is the fire we trench and stop with a fire line.

"Then there is what we call the spot fire. These spot fires occur across the fire line and are set by sparks that are carried over by puffy gusts of wind which often are due to drafts caused by the ground fire. If we do not watch for them, spot fires can start an entirely new bunch of trouble back of a well-established fire line. Then there are brush fires, grass fires that might turn into something more serious, fires in swampy ground that live for weeks with hardly a sign of life, and fires in old slashing which are terrible to fight. Every fire is a little different; each a new problem in fire suppression.

"This West Portal fire I started to tell you about was at the west end of the new Moffat Tunnel which will be finished next year. Some laborers came there to get work but the company digging the tunnel had no place for them, not even a place to bunk. These fellows went just outside the wire fence that encloses the buildings at the West Portal and spent the night around a big camp-fire. The next morning they went away without putting it out.

"Employees of the company saw that fire several times that day. Any one of them could have put it out. But they passed it up. Then a thirty-mile wind hit there with the temperature at 94 and a humidity of 8 per cent. You can guess what happened.

"In thirty minutes there were three hundred men fighting the fire. Every man was pulled from the tunnel. They had to fight like mad to keep the flames from getting to one shed filled with dynamite and the other filled with percussion caps which are about ten times worse than dynamite. That fire raced to the top of the continental divide by nightfall. We couldn't stop it. Just had to keep heading it away from the building and away from getting over into near-by watersheds.

"No," said Mac decisively, "usually there are not many spectacular or dramatic features about a forest fire."

There was no use arguing the point with a man like Mac. If three hundred men, the bulk of them between a raging fire fanned by a thirty-mile wind and a sure and quick trip to eternity via the dynamite route was not spectacular, then no forest fire could hold much dramatic interest for him, that was sure! Mac, obviously trying to oblige me, mused a second or two and then continued.

"WELL, there was the time Jim Girard got caught between two fires up in Montana. There was a big fire burning in a wide cañon. A second fire started up the cañon from the first. I sent Jim in there with a gang of about five men to keep it from working down upon the main crew.

"Then the wind changed from blowing down cañon to a much stronger wind going up cañon. Before I could get to Jim and his crew, the fire was burning up so fast we had to run for our lives. The big fire below was running up cañon with its front in the form of the forks of a 'Y'. That is, the fire burned faster along the sides of the cañon wall than in the bottom.

"Of course with the smaller fire up cañon the wind soon shoved the arms of the 'Y' to join with the upper fire. That trapped Girard's crew. They were caught in the forks of the 'Y' before they had a chance to realize what was going on and I hadn't a ghost of a show to warn them myself. It was all I could do to get my gang clear.

" 'Well,' I thought, 'Jim is an old head and I guess it's just up to him and the Almighty.' Fact is, I never expected to see those men alive. But I did.

"Girard waited until the fire burning up from behind finally shoved them out into the area which had been burned over by the up-cañon fire. By that time practically no flame was left there in the main up-cañon fire or in the arms of the lower fire where it had joined with the upper burned-over area. It was hot, but a man with a wet coat around his head could walk through it. And that's where Jim Girard took his men—out over the burned area. He had waited until the last minute, letting the fire burn out as much as it could, before he led the dash for life that saved them. They were singed but safe.

"I can think of some interesting incidents that happened at several fires. It was back a few years when the big Wolf Creek fire was licking up the lodgepole forests on the Bighorn Forest in Wyoming. We had to import just ordinary labor, a lot of it. We got our crew there at four in the morning. Meanwhile there had been some agitators at work and when we reached camp the whole bunch struck. They wanted pay for travel time and an increase in wages. For a time it looked like we were going to be without fire fighters. But the supervisor made a stump speech that brought them around. It was a tight situation, though, with a big fire running wild and the prospect of no men to stop it.

"And while that fire was going on another one popped on a ranger district not far away. The ranger was not home, having been called to the Wolf Creek fire. His wife knew what to do, though. These women of the forest are not on the pay-roll but they are on the job every day in the year. She called the key men, told them what supplies and equipment to bring, where to meet her, and otherwise got the whole army organized and under way. Then she went out in the corral, caught the pack and saddle stock, loaded the pack animals with equipment, threw the diamond hitch on the packs, and went down trail to meet the men. When her little army got through, that fire was stopped and Mrs. Y. Z. Davis gets full credit for having whipped it.

"Our methods are changing right along. That is one reason we are gradually getting the better of fire. Unlike war between nations, our opponent does not improve his methods as we do. As a result, some day we're going to get the better of forest fire for keeps.

"Just this season we've been trying out some five-gallon water-tanks which strap on an Alaskan pack board and fit on the fire fighter's back. They are equipped with a little hand pump which the fellow carrying them can work. He can throw a stream twenty feet up into an old burning snag and kill the fire smoldering there.

"Then we have a light portable power pump and a couple hundred feet of hose which we are trying out. It is in the basement all packed ready to send out on a moment's notice. Down there we have equipment for a hundred men ready to ship at once to any point in the district if a big fire pops. This new pump equipment will go along to be tried out, and if it is effective under many conditions we'll adopt it."

Settlers will tell you how in years gone by fires burned in the forests of the Rockies for days without any one paying attention to them. One supervisor who has been in the Forest Service many years recounts his first meeting with the chief of the district. This chief took him to the window of his Denver office and pointed out a fire in the near-by mountains which had been burning for a week.

"See that," he asked. "Well, go out and put it out."

It was one man against a giant. It was heartbreaking business then. At times it is discouraging now. For it seems there is always the careless forest user who continually threatens the forest with a camp-fire which is not dead.

But when a fire starts now it must overcome a different opposition than in the olden days. There is an organized opposition to its devastation.

At the desk in Denver sits John McLaren smoking his blackened pipe. Before him is a plan of campaign which extends to every ranger's district in his whole division of the Service. There is no haphazard, guesswork move made against a fire when it breaks. Every move has been anticipated and planned for. It only takes the emergency to get this organization into action. In "peace" times much of the organization exists only on paper. But when the need arises it comes to life, takes shape, becomes filled with purpose, and drives forward in the crusade against the destroyer of forests.

Perhaps this army will some day be the biggest ever known. Mac and his associates are trying to get every man, woman, and child in America to become a "cooperator"; a private in the ranks. The fellow who is careful with fire in the forests is just as much a cooperator as the fellow who answers the telephone call to the fire line. If you do not volunteer, the time may come when that little section on the fire plan designated "Law Enforcement" will get hold of you and make you become a cooperator whether you wish to or not.

"Prevention is the big thing," declared Mac as our pow-wow was about to break up. "Don't let fires get started. We are trying to educate every forest user to this idea. If we can get every forest visitor to follow this idea we'll have fewer and fewer men-made fires.

"But until we reach that point we've got to be ready to go to get a fire right NOW!"

As I left the office Mac went back to studying his maps. He is continually working on his plans, methods, and organization so that whenever or wherever a fire breaks loose in the vast area over which he is fire chief his army of flame fighters will have just a little more edge on the fire; be in a position to hit it just a little quicker, just a little harder, just a little more effectively.

"A forest fire never sleeps," declares Mac. "And we've just got to never let one catch us napping."

The "Asbestos District" of the Forest Service would burn if it could. It has caught fire many times. But Mac and his staff, and back of them the cooperators, simply will not let it burn. Between the fires and the forest stands that one sheet of paper, the fire plan—and John McLaren. After all, that is quite some fire wall.

New Lives For Old

[*Continued from page 34*]

absolutely no knowledge of business matters. She had heard of the League and its mission in saving those whose only way seemed self-destruction. She didn't want to die unless it was necessary.

Sitting there with Dr. Warren she reviewed her assets. She had personality, intelligence, and education—though it did not include stenography and typewriting—and she would make a good secretary for some one to whom social graces would be an asset and whose work required a distinguished hand.

The League believed that she could find such an opportunity and succeed in it. They exacted the customary "twelve-hour promise"—that she would not think, in so far as possible, of her intention to die until such a time had elapsed. Then they promised to finance her until she could make her own living.

She watched the papers and finally she found an advertisement for which she thought herself qualified. She went to the address given, but she had taken some time to dress even more carefully than usual, with the result that nearly thirty girls had been interviewed before her.

Her own talk with the man who sought a secretary was perfunctory, he seemed to have decided against her before many seconds had elapsed, and she left with that disheartenment which comes to a new job seeker at lack of success.

THE next morning she received a letter from this man saying that he believed she had not been given a fair opportunity owing to the lateness of the hour, that he had looked over her qualifications, and if she would come back for another interview she would receive a little more time. She returned and the position was finally awarded her.

Two years later the girl came to visit Dr. Warren on a different errand. He is a clergyman, as well as president of the Save-A-Life League and she asked him, blushing, if he would officiate at her wedding. On the day she became a bride, her husband, the former employer, gave her one million dollars in securities. Two years earlier she had been at the brink of death. Today, no happiness which life can offer is denied her. And this is a sample of what life can do to those it would seem once to have crushed.

Naturally the Save-A-Life League does not promise love and wealth to every one who seeks its counsel, but it does promise something which in the long run is more valuable, a complete change of attitude.

Rarely does a person once past the first crisis, return to as wholly desperate a frame of mind. The League promises hope, without which, though everything else is lost, one still has everything. For "while there is hope there is life," runs the slogan of the League.

The Save-A-Life League sprang into existence from Dr. Warren's horror one morning at a certain newspaper account of suicides which had occurred during the previous twenty-four hours. From his pulpit next day he begged any one so minded first to see and talk it over. The causes of the suicides recorded before him were so trivial, he pointed out, that many of them, by a little friendliness, could have been dispelled. To his utter amazement, some thirty persons responded to his invitation.

For a time he worked single-handed. Finally when he had succeeded in interesting many prominent people, including physicians, lawyers, doctors, and men of means, who were willing to give their time and resources to the work, the League was formally organized.

"If we can save but one life it will be worth while." They hardly reckoned on the ten thousand.

Race, creed, color, station in life, past performances keep no one from sharing whatever aid the League has to give. One need not so much as give one's address or name, though as a rule the client of his volition makes his identity known. He may even talk freely of some crime which he has committed, knowing that he need not fear exposure or refusal of aid.

Physicians, lawyers, clergymen, educators, and organizations such as hospitals send persons to the League. Friends often come in behalf of some one in whom they are interested, but oftener still, the would-be suicide makes a personal visit. Many people have run across the name of the League in the 'phone-book and have come although they were not really sure that there actually was an organization concerned with the saving of human lives. Once prosperous business men, society women, actors, editors, lawyers, doctors, girls facing unwedded motherhood, boys fearing exposure of some deed or, more frequently, facing failure in their studies—all have sat before Dr. Warren in the last throes of despair.

"The three main reasons for wishing to die," he declares, "are illness, and worries connected either with business or love. In the case of illness the physicians interested in our work advise, treat, and unless it is a hopeless malady, cure. Entanglements in business, matters of every sort requiring professional adjustments, are put into the hands of able lawyers.

"The persons wishing to die for love, however, present our most difficult problems. We can't do the one thing they wish you see—bring back the erring one—and in most cases, when the facts are clear to us, we wouldn't even if we could. Nor can we say with assurance of being believed that a girl, for instance, is better off without the man who has brought her to the thought of suicide as relief from worry. She must see that for herself.

But gradually we help her to that point of view. We try as far as possible to bring about change of scene, or of occupation, to bring new interests and views. We stand behind her, ready to take her in at any moment until she can stand alone. Frequently we hear of her ultimate marriage, to another man. Always we hear of her ultimate happiness."

Few Catholics, according to statistics, commit suicide or consider it, so far as the experience of the League goes. This is attributed to two reasons; first, the fear of an hereafter which their particular religious training has instilled, and second, the influence of the confessional, which seems to relieve the heart and mind of its burdens and do away with the cause behind most suicides.

Acting upon this fact, the Save-A-Life League lays much stress on the efficacy of talking out one's worries with a sympathetic listener who will neither judge the speaker nor be guilty of the very grave offense so often committed by friends of regarding the would-be suicide as insane.

"AS A matter of record and medical agreement," Dr. Warren points out, "fewer than one-third of the suicides reported are acts of insane persons or of those temporarily insane. We let our clients talk as long as they wish without fear that we will so judge them or that their confidences will suffer betrayal. They are literally in hiding when they come to us, facing nothing but their other selves."

The League does much work among disabled veterans of the World War, five thousand of whom have committed suicide since the Armistice. It maintains a summer home for such men at Lake Mohegan, New York, filled to overflowing with guests sent from all parts of the country. One of the World War veterans who applied to the Save-A-Life League was in deep despair because he had been told by his physician that unless he had his right arm amputated at the shoulder his life would, in all probability, last but a few months.

This had been a bolt out of the blue. The boy had believed that he was fast recovering from wounds received in the war. Deeply shocked, he refused to submit to an operation, and finally reached the belief that suicide was the only way out for him. With death at his heels, his one idea was to fling himself in its embrace, even earlier than Fate had ordained it.

The League seemed to gain but little headway in drawing him from his purpose. Then some one said something to him like this.

"Then, since this is true, why not wait until you die of your illness? Why bring on yourself the crime and mental agony entailed in suicide? The doctors have given you a little time. Think well before refusing amputation. But if you still refuse, why not scurry about and find a man who believes that he can bring you through without it. There *may* be one. We do not believe there is, but doctors *sometimes* make mistakes and this may be one of them."

The boy eagerly grasped at the straw held forth to him. Vainly he sought for the man who thought he could save the arm; all he discovered were more physicians who added their verdict to the one received and said that if he wished to take advantage of amputation, the time was growing dangerously short. Then when the boy began to think that he must die, he found a doctor who believed with a certain new treatment the arm would have one chance in a thousand. The treatment was painful in the extreme, and the results long in appearing. But there were results! And finally one day, after an agony of waiting, the boy was pronounced, even by those who had given the other verdict, well along the road leading away from the danger point.

One morning a man occupying a position of trust in a firm of national importance came to see Dr. Warren in evident worry and harassment of mind. He had decided on committing suicide, it was the only way out of a difficulty in which he had placed himself. In order that his wife and child might live in luxury, he had begun, years ago, to misappropriate funds entrusted to his keeping. He had delayed on the necessary payments until now he had become hopelessly involved. So far as he knew he was not in immediate danger of exposure, but the possibility was constantly with him. This, combined with his guilt of conscience, had filled his waking hours with mental torture too great to bear.

To escape it he had planned to die, but he feared that he could not accomplish it without arousing suspicion and bringing disgrace and poverty upon his wife and child. He professed himself to be more than eager to repay out of his own resources what he had stolen, but this would necessarily take time, and at any moment disgraceful exposure might fall to his share. His life was spent in the shadow of this Damoclean sword.

The League considered the matter and decided that the man's income was such that by careful husbanding it would allow small payments of the obligation. It would mean living on a less pretentious scale, of course, and constant self-denial. Moreover it would take time to repay it all, and time was dangerous. Any day he might be discovered and clapped into prison. But after a little the League found some one who was willing to advance this man a sum to cover all his thefts, on condition that a certain monthly sum be paid back regularly.

Overjoyed at this immense favor the man moved from his home, to a small apartment. There, by the way, his wife was far happier than in the luxurious and socially responsible place in which she had been set. He regularly sent the agreed upon sum to his benefactor. Today he is free from debt, free from crime, and recognized as a valuable person in his organization. He might very probably have shot himself, as had been his intent, if it had not been for the League. In that case his wife and child would have been penniless and his victims permanently robbed of their funds.

The most serious side of this suicide question, which in the United States alone takes an annual toll of 12,500 to 15,000 lives, is the increasing number of children included in these records. In 1924 some 900 children between the ages of seven and eighteen thus ended their own lives.

"And in every case," points out Dr. Warren, backing the statement with the reports of investigations, "an adult was definitely to blame."

Child suicide does not depend solely, as some people might suppose, upon the so-called jazz age for its increasing frequency. Failure in examination, grief at being the unpopular child in a family, incorrect or incomplete sex education, early marriages, and even malnutrition all bring in their share. Boys as young as fourteen and girls scarcely older have sat before Dr. Warren in despair greater than children ever should know exists, harboring the dread thought of suicide. But first, since luckily they had heard of it, they came to the League for advice. Trivial incidents in home or in school life have for the most part brought them there.

ONE girl did come as a direct result of the jazz age. She was pretty, or would have been without the lilac shadows beneath her eyes, hysterical, weary and obsessed with the peace which she believed self-inflicted death would offer. Strange to say, she could put her hand upon nothing definite which had brought her to that state of mind. No sorrow, no unhappy love affair had made life worth so little in her world-weary young eyes.

Finally she revealed the apparently unimportant fact that she loved dancing and was accustomed to spend most of her nights in cabarets. She did not drink nor smoke, but when she ate, which was but rarely, it was usually the over elaborate food offered by night clubs. After some argument, she agreed to put herself entirely in the hands of the League for a single week.

She was sent to a country place which is at the League's disposal, and unceremoniously put to bed. Her food was of the plainest, in abundance and of nourishing variety. She was required to spend a certain number of hours in the open. How that girl ate, and slept!

One week brought back rosy cheeks. Two brought her sparkling eyes, and the third and fourth—for which she was only too eager to remain, brought five pounds of added health. Her vitality restored, her obsession of suicide vanished as dew before the sun. It left in its wake a rather ashamed little girl who hurried back to her family with a renewed interest in living.

As a rule Dr. Warren's visitors before they reach him have provided themselves with the equipment necessary to carry out their grim intent. Men as a rule plan on using firearms, since they find them easy of access as a rule and they are surer than women of their aim. Women invariably select poisons. They are for the most part afraid of firearms and fear the danger of bungling the job. Then, too, they usually have an æsthetic sense in regard to their last moment upon earth. Poison does not wreck one's beauty—if one chooses a painless kind. Incidentally the last dollar in a woman's possession will frequently be spent for some finery in which to meet her end.

In the war against self-destruction the Save A-Life League has been instrumental in passing through the legislature of certain states laws regulating the sales of firearms and many poisons. In further pursuance of its policies it advocates a certain censorship of stage and screen. To the run of a certain play in London—an American play, by the way—were definitely traced no fewer than twenty suicides by women in imitation of the self-inflicted death of the play's heroine.

In the days before such mistakes were open to suspicion, a few years ago, a certain man in a Southern state took by accident some bichloride of mercury. As he lay dying the press reported his condition daily, laying much stress on the fact that he was dying painlessly. Subsequently no fewer than three hundred accidental deaths by this poison were reported, as against none before the aforesaid celebrated case.

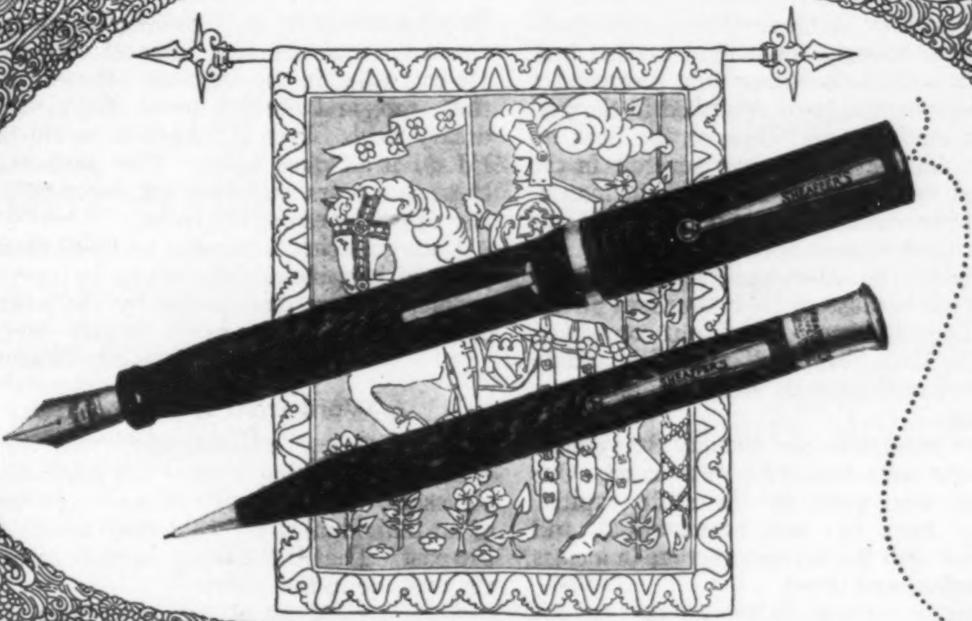
Only after the medical profession had announced that pain, rather than its absence, was the rule, and that its surprising non-appearance in the case at hand was the cause of its widespread interest, did the number of similar deaths in any way decline. Newspaper reports of suicide pacts, between business partners, husbands and wives, or lovers, are invariably followed by epidemics of similar pacts.

The League urges especial kindness to others in that trying period before a holiday, since it is a well-known fact that suicide reaches its peak during that time.

Though most cases in the hands of the League require time, money, and skill to set straight, though most of them involve heartbreak and tragedy, sometimes the love of life is restored, just as it had been destroyed, by an extremely small thing.

"I have seen five dollars save a life," says Dr. Warren. "I have seen half an hour's talk do it. I have seen a headache powder put a very different face on a desperate situation and help its sufferer to successful victory over his problem."

Sometimes a restored sense of humor has saved a life. A man came to the League one day with the report that he was tired of life and was on the verge of destroying it, for no better reason than that he could no longer stand the jibes and jolts he received in the subway. Still another bought a revolver and planned to use it because his nerves had been set on edge by his balky automobile. The first saw the wisdom of using the motor bus which passed both his home and his place of business. The second was brought to the wisdom of selling his car and later buying another make more happily adjusted to his temperament.



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Would You Marry on Nothing a Year?

[*Continued from page 115*]

live on?" et cetera, and many times over again.

His mother thought me a light-headed fool. She was a well-to-do widow but possessed a kind of Spartan stinginess described in the vernacular of our town as "close as the bark on the tree." She parted her hair severely in the middle and wore shirt-waists with stiff masculine collars; her disdain of me and my curly hair was painfully obvious to both him and me. My own family on the other hand thought highly of themselves because of their southern ancestry; they liked Bob well enough but considered him just a little "beneath" me. His family tree was not rustling with illustrious ancestors as was ours!

But we were in love and the day Bob graduated from the law school we were married. Our honeymoon was spent in the state capital, where Bob took the bar examinations and passed them with the highest average in a class of two hundred and three.

We rented a cottage on the outskirts of our home town. Bob went into the office of old lawyer Harris, while I settled down to housekeeping with the aid of a cook-book, three pink gingham aprons, a blissful ignorance but much self-confidence and a great willingness to learn.

Our marriage was happy from the beginning for many reasons. First, we loved each other, truly and deeply, and it was this love that made us so willing to endure poverty with one another. Second, we were congenial. We *liked* each other; Bob talked to me about his work, helped me with mine, and I even liked and laughed at his jokes! We did things together; I was wise enough to be always ready for him whether he wanted to go to the Elks' Annual Dance or for a hike over the hills. Third, we lived within our means.

In those first days, our means were mighty small, but together we resisted the temptation to "charge it" and we either paid cash, or went without until we had cash enough to get it. When you are both of you willing to eat stews on Sunday and by so doing save money toward a new living-room rug, when you gratefully accept, paint-brush in hand, the battered furniture more prosperous cousins are discarding, when you will wear the old suit one year longer and make the old dress over just one more time, and when you don't care who knows it either, you gain something more than the mere dollars saved in so doing. Marriage with its responsibilities made a man of Bob; I know he succeeded in his small way much sooner than had he not had me to work for.

When our country entered the war in 1917, Bob wanted so to go, I conquered my cringing cowardly soul and sent him off with a smile. He was killed in the Argonne. Part of me died then, too, and life for me is still a dark and dreary road. Even if I knew it would happen I'd do it all over again. The perfectness of those five years with Bob will be worth all the rest of my lonesome life to me.

I am glad that I married and had those five years of happiness. My advice to any young people, who are discouraged by the pessimism of their elders, is to do as we did and—go ahead.

MRS. R. E. H., Missouri.

A Word from the Opposition

I WOULD say emphatically, "No, do not marry on nothing a year." A psychoanalyst once said, "The best way to read the character of an individual is by what they have done in the past. That is the thing, in most cases, that they will do in the future."

There are, of course, rare exceptions. There are strong characters—couples who are ideally mated, who can weather the storm—endure the trials. They understand and believe in each other and make a go of it. Such natures are a rarity and such marriages are pitifully few. For the average individual it will not work out. They eventually end in the divorce court.

I have two experiences to my credit—or discredit? The first venture was a case of love—blind love. My husband did not even have a job, but my idealistic mind saw him as something very great. He had capabilities he had never used advantageously, but I was very sure that my great love would change things. The words of the psychoanalyst were proved. When my baby was a year old I was earning the living. This only increased in him the lack of necessity for further effort. After six years a divorce was the result.

My second experience was inspired by the unlimited persistence of my suitor.

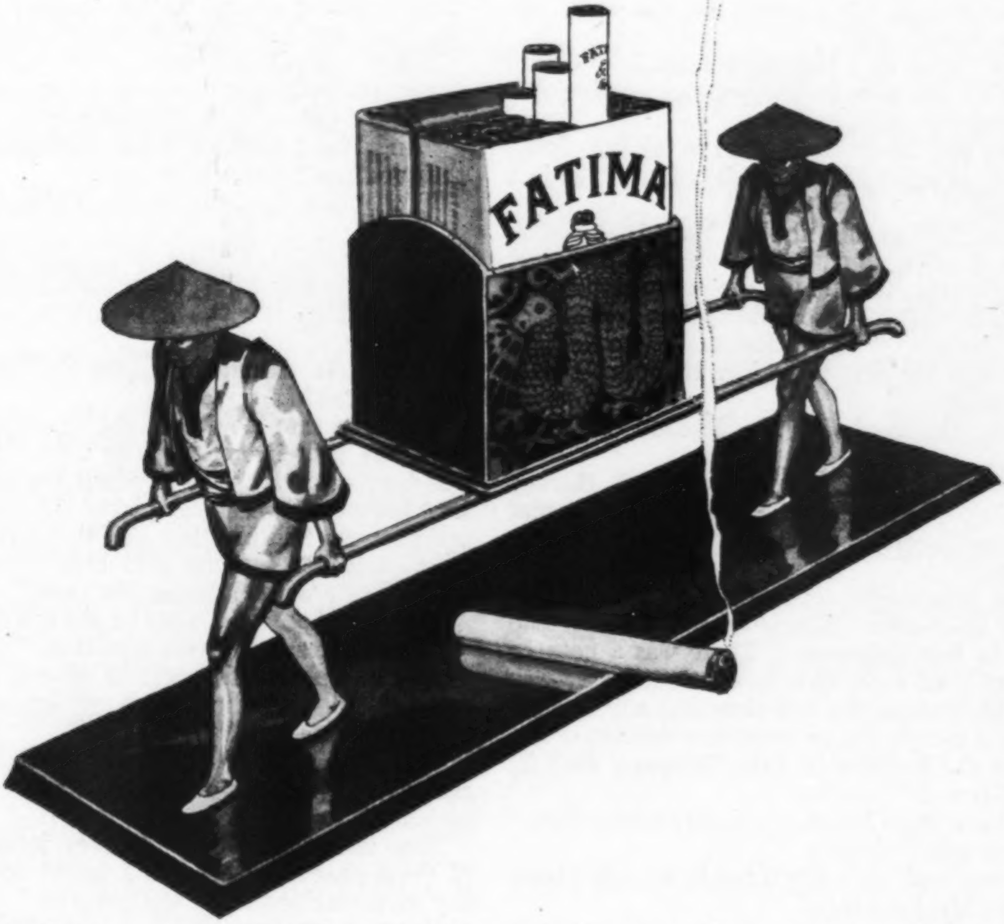
After a thousand proposals and as many refusals—he again asked me to marry him. It dawned on me, one day, that a man with such a trait of character would, with encouragement, make a success. "No," meant nothing in his young life. He had never attained anything worth mentioning up to this time. However I admired his unsquelchable nature.

He forged ahead rapidly the first eight years. They were indeed happy years. We had two children.

Success is one of the most rigid tests of character. If a man has the strength to withstand such a test, the evidence of it asserts

In three words...

NOT too much Turkish, not too little Turkish; neither over-rich nor commonplace . . . But *just enough Turkish* . . . there, in three words, is the secret of Fatima's extraordinary delicacy



What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

itself before the marriageable age, by making preparation for the biggest and most hazardous venture of life.

My husband went hog-wild. He joined every club and lodge in our town. He played golf during business hours. In short, he squandered time and money until now we are worse off than when we started, because we are more heavily involved with debt. Then there is the humiliation and hurt. The very success I spurred him on to is destroying him. It was artificial. A man who achieves success is a success before he is married. My husband drinks—is rarely at home—is irritable and stingy. At times the divorce court looms before me as a haven of surcease.

Marrying on nothing is one of the greatest causes of the so-called divorce evil. Looking about me I find that the couples who have carried on and are enjoying happy old age together are those who have made preparations for marriage. It requires this brand of character to withstand the trials of marriage.

When my daughter marries I pray it will be to that kind of a man.

MRS. A. M. R., California.

Harvey Garrard's Crime

[*Continued from page 113*]

They made their way to the stateroom and Harvey dispensed cocktails. The journalist's note-book crept into evidence.

"We rather figured on seeing you out here on a different errand, Mr. Garrard," he ventured. "You were in the running for the next polo team, weren't you?"

"I suppose so," Harvey admitted. "I have given the game up for the present, however."

"Business calls, eh?"

"My only surviving partner in the firm died," Harvey explained. "So I felt obliged to go into harness."

"They are saying in New York that you've made a quick start," the journalist observed. "That's true, isn't it, that yours was the first firm to tumble to these higher prices in leather?"

"I believe it is," Harvey acknowledged. "We were the first to go into the market on a large scale."

"And this deal with the McDermott Company?"

"It was concluded this morning," Harvey confided. "I have the agreement in my pocket and very nearly missed the boat stopping to sign it."

The journalist's eyes flashed beneath his heavy spectacles. The story was a better one than he had imagined. There was a note of respect in his tone when he continued.

"This is about the first time that any English firm has bought out an American concern of the size of the McDermott Skin Company, isn't it, Mr. Garrard?" he asked.

"I have never heard of a similar transaction," Harvey acknowledged.

"Some deal, eh? Anything to be said about figures, Mr. Garrard?"

"The absolute figures, of course, I can't tell you. I gave a cheque on account for a million dollars, though, this morning."

"Say, that's great business!" the journalist exclaimed enthusiastically. "You believe in the high prices then?"

"I believe in the scarcity of raw material all over the world," was the firm reply. "I am convinced of it because we have agents everywhere who send us detailed reports. Scarcity of raw material means high prices. They tell me there's almost certain to be another drought this year, and if so they will go higher still."

"May I ask Miss Swayle a few questions?" the journalist begged, turning toward her.

"That depends upon Miss Swayle."

"And Miss Swayle says that it depends upon the questions," Grace observed.

"You were brought up in Paris, weren't you?"

"I was."

"And you were living there when your grandfather died?"

"Yes."

"You have reason to believe that he was a man of wealth?"

"I know that he was," she answered. "I have just come from the little town where he was born and where he lived all his life. He kept his money in strange places but one of his last partners told me that he must have been worth a million. They paid him out in cash nearly half a million during the year."

"Have you any idea what he did with it all?"

"Not at present," Grace admitted, "but soon I shall be able to discover. I have a note of some of the securities which my grandfather certainly possessed."

"Say, this is great stuff!" the journalist declared. "What sort of securities and to what amount?"

"One moment, Grace," Harvey intervened. "I think that if I were you I would not make any more disclosures for the moment."

"I am quite sure that you are right," she agreed. "All that I can say then is that I am going to England to try to recover the money.

"I am the only relative he had in the world," she confided. "Besides, Mr. Brandon, the lawyer, has his will leaving everything to me."

TO BE CONTINUED.